

THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.



Los Angeles Society Vaudeville Theater.

WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

ANOTHER IDEAL VAUDEVILLE BILL.

A grand reception tendered the Queen of Song.

MME. TAVARY

The Operatic Star of Two Continents. In an entire change of songs.

THOS. F. KELLY & MISS VIOLETTE in their latest Eastern successes.

GRAND ATTRACTION, PRINCE YONIDA'S ORIENTAL

JAPANESE TROUPE

No description can do justice to these performers. Full of surprises.

Tremendous success of the legitimate comedy gem.

MISS LILLIAN BURKHART

And Company, producing her new and dainty comedy, "DROPPING A HINT."

THE MARVELOUS SADI

The unrivaled Russian gymnast.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE EUROPEAN MARVELS.

SISTERS 3

MACARTE

The Marvellous and Extraordinary Exponents of Equilipse.

MATINEE TODAY

Any seat 25c. chil 10c. Prices never changing. Even- ing reserved seats 25c and 50c. gal- lery 10c. Regular matinee Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. Tel. Main 1447.

EXTRA:—Labor Day Matinee Tomorrow at 2 p.m. Regular Matinee Prices.

BURBANK THEATER— Last Performance Tonight of "Capt. Swift." ONE LADY FREE.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS— GRAND ACROBATIC TOURNAMENT— Today at Redondo Beach Juggling and Tumbling Feats By the Funny Clowns. Open Air Concert By the Celebrated Seventh Regiment Band.

OSTRICH FARM—South Pasadena— Today and Tomorrow (Labor Day) 25 CENTS.

AGRICULTURAL PARK— HARES AND HOUNDS

HAZARD'S PAVILION, EVENING OF SEPT. 9. Dr. T. DeWITT TALMAGE.

FEET OF PLANK WALK ON BEACH— 3000

WILSHIRE OSTRICH FARM—12th and Grand Ave. Erc ding Birds, Eggs, Chicks. The only ostrich farm where feathers are manufactured into Boas, Capes, Tips, Plumes, etc.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS— CARBONS— "Every Picture a Work of Art."

Unrivaled Success in the Awarded Another Art of Photographic Portraiture. Gold Medal

15 MEDALS.

Studio 220, S. Spring St. Opposite Hollenbeck.

AS MAN TO MAN

The President Speaks to His Soldiers.

Visits the Sufferers in Camp at Montauk Point.

He Stops by the Bedsides and Chats With Many.

REGIMENTS ORDERED HOME.

Nothing to Be Left Undone That Can Comfort.

The Head of the Nation Has Given That Order.

And the Alger Office Can Do Nothing but Obey.

SHAFTER'S TROOPS WELCOMED

The Commander-in-Chief Greets the Brave Men Who Charged at San Juan and Assures Them of Their Country's Gratitude.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CAMP WILKOFF (Montauk Point.) Sept. 3.—President McKinley spent five hours in the camp today, bare-headed most of the time, visiting the sick in the hospitals and inspecting the well in their cantonments. He made a speech to the assembled infantrymen, reviewed the cavalrymen, expressed his opinion of the camp to the reporters and issued an order directing the regiments to return to their stations east of the Mississippi.

With the President were Vice-President Hobart, Secretary Alger, Atty.-Gen. Griggs, Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, Brig.-Gen. Eagan, commissary of the army; Gen. Ludington, quartermaster of the army; Col. Henry Hecker and the secretaries to the President, Messrs. Porter and Cortelyou. The ladies of the party were Mrs. Alger and Miss Hecker, a daughter of Col. Hecker.

Gen. Wheeler, his staff and nearly every officer of prominence in the camp met the President at the station, except Gen. Shafter, who is still in detention, and Gen. Young, who fell and broke his arm last night. After greetings and introductions on the railway platform, the President took Gen. Wheeler's arm and went to a carriage. Col. Theodore Roosevelt of the Rough Riders was among a group of horsemen near by.

President McKinley saw him and got out of the carriage to speak to him. Col. Roosevelt hastily dismounted and tussled with a gauntlet for fifteen seconds, so that ungloved he might shake hands. The column of carriages wound up the hill, escorted by the Third Cavalry Regiment, and the mounted band of the Sixth Cavalry. The party paused a moment on the hill, and the President looked out on the wide undulating cape, water bounding each side and whitened on the levels and hilltops by the tents of 18,000 men.

President McKinley drove to Gen. Shafter's tent in the detention camp. The general, who was flushed and weak from a mild case of malarial fever, was in full uniform, sitting in a chair at the door of the tent. He tried to rise, but the President said, "Stay where you are, general. You are entitled to rest." The President congratulated Gen. Shafter on the Santiago campaign, and after a full minute's rest, proceeded to the general hospital.

The soldiers who recently arrived on the transports and who are in the detention section of the camp lined up irregularly on each side of the road and cheered. President McKinley took his straw hat then, and scarcely more than put it on for more than a minute or two at a time during the remainder of his progress through the camp. Miss Wheeler, a daughter of the general, happened to be in the first row of the hospital tents, and she showed the President through her division. Gen. Wheeler announced in each ward: "Boys, the President has come to see you." "Soldiers, the President of the United States." Some of the soldiers stent unconscious, some listlessly raised upon their elbows, others feebly clapped their hands. President McKinley gently shook hands with many, and at every cot he paused an instant, and if he saw the sick man looking at him, he bowed in a direct and personal way.

In the second ward when the President entered, Sergt. John A. Alexander, Co. D, First Illinois, who has a fever, was rather startled to hear Gen. Wheeler announce the President. The sergeant half raised up on his cot.

Mr. McKinley, attracted by the movement, took Alexander's hands and said: "I am sorry to see you so sick. I hope that you are getting better." "Thank you, I think I shall get well." "Do you wish for anything?" asked Gen. Wheeler.

"No; I have everything good for me, I guess," Alexander replied, wearily, "but I wish I were home."

"I hope that we may soon get you there," said President McKinley. He had many such bits of talk with the men, and seemed to be in no hurry. He almost outwore the patience of all his party by his slow going through ward after ward. When seemingly all wards of the general hospital had been gone through, the President was about to get into a carriage when Attorney-General Griggs detained him.

"Miss Wheeler has told me," said he, "of a Lieut. Prado who is in a tent back here by himself, and he is in a dying condition. He has asked about your coming and Miss Wheeler has promised that you shall see him."

"Certainly. Let us go to him," President McKinley said.

The others of the party discreetly remained outside the tent. The President appeared with the nurse a minute, or two later. His eyes were moist and downcast.

As it was inconvenient to go back to the doors of the long tents, the President would go through the framework at the ends of the tent and jump down. The general hospital is on a slope and the height of the floor from the ground is increased at each ward. At Ward F the jump was nearly six feet. President McKinley took it. Vice-President Hobart, who is a bulky man, hesitated.

"I balk here. Can't go over this hurdle," he said. Neither would Secretary Alger, who had taken all the jumps until then. But Gen. Wheeler sprang lightly down.

The day was hot. President McKinley wore a black frock coat with a waistcoat. The perspiration streamed from his face. A glass of Apollinaris was offered to him, but he declined to drink, saying that he was too warm. He proceeded to the infantry plain, as it is called. The men of the Ninth Massachusetts, the First Illinois, the Eighth Ohio, the Thirteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Tenth Regular Infantry were assembled without arms. About 5000 men stood in close order.

Gen. Wheeler said: "The President of our great country has come here to greet the soldiers that marched so gallantly up San Juan hill on July 1. He comes here to express the nation's thanks to these brave men. I wish to tell you that when the President sent me here two weeks ago to command this camp he enjoined me in the most emphatic language that I should, without regard to expense, exercise, any and every authority necessary to make comfortable this body of brave men, who, by their courage, have raised this republic to the highest position among the great nations of the earth. I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to you the President of the United States."

President McKinley said: "Gen. Wheeler, soldiers of the camp, soldiers of the Fifth Army Corps, I trust that you will put your hats on—I am glad to see you. I am honored to stand before you today. I bring the gratitude of the nation to whose history you have added by your valor a new and glorious page. You have come home after two months of severe campaigning, which has embraced assault, siege and battle, so brilliant in achievement, so far-reaching in results as to command the unstinted praise of all your countrymen. You had the brunt of the battle on land. You bore yourselves with supreme courage, and your personal bravery never before excelled anywhere, has won the admiration of your fellow-citizens, and the genuine respect of all mankind, while your endurance under peculiar trial and suffering has given added meaning to your heroism."

"Your exertions made easy the conquests of Porto Rico, under the army commanded by Gen. Miles, and behind you, to proceed at a moment's summons, were more than two hundred thousand of their comrades, ready to support you, disappointed that the opportunity which you had did not come to them, yet filled with pride at your well-earned fame and rejoicing upon your signal victory."

"You were on the line of battle, they no less than you were on the line of duty. All have served their country in its need and will serve it so long as they may be required, and all will forever have the thanks and regard of a grateful people."

"We cannot bid you welcome here today without our hearts going out to the heroes of Manila, on sea and land, whose services and sacrifices, whose courage and constancy in that far-distant field of operations have never been surpassed by any soldiers or sailors the world over."

"To the army and to the navy, to the marines, to the regulars, to the volunteers and to the Providence which has watched over them all, the nation today is full of thanksgiving and praise. The brave officers and men who fell in battle, and those who have died from exposure and sickness will live in immortal history, and their memories will be perpetuated in the hearts and history of a generous people, and those who are dependent on them will not forget them."

Continued on fourth page.

THEY ARE GLAD

Boys of the Seventh Given Notice.

They Will Start for Home Monday or Tuesday Next.

No Formal Expression of Their Joy Could Be Made.

Mustering-out Will Be in the Nature of a Furlough—Most of Them Have Had Enough "Soldiering" and Won't Join National Guard.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Maj. Field, the Adjutant-General, said today that the Seventh Regiment would probably start for Los Angeles Monday night or Tuesday morning. He could not say definitely when, but he said the mustering-out would be like giving the men a furlough.

The men of the Seventh received official news today with great joy. Although they did not hold any joint meeting, because of strained condition of officers, they were delighted beyond measure with the prospect of returning to their homes. Matters had become so serious in the Seventh within the last few days that many will leave a sigh of relief when they are out of the jurisdiction of the officers and their iron-bound laws. The discipline in the Seventh Regiment has been more severe and the men were allowed less liberty than any other regiment in camp. For all they have stood and suffered they are to be dismissed from the volunteer service of the United States after having been thrown into unpleasant notoriety by the action of some of their officers.

The men laugh at the idea of ever re-entering the National Guard of California. Most of them have had enough soldiering for a number of years. They say they are content to let others get the glory of militia life. Many of the men in both regiments have never enlisted in the National Guard, and only served for the war. The old National Guardsmen, however, may be compelled to serve out their time in the National Guard.

Three typhoid suspects were sent today from the Seventh to division hospital. There are 333 in the division hospital, three in private residences, thirteen in the outside hospitals, and sixty-eight on furloughs. As the Seventh has contributed a large number of these cases, the number will greatly decrease as soon as it is transported to Los Angeles.

THIRTY-DAY FURLOUNDS. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—The order to muster out the Sixth and Seventh California Regiments was received at military headquarters today, and Gen. Miller, in command of the remaining Philippine expeditionary forces, will take action in the

matter Monday. Under this order these regiments will go to their respective places of rendezvous—the Sixth to Stockton, and the Seventh to Los Angeles—where the men will be furloughed for thirty days, at the end of which time they will be discharged.

Lieut. Sterrett of the Third Artillery will muster out the Sixth, and some officer from the Twenty-third United States Infantry, yet to be designated, will do the mustering-out act for the Seventh. The two regiments will probably move from their present station to their rendezvous Monday or Tuesday.

The Eighth California, now at Camp Barrett, has been ordered under instructions from Washington to take the place of the other two regiments in doing duty and other work.

NOT MUCH DOUBT NOW.

INTERNATIONAL NEGOTIATIONS PROBABLY ON.

Belief That a Treaty of Arbitration Between the United States and Great Britain Is Being Arranged, Gaining Ground—Italy's Visits May Mean Something.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The impression appears to be growing stronger here that some important event will soon transpire between the United States and England. When the czar issued his universal peace proclamation, these dispatches stated it might lead to another attempt to ratify an Anglo-American arbitration treaty, and recent events on the other side of the Atlantic tend to a belief in Washington that this very thing may be attempted sooner than was anticipated.

It will be noted that Col. Hay's farewell visits in England are being pretty widely distributed, and as he returns here as Secretary of State, he will be in a position to negotiate any treaty so may have set on foot as ambassador.

That some sort of an Anglo-American treaty is on foot can hardly be doubted. It would scarcely be a treaty of alliance, and it is concluded it must be a treaty of arbitration, for which, if it is ever to be negotiated, men, feelings and events are in an admirable shape.

JUST WAITING NOW.

Arkansas State Campaign Closed and the Election Comes Monday. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] LITTLE ROCK (Ark.), Sept. 3.—The State campaign closed tonight, and the election will occur on Monday. A full set of State and county officers are to be elected, as well as members of the Legislature. But little interest is centered in the general result, it being conceded that the Democrats will have an ample majority over the combination on State officers, and that the ticket headed by Gov. Jones will be elected.

While the success of their State ticket was never in danger, the Democrats have conducted a very vigorous campaign, mainly for the purpose of keeping up representation in their conventions. The Populist and Republican candidates for Governor have also canvassed the State, and tonight a joint debate is being held in the city before a large audience.

Kerosene Burns.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 3.—A dispatch from Baku on the Caspian Sea, announces that the Mussangloff kerosene factory is in flames, and that 200,000 pounds of oil have been consumed.

Points of the News in Today's Times.

[THE BUDGET—This morning's fresh telegraphic budget, received since dark last night, includes the principal Associated Press (or night) report, many exclusive Times dispatches, making about 15 columns. In addition is a day report, not so voluminous or fresh, of about 9 columns—the whole making a mass of wired news aggregating the large volume of 24 columns. A large proportion of it relates to the recent war. A summary of both telegraphic and local news follows:]

FIRST BREAK.

French Minister of War Quits Office.

Resigns Because His Colleagues Favor a Revision.

Paris Now Thinks That Dreyfus Has a Chance.

Brisson Thinks Henry's Forgery Is a New Element in the Present Criminal Code—Latest Developments in the Case.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PARIS, Sept. 3.—[By Atlantic Cable.] M. Cavaignac sent the following letter of resignation to M. Brisson, Premier and president of the council: "I have the honor to send you and beg you to transmit to the President of the republic my resignation as Minister of War. There exists a disagreement between us which, being prolonged, would paralyze the government at a time when it most needs full unity of decision."

"I remain convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus, and as determined as heretofore to combat a revision of the case. I do not intend to shirk the responsibilities of the present situation, but I cannot assume them without being in accord with the chief of the government to which I have the honor to belong."

REVISION ASSURED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] PARIS, Sept. 3.—The resignation of M. Cavaignac is due to a disagreement with his colleagues, who desire a revision of the Dreyfus case; thus a revision of the case seems assured.

WHY HE QUIT.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PARIS, Sept. 3.—These are the circumstances which led M. Cavaignac to resign: After the discovery of Col. Henry's forgery, the government sought means to reassure the public. The question of revision was broached. Certain ministers believed the time had come to throw full light, and to establish every responsibility. M. Cavaignac strongly objected. He declared that he was convinced of the guilt of Dreyfus. M. Brisson vainly pointed out to M. Cavaignac that the revision would be purely judicial. M. Cavaignac replied that revision could only be justified if some new fact developed to show that there had been a judicial error, and that no such fact existed. Henry's forgery being subsequent to the conviction of Dreyfus, and only indirectly connected with it.

M. Bourgeois, recalled from Switzerland, made a new effort, but M. Cavaignac still refused. The latter saw Brisson, the Premier, and declared that his determination was immovable and that he would resign. After M. Cavaignac's departure, a conference was held at the Ministry of the Interior between M. Brisson, Minister Bourgeois and Sarrien. About 9 o'clock M. Cavaignac's letter of resignation was received. It is assumed that a majority of the Cabinet accept the views of M. Brisson, as the others maintain their portfolios.

The resignation of M. Cavaignac enables the government to decide the matter, and it is believed M. Cavaignac's successor at the War office will soon be appointed, and a definite resolution taken.

FRENCH JUSTICE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.] PARIS, Sept. 4.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Report is once more being had to vague threats that war would be the inevitable result of the publication of the whole truth in the Dreyfus case. It is solemnly urged that the country is in danger of civil war, and it is even admitted that the injustice to Dreyfus should not be corrected at the expense of a bloody conflict, wherein that of 1870 might repeat itself. It is difficult to treat this lugubrious with patience, and it is somewhat encouraging to note that it fails to frighten the French people as much as it did a few months ago.

Moreover, there are hints that the Russian friendship will be sacrificed if the truth be revealed. But this no longer creates alarm, for the disgust over the Muraviev circular has much weakened the popularity of a Russian alliance.

Two scandalous facts now command public attention, and are crying reproach to the French government: Plaquart, the honest officer who told the truth and denounced a falsehood, is in jail for his virtues; Paty du Clam and Esterhazy, who are guilty of abominable crimes, still walk at liberty.

THEY WILL WAIT.

[A. P. CABLE MORNING REPORT.] PARIS, Sept. 3.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The figures today referring to the latest developments in the Dreyfus case are:

"Yesterday's consultations between M. Brisson, Cavaignac and Sarrien, did not result in any solution of the problem. They are of the opinion that the government will not take the initiative in this matter, for a revision of the Dreyfus case unless M. Dreyfus presents a demand in legal form."

This matin says: "M. Brisson and Sarrien are inclined to revise, and the ground that M. Dreyfus's forgery forms a new element in the present criminal code."

Financial and Commercial—Page 14.

Chicago markets rather quiet on account of the heat. New York banks have a problem to solve. Meager supply of cattle in the Chicago live stock market. London "change closed."

Liverpool grain market. Local and San Francisco produce quotations.

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Liverpool grain market. Local and San Francisco produce quotations.

**"GIVE THEM INFANT'S FOOD," SAID
THE KIND SECRETARY.**

In connection with the orders mustering out the above-named regiments it is significant of the government's intention to retain many of the volunteer regiments in the service, that orders were issued transferring thirteen regiments from their State camps to the various camps of mobilization throughout the country. It is understood that the orders were issued with the view to retention in the service, perhaps until

...a., with more than one hundred sick soldiers on board this morning. None of the patients are believed to be dangerously ill. Over 300 sick soldiers are now being cared for at the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital.

MAKING CIVILIANS.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—Orders for the mustering-out of the following ad-

sign territory, importations therefrom are dutiable under the law, and the requirements as to the consular certification of invoices, etc., are still in force as to such goods. If practicable, in the present condition of affairs, this department is of the opinion that the resumption by Mr. Williams of his duties as Consul at Manila would be advantageous to commerce and the revenue."

Grape-Nuts are probably entitled to the claim to be the most perfectly adapted food for human needs now extant. Certain it is that the user's delight in the flavor and the perfect action of intestinal digestion during the use of Grape-Nuts is satisfying, and the added strength of body confirms the fact.

Free Package

EXPRESS charges to any rail
companies the order.

Free Delivery In Pasadena of purchases amounting to 25c or more and on all orders amounting to \$5.00 or more we pay **FREIGHT OR** road point within 100 miles of Los Angeles, provided the money

Free Package Delivery

EXPRESS charges to any railroad point within 100 miles of Los Angeles, provided the money accompanies the order.

accompanies the order.

SPORTING RECORDS.

AN IRISH CHALLENGE.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON MAKES HIS PROPOSAL.

Committee from the Royal Ulster Yacht Club Waits Upon the New York Committee.

SERIES OF RACES DESIRED.

WILL BE SAILED SUBJECT TO THE DEED OF GIFT.

Baltimore Whitewashed by Pittsburgh and Then Beats the Latter. Queen City Jockey Club Rules. Events on Other Tracks.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The committee representing the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and Sir Thomas Lipton, which arrived in this city yesterday on the Atlantic with the exception of Maj. Sharrman-Crawford, met the New York Yacht Club's committee in the clubhouse of the latter today. Those present from the Royal Ulster Yacht Club were: Hugh C. Kelley, honorary secretary and treasurer of the Irish Club; Hugh M. McGiloway, vice-commander; William Pife, Jr., and Charles Russell. They were met by Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, J. V. S. Oddie, J. W. Hurst, former Commodore E. M. Brown and Herman M. Duray. Later Secretary Oddie of the New York Yacht Club gave out the following challenge, which had been presented by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club: "NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1898. 'J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., secretary of the New York Yacht Club, No. 67 Madison avenue, New York—Dear Sir: We have the honor on behalf of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and in the name of Sir Thomas Lipton, a member of the club, to challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Shamrock against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America, for the America's Cup, subject to the deed of gift and subject to conditions agreed upon. The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel, viz.: Sir Thomas Lipton; name of yacht, Shamrock; length of load-water line, 85 feet 6 inches; rig, cutter. The custom-house measurement will follow as soon as possible. We shall be much obliged if you will acknowledge the receipt of this challenge. Yours truly, (Signed) 'R. G. SHARRMAN-CRAWFORD, 'G. R. C. U. Y. C. 'H. M. MCGILLOWAY.'"

QUEEN CITY SPORTS.

Autumn Meeting of the Jockey Club Opens at Cincinnati.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—The autumn meeting of the Queen City Jockey Club at Newport opened today in a most successful manner. The attendance was large and the betting good. The track was fast. Syndicate betting prevailed at the track, but the odds offered were liberal, and the eight books did a big business. The meeting will continue until September 30. Summaries: Six furlongs: John Boone won, Nick Carter second, Braw Lad third; time 1:14. Five furlongs: Picola won, Chesapeake second, Gay Parisienne third; time 1:02. One mile: Bon Jour won, Possum second, Dudley E. third; time 1:41. Mile and an eighth: Don Clarence won, Graham Montrose second, Ollan third; time 1:54. Five and a half furlongs: King Carnival won, Volandine second, Pat Garrett third; time 1:08. Mile and an eighth: Doncella won, Kitty E. second, Paul Kanvar third; time 1:53.

EASTERN BASEBALL.

Baltimore is Whitewashed and Then Takes a Game.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PITTSBURGH, Sept. 3.—Score: first game: Pittsburgh, 1; Baltimore, 0. Batteries—Hart and Schriver; McJames and Robinson. Second game: Pittsburgh, 3; Baltimore, 5. Batteries—Hartings and Schriver; Maul and Clarke.

EROKLYN-CHICAGO.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Score: Chicago, 8; Brooklyn, 16. Batteries—Thornton, Woods, Donohue and Chance; Yeager and Ryan.

BOSTON-NEW YORK.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Score: New York, 5; Boston, 6. Batteries—Seymour and Grady; Lewis and Yeager.

LOUISVILLE-ST. LOUIS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] LOUISVILLE (Ky.), Sept. 3.—Score: Louisville, 13; St. Louis, 1.

CINCINNATI-WASHINGTON.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] CINCINNATI, Sept. 3.—Score: Cincinnati, 4; Washington, 1. Batteries—Dwyer and Peitz; Dinneen and Farrell.

HIS LAST FIGHT.

Corbett Will not Ask to Meet Fitzsimmons Again.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Jim Corbett, who arrived here at noon today, met "Kid McCoy" at an uptown sporting resort, and they arranged to fight their battle on October 13 at Buffalo. Corbett left for Asbury Park tonight and will resume training Monday. McCoy will return to Saratoga. Corbett said: "I have decided to quit the ring after this fight, win or lose."

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

Defeats a State Champion and Breaks American Records.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] BALTIMORE (Md.), Sept. 3.—Frank Waller, the champion long-distance bicyclist, commonly known as the "Flying Dutchman," defeated Henry Smith, champion of Maryland, in a twenty-four hours paced bicycle race at the Coliseum, in which he conceded twenty-four miles to the local man. At the finish tonight, Waller had reeled off 492-2-5 miles, thus beating the American record of 485 miles held by Gimm. The fifty-mile record went in 1h. 50m., or 17a, better than the previous one made by Waller himself. Then the two-hour record went over. Miller, the six-day champion, held the record at

51 miles, 1460 yards. Waller's record was 51-1-6. All American records from 375 miles up were beaten. Waller kept on making records and established a new one for six hours behind a human pacer. Cordung holds the mark with 166 miles, 1300 yards behind a motorcycle pacer. Waller's distance was 1611-6 miles, or 37-6 behind the Cordung performance. Waller rode 175 miles in 6:29:18-2-5. After this the sun came out so hot that human nature could not stand the strain, and the pace dropped off during the balance of the day.

A HOT DAY.

But a Big Crowd Watches the Races at Sheepshead Bay.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—It was over-poweringly hot at Sheepshead Bay today, but a large crowd was present to witness the Flatbush stakes. The favorite winner, Martinus, landed the stake in a hand drive, but it did him no good, as he was disqualified for fouling, and Autumn got the victory. Jean Beraud, the favorite, was never in the hunt. Summary:

Six furlongs: Lady Mitchell won, Lambert second, Peep o' Day third; time 1:14. One mile: Gala Day won, Octave second, Scotch Plaid third; time 1:41. Flatbush stakes, seven furlongs: Autumn, 12 (Maher), 8 to 1, won; Froshinn, 115 (Sims), 5 to 1, second; Ethelbert, 115 (Cunningham), 12 to 1, third; time 2:08. Jean Beraud, Flanagan, Kingdon, W. Overton, Mangan and Duke of Middleburg also ran. Martinus won, but was disqualified for fouling.

Omnium handicap, mile and one-eighth: Algol won, The Huguenot second, Bangle third; time 1:54 1-5. Futurity course: Helen Thomas won, the Lady in Blue second, Veracious third; time 1:11 1-5. Steeplechase, short course: Diversion won, Go-Budd second, Widower third; time 4:31.

READYVILLE'S LAST DAY.

And the Last Race Was Stopped by Darkness.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] READYVILLE (Mass.), Sept. 3.—The grand circuit meet closed tonight. The gathering darkness put an end to the sport, and the judges took advantage of the rule and declared the last race finished. Results:

The 2:12 trotting, purse \$1500 (un-finished): Jasper Ayres won first, second and seventh heats; Much Ado won fifth and sixth heats, Cut Glass won third heat, Georgiana won fourth heat; best time 2:09. The 2:15 class, trotting, purse \$1500: Aloosa won in straight heats; best time 2:14; Serpol second, Success third. The 2:08 class, pacing, purse \$1500: Giles Noyes won first, fourth and fifth heats; Currier Johnson won second and third heats; best time 2:07 1-4. Monopole third. The 2:11 class, pacing, purse \$1500 (called on account of darkness): Indiana won first and second heats; Evangeline won third heat; best time 2:08. Sterling third.

NATIONAL CIRCUIT MEET.

Professional Wheelmen Show a Big Crowd Good Races.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—About 4000 people attended the National Circuit meet of the wheelmen today. The big event of the day was the five-mile national championship, professional, which was won by Gardiner. Summary:

Five miles, national championship, professional: Arthur Gardiner won, F. A. McFarland second, "Plunger Bill" Martin third, Tom Cooper fourth, O. L. Stevens fifth; time 10:42 2-5. One mile, handicap, professional: H. R. Stenson (56 yards), won, E. Oldfield (75) second, J. A. Shomo (90) third; time 2:02 1-2. Unlimited Australian pursuit race: Fred J. Yates, New York, vs. Joseph Vernier, Philadelphia; Titus won catching Vernier at three miles and two and a half laps; time 8:46 2-5.

COAST BASEBALL.

Stockton Millers Put the Watsonville Team Away Easily.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—The Stockton Millers took a fall out of the baby team from Watsonville today, with a score of 7 to 2. "Chief" Borchers in the box for the Millers, had the game all to himself. The medicine he administered to the pappos was of the snake-root variety. Besides his pitching record, the "Chief" did splendid execution with the stick, finding three times out of four times up, twice for two-base hits. Score: Stockton, 7; base hits, 10; errors, 1. Watsonville, 2; base hits, 3; errors, 7. Batteries—Borchers and Pace; Iberg and Peters.

Anacoda Races.

ANACONDA (Mont.), Sept. 3.—Three and one-half furlongs: Red S. won, Dutch III second, Rattler third; time 0:44. Five furlongs: Rey Hooker won, Ocorona second, St. Aloysius third; time 1:06 1-4. Mile and twenty yards: Los Prietos won, Charlotte M. second, Lorena II third; time 1:47. Five and a half furlongs, Smelter handicap, St. Valencienne won, Miss Lester second, Miss Rowena third; time 1:03. Two miles: Mary Barnes won, McPrey second, Barracra third; time 3:40 1-4. Five furlongs: Kaiser Ludwig won, Joe Cotton second, Ricardo third; time 1:06 1-4.

Harlem Sports.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The weather was hot at Harlem and the track fast. Seven furlongs: Duvers won, Eve S. second, Locust Blossom third; time 1:27. Five Furlongs: First Tenor won, Honey Boy second, Antiquart third; time 1:01. Mile and a sixteenth: The Devil won, Azucena second, Harde third; time 1:48. Two furlongs: Duvers won, Mary Kate second, Time Maker third; time 1:14. Mile and seventy yards: Storm King won, David Tenny second, What Next third; time 1:44. Mile and an eighth: Topmast won, Plantation second, Treachery third; time 1:53 1-4.

Nevada City Races.

NEVADA CITY, Sept. 3.—The attendance at the races this afternoon was the largest of the week. Five furlongs, running heats, best two in three: Iron Jacket won both heats; best time 1:04. Handicap, mile dash: P. A. Finnegan won, Moringa second, Nonchalance third; time 1:43 1-5. Free-for-all, mile heats, best two in three: Monterey won both heats; best time 2:05. The 2:17 class, trotting, heats, best two in three: Myrtle Thorne won; best time 2:20 1-2. Pacing, best two in three heats: Billy Baker won both heats; best time 2:22. Crystal Palace Humping.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—At the Crystal Palace today Jack Green won the twenty-mile cycling race for the Cuca

An Interesting List of Phenomenal Bargains for One Week Only at the
DON'T WORRY.
Broadway Department Store
BROADWAY, CORNER OF FOURTH.
SUNDAY MORNING, 4 SEPTEMBER, 1898.
It's the low prices we make that keeps the store crowded.

Forward==
Another
Advance.

We never stand still—can't. Watch and wait for our great sale of school supplies. Nothing like it ever attempted before.



Some Shoe Boxes Will be
Emptied out
This Week.

And the prices the shoe chief will give them tomorrow will clean out the boxes in a hurry. Yes, there's lots of boxes, but just see how small the prices are. It's lots cheaper to buy a new pair than to have your summer ones half soled. For instance—

\$1.98

For Ladies' Shoe Like
This Picture.

A dressy, shapely, stylish shoe of fine soft, pliable Vicci Kid in lace with soft uppers, 1/2 double sole, coin toes, and either with a patent leather or stock tip. The sizes are complete to start with. If we were not so anxious to empty the boxes, we'd ask what other folks do, \$2.75.

Of Course There Are Others.

\$1.39 For Misses' \$2 Shoe of Kangaroo Calf in button or lace with spring heels and coin toes, sizes 11 1-2 to 2.
\$1.13 For a child's \$1.50 shoe of Kangaroo Calf, either button or lace with coin or square toes and spring heels, sizes 1 1-2 to 11.
\$1.73 For a ladies' \$2.50 shoe of Kangaroo Calf, either lace or button, heel or spring heel, all sizes.

Emptying-Out of All Underwear.

(Some Reckless Price Cutting.)

6c Vests for 3 1/2c—that are ribbed and shaped, with low necks and sleeves.
25c Vests for 11c—for children. They're made of gauze, in white, with high necks and short sleeves.
20c Vests for 14c—that are shaped and ribbed, with high necks and short sleeves. Ladies, come quickly if you want these.
25c Vests for 19c—that are fine Swiss ribbed, in white with a lisle finish, high necks and long sleeves.
35c Drawers for 25c—of fine soft Muslin, in full length, roomy, with Valenciennes insertion trimmings.
\$1.00 Skirts for 75c—of muslin in full length and width with flounce trimming as well as 3 1-2 in. of embroidery.
Ladies' Corsets 48c—in black or drab and of good quality of jean, well boned.
12 1/2c Hose for 10c—of fine gauge and absolutely fast colors, black or tan, with high spliced heels or toes, for ladies.
10c Hose for 8 1/2c—that's strong ribbed and full length, sizes 5 to 9 1-2, an excellent wearing hose for children.
School Hose 19c—none better in the city, in full length, Cotton with a lisle finish and good wear.

Domestics Will be Emptied Out

This Week. (The Prices are so Little, You Must Come quickly, goods won't stay long.)

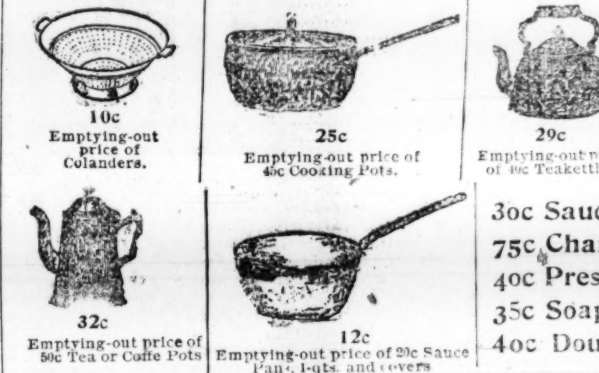
2c for 6c Scotch Plaid Gingham, in fast colors, suitable for school wear.
3 1/2c for a Large Bath Towel that's fringed and bordered.
4 1/2c for a 25c Turkey Red Damask Table Cover, 50 in. wide, fast shades.
15c for an 85c Large Red Damask Table Cover, 50 in. wide, fast shades.
57c for a 25c Turkey Red Damask Table Cover, 50 in. wide, fast shades.

Emptying-out Granite Ware
Come, Pick It Up.

(You'll never get it with as little effort again.)
Not a flaw on a single piece. If there is you'd know it before it leaves here. We have but one word to offer—the prices and qualities speak more eloquently than we can—that is one of exhortation. The supply is limited.

Your Choice 10c—It's All Granite Ware.

Colanders, 4-qt. Milk Pans, 4-qt. Pudding Pans, Pie Plates, Soup Drainers, Brush Case, Bread Pans, Covered Buckets, Lipped Sauce Pan, Large Spoons, Stew Pans, Dippers, Wash Bowl, Stove Pans, Covered Buckets, Square Pans, Cuspidors.



EMPTYING-OUT OF SOME NOTIONS.

1c For 60 in. Tape Measure.
For a spool of Machine Linen Thread.
For a Fancy Hair Ornament.
For a spool of Silk Twist.
For a package of Hair Pins.
3c for a yard of Corduroy Binding.
2c for a pair of Scissors.
10c for the last of our fancy 35c Millinery Ribbon in pink, blue, lavender, white, corn, brown and tan.

Catch 'Em.
We're Emptying-out Men's Goods

Such values were never made so audaciously and boldly before.
25c for Men's Derby Ribbed Underwear—Shirts or Drawers.
This week's the time to buy a suit.
\$5.88 For Men's All-wool Oregon and Albany Suits. See them.
\$9.45 for Men's Black and All-wool Imported Clay Worsteds—you know them—the value also.
98c for Men's All-Wool Pants.

Window Shades - - - 10c

(with spring rollers.)
in all shades—complete with all fixtures.

Some Lace Curtains will be
dumped out unceremoniously—

\$1.19, cut from \$2.50.
3 1/2 yds. long and 54 in. wide, ecru or white, with strong taped edges and pretty floral designs.

THE KHALIFA FLEW.
his force at 35,000 men. They advanced at 11 a.m.
"They advanced at 11 a.m., as if to attack us, to meet which I disposed of our force in a good, open position, with a clear field of fire. The Khalifa's force had halted three miles southwest of our position, and is now there at 5 p.m."
"Early this morning, according to reports, the gunboats advanced, towing a Howitzer battery, and barges in support of the Arabs on the right bank. The Howitzers took up a position opposite Omdurman, and the gunboats bombarded the forts. They have not returned, but their fire has partly demolished the dome over the Mahdi's tomb. All well."
DISPATCH FROM NAZI.
CAIRO, Sept. 4, 2 a.m.—The following dispatch, dated yesterday (Saturday) has just been received from Nazi: "Early this morning the Dervishes made a most determined attack upon the Anglo-Egyptian forces, but after an hour's hard fighting we drove them off. At 8 a.m. a general advance was ordered upon Omdurman, and again we were repulsed with a determined attack on our right, but the Dervishes were once more repulsed with heavy loss."
"The army under the personal command of the Khalifa was totally dispersed by noon. At 2 o'clock this afternoon the forces advanced again and occupied Omdurman. The Khalifa fled during the forenoon and is now closely pursued by our cavalry. The British loss is estimated at about 100. The Egyptian loss is probably about 200. Herr Karl Neufeld, who is referred to in the foregoing dispatch from Cairo, as rescued unharmed from the Dervishes, fell into the hands of the Mahdi's followers in the neighborhood of Dongola and was taken to Khartoum in the summer of 1887. He was the last European made captive of importance, remaining in the power of the Dervishes. Various accounts are given of his early career. According to the Neue Wiener Tagblatt, Neufeld shortly after the conclusion of his college course at Leipzig, where he studied medicine, severely wounded an opponent in a duel and was obliged to go abroad. He settled as a physician at Assouan, Upper Egypt, where he practiced his profession from 1879 to 1881. When the rising of Mahomed Achmed took place in the latter year, Herr Neufeld was obliged to give up his residence at Assouan.
HEIR NEUFELD.
In April, 1887, Herr Neufeld set out on a journey, ostensibly for purposes of trade, with a caravan of over forty of the objects of his expedition, one being that it was undertaken with a view of rescuing Siara Pasha, then a prisoner of the Mahdi, while other accounts represented that he was merely trying to ascertain the position of the enemy. Evidently recognizing the danger he was about to run, Neufeld, before leaving Assouan, deposited his money in an English bank, and sent his wife and only child to his relatives at Leipzig.
His apprehension proved to be but too well founded. Through the treachery of an Arab he was captured, and, were taken by the Dervishes. The first report received after his capture was that the whole party were beheaded. A later report represented that Neufeld had been spared, but placed in fetters. Finally a letter was received from himself dated Khartoum, where he said he was being treated in a very friendly manner by the Mahdi. Ultimately a scarcity of powder arose in the Sudan, and Neufeld's knowledge of chemistry was brought into requisition for its manufacture. It appears that he collected saltpetre and made the explosive, but the same narratives that give this information described him as still in fetters and carrying iron rings upon both feet. Meantime, he appears to have "acted as editor" of the Khartoum proclamation, in addition to writing books and illustrating them himself, for a limited circulation among the Dervishes.
At the time of the escape of Siara Pasha, it was feared that Neufeld's life would be again in danger, but this did not prove to be the case.
Treasury Statement Department.
WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—A statement issued at the Treasury Department shows the total amount of gold and silver coin and currency in circulation, United States and national bank notes in circulation September 1 was \$1,792,065,545, showing a net decrease in circulation of \$1,161,799, as compared with August 1. The main item is a decrease of \$14,552,888 in the gold-coin circulation. The decrease is due to the receipts of the treasury from the bond sales.
Cohen and the Cannon.
The cannon mounted on a wagon and operated by Ben Cohen, was a novel feature of last night's parade. It proved a highly-successful vent for enthusiasm.
A cablegram from Liverpool announces that the Cunard Line steamer Campania, which sailed from that port yesterday for New York, has among her passengers Hall Guine, the novelist; Miss Ada Rohan, the actress; Lord Albury Ramsey and Miss Cavendish-Bentley; Ogden Mills and Ballington Booth.

FOR SALE—

FOR SALE-SNAPS-
 _____HOUSES_____
 \$925-5 rooms, hard finished; one-third
 block from car line; small cash payment.
 \$300-5-room hard-finished house, bath,
 bearing fruit trees, flowers; fine view; terms
 to suit.
 \$1400-5-large-room cottage, new, all lat-
 est improvements, beauty; 1/2 block from
 electric line; close in; worth \$2000; terms to
 suit.
 \$2500-8-room house, modern, fine loca-

tion, southwest; 250 feet from electric line cheap at \$3500.

Also houses or vacant lots in all parts of the city.

JOHN L. PAVKOVICH,
230 W. First.

FOR SALE—
—EASY INSTALLMENTS—
Lovely 7-room, 2-story colonial; lot 100 x 150; grilles, porcelain bath; fine view.
New 8-room colonial, walking distance adapted for 1 or 2 families; a bargain. \$1500—\$50 cash, \$15 monthly, 5 rooms, bath, mantel; 27th near Central.
We have others. See our estimates, via.

\$1600-6 rooms, 11th and Vernon.
 \$1500-5 rooms, Wright near 16th.
 \$1400-5 rooms, Menio Park.
 \$1300-5 rooms, Newton near Central.
 \$1200-5 rooms, 14th near Central.
 \$1100-5 rooms, 14th near Central.
 \$1000-5 rooms, Newton near Central.
 Build anywhere. Lots, labor and goods to
 first payment. Full commission to agents.
 ECONOMY BUILDING CO.
 4 Tel. M. 193. 354 S. Broadway.

**FOR SALE—ON INSTALLMENTS,
 SOUTHWEST**
 \$1800—A 5-room new modern house on

24th st.; lot 50x125; street graded; on Traction car line; a snap; \$150 cash, \$15 per month.

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
313 Wilcox Bldg.

—SOUTHEAST—

\$1250—A 5-room new modern house; take lot as part pay, balance monthly payments.

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
313 Wilcox Bldg.

FOR SALE—
Are you looking for a modern home for a small amount of money? We have it. We show you the very best value in the city; 8 rooms, 2-story, cellar, and furnace cement walks, graded street, lawn and everything first class; all for \$3750; convenient to both car lines; nothing like it in the city. See these houses. Take either car line to West 36th st. Will make easy terms if desired.

JOHNSON & KENEY,
Owners and Builders,
305 W. Second st.

4

FOR SALE—HOMES—
 \$1050—About the best chance you will have to get such a home at so low a price and on such favorable terms. This is a 5-room, hard-finish, hall, kitchen, marble wash basin, patent water close sink, hot and cold water, mantle, grate, shed, fenced. Lot 46x128, on Lerds st., southwest; terms, \$100 cash, balance \$15.40 per month.

\$1200—A modern 5-room cottage, Union st., southwest; \$200 cash, balance \$20 monthly payments.

\$1400—8-room house, W. 26th st.; \$20 cash, balance \$10 month.

\$650—5-room house, southwest; \$20 cash, balance \$10 month.

35 month.
CORTELYOU & GIFFEN,
4 253 S. Broadway, Byrne Bldg.
FOR SALE—
IN MENLO PARK.
I will build on a fine lot near the new
San Pedro electric car line (10 minutes u-
town) a modern house on the most liberal
terms and conditions, introducing every
convenience of arrangement in the con-
struction, and all the new little innova-
tions that go to add comfort and satis-
faction to the most luxurious homes now
built.
Lumber is cheaper, you will get the ad-
vantage of it. The locality is genteel and

On a lot 50x150 to an alley in MENLO PARK, 21st st. I will build a complete 5-room cottage, with every modern convenience; porcelain bathtub, stationary wash stand, cellar with cement floor; the lot fenced, large airy rooms, with white walls and finished throughout in light pine. All the lot is necessary to secure such a perfect home is a cash payment of enough to hold the contract; balance straight loan.

or payable monthly on long term.
For details address J, box 40, TIME
OFFICE. 4

FOR SALE—
\$1050—5-room house, bath, closets, etc.
modern and new; close to car line; \$60
cash, balance easy.
\$1060—7-room house, bath, closets, etc.
modern and new; close to car line; \$60
cash, balance easy.
\$900 mortgage; would exchange equity for
something clear in city.
\$1400—2 nice lots near University; this
is a snap; must go next week.
\$1500—A fine home, between city and
Presidents; 6 room, 2 bath, new, balance
easy.
Installments; this is the place for you.

one seeking health; is new, convenient and modern.

CREASINGER,
217 S. Broadway.

4

FOR SALE--

One new 2-story 8-room house, modern and complete in every respect; lot 53x170 southwest.

One new 5-room cottage in the Menl Park tract.

Also one new 6-room cottage in Menl Park, near San Pedro street car line.

All the above houses are for sale for small cash payment; balance monthly. For terms see the owner.

W. H. GILBERT

4 217 W. Second st.

FOR SALE—SPECIAL BARGAINS—
 \$425—4-room cottage, Pico Heights.
 \$400—4-room cottage, N. Bonnie Brae.
 \$800—4-room cottage, Kohler st.
 \$500—4-room cottage, Boyle Heights.
 \$1100—2 new cottages, large lot.
 \$1200—6-room cottage, Boyle Heights.
 \$1500—5-room new modern cottage, the
 best bargain in the city; fine location.
 Fine bargains on lots, any direction.
 Money to loan.
 All of the above on easy pay.

4 M. M. DAVISON, 107 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE--
Before purchasing a home it will pay you to see our bargains; will go with you any time; lowest prices and easiest terms. Buy from the builders and owners.
JOHNSON & KEENEY,
4 305 W. Second st.

street work all completed; will take small
payment down, balance to suit at very
low rate of interest; save your rent and your
money on our offer; have for further in-
formation address K, box 15, TIMES OF
DAY. 4

FOR SALE—
\$650—New house, \$10 per month; stop pay-
ing rent and buy a home.
\$1200—Corner on Main st.; 4 and 6-room
houses on same; this will pay 20 per cent
on your money. Don't fail to see this.
\$1500—6 room house, close in, complete
and modern; this is cheap.
O. LOTSPEICH & CO.,
233 S. Broadway, Room 4.
4

FOR SALE—
\$250—A fine 7-room house, modern, lighter by electricity; fine lawn, flowers and bearing fruits, cement walks, street work all done; owner in Wyoming, offers this sacrifice.
\$450—I can offer you the best bargain in Westlake vicinity; it is up to date and nicely situated. See me about this quick.
D. A. MEEKINS, 406 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS
and to the right party no cash down; 8-room new, modern home, east front, porcelain bath, electric lights, clothes chute, pass pantry, two toilets; Westlake, right on the

Traction line; price too low to publish. The one we advertised last Sunday we sold.

BOWEN & POWERS, 2304 S. Spring.

FOR SALE—ON INSTALLMENTS: 8-room house, East Side, very cheap. \$1600; also 6-room house, Pico Heights, all easy payments. W. G. BAYLIE, owner, 2924 S. Broadway.

FOR SALE—\$3800.—WESTLAKE, HAND-MADE 8-room house in city; new and modern, easy terms. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

are those here tonight, of talent and eloquence and greatness, who will entertain you, but before closing, permit me to say this, and I say it in all seriousness and candor, I believe that the best interests of the country demand that we keep the Republican party in power. [Applause.] Let us remember what these gentlemen have told us in reference to our administration. Let us remember that McKinley's administration, under the revenue laws, has been enforced but a trifle beyond a year, and what has been the result? [Applause.] A sum so vast we can hardly comprehend its significance. Think of that for a moment. Shall we stop the progress of the empire, shall we turn it over to the Democracy? Shall we say to McKinley, we do not want the Philippines? Shall we say to McKinley, we do not want the Philippines? We have elected Maguire and his Congressmen to indicate that we are opposed to the sentiments that Californians nearly all espouse. No, never, never. [Applause.] If I should be, fellow-citizens, elected Governor of this great State, I promise you that I will give you an administration pure, honest, economic, businesslike; an administration which symbolizes the idea of Republicanism, and that represents the integrity and the moral forces of this great American nation. I thank you. [Long and continued applause.]

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

A Patriotic Prelude, Then the Candidates' Speech.

At the conclusion of Mr. Gage's speech, the band struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and the audience arose and joined in the closing refrain with a vim. Chairman Bulla then introduced Truman B. Reeves, saying: "While we are all very proud of the men who enlisted in our late war, our pride in the old boys who carried the flag to victory has not diminished in the least. The Republican party has not begun an action to disfranchise the old soldiers. I now have the pleasure of introducing one of the most brilliant men in the State of California, candidate for State Treasurer."

Mr. Reeves did not come out to make a speech, however; he came out to help swell the great demonstration in honor of the next Governor of California, and he briefly remarked: "I didn't come out tonight to make a speech; we all came out to hear California's next Governor, Henry T. Gage, and I will say that I endorse everything he has said."

Judge Blackwell of Ventura, Republican candidate for Railroad Commissioner for the Third District, was then introduced, and said: "It has been a pleasure to the next Railroad Commissioner one minute in which to make a speech. As that is an absolute impossibility, I am glad of the excuse. This is a Henry T. Gage, and I recognize that fact. I am a Henry Gage man. He is always the same Henry. He is one of the best lawyers and one of the most brilliant men in the State of California, and when his name was presented to the Republican convention at Sacramento, he seemed to be the choice of the entire State. When I began I wanted you to see the next Railroad Commissioner of California, and I do my best to be that man, and if so fortunate I will do my best to fulfill the duties of that important office, as it was intended and designed by the framers of the constitution of the State of California."

Hon. R. J. Waters, Republican candidate for Congress for the Sixth Congress District, was the next speaker. As he came forward he was greeted with hearty cheers from the vast assemblage. He said in part:

"I shall detain you but a very few minutes, and, like my friend who preceded me, I could say all you would care to hear in sixty seconds. You came to hear the next Governor of this State, Henry T. Gage. But we must not forget the declaration made 120 years ago, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is just as true today as it was then. In order to properly protect the institutions of the country it is necessary to put men on guard who have been tried and found not wanting. We have today three parties in opposition to the party which has always led the ship of state in safety through trying crises, but the worst of these is that one called the Populist party, the one which catches all the riffraff of discontent of all the parties; all gravitate to this cesspool of discontent and discord. They blunder on from one experiment to another, a veritable case of the blind leading the blind. Are we to trust our destinies to this hydra-headed monster, or shall we rely on the old Republican party, which has led us through all our emergencies; the party that freed 500,000 slaves and gave them the ballot box and the highest manhood; the party that has carried our late war to a successful termination and won glory and renown on battlefield and in legislative halls; the party which has furnished some of the greatest statesmen and heroes of any party in the world, such men as Blaine, Grant, Garfield and Lincoln. The history of the Republican party is the history of human progress, and its achievements the grandest in the world. We should recognize these achievements and stand firmly by that party."

Hon. James McLachlan of Pasadena, said: "I don't propose to deliver the beautiful speech I had prepared for this occasion, but will devote a little attention to my friend Gage. Any one who knows Gage knows that he will be the next Governor of California. He is independent, brilliant and true, and the campaign so far shows what kind of a Governor he will make. When he started his campaign for the nomination, some seemed to doubt his ability to get there, then all of a sudden everything in California seemed to be for Gage. He conducted that campaign himself; you saw him there, and if elected he will go in untrammelled by any bosses. He will go perfectly free, so he can place in the institutions of the State the best men he can find; there will be no more scandals at Whittier, etc., then. All take courage and see that he goes out of Los Angeles county with the largest majority any candidate who ever came before the people of this county."

Will A. Harris, who has left the ranks of Democracy to cast his lot with the party of progress, was the next speaker. He said:

"I am no longer a gold Democrat. This sea of faces means a sea of trouble for Maguire, Barlow and you esteemed fellow-citizens, El Hutch, next November. My first Republican vote was cast for William McKinley; my second will be cast for my peerless and independent friend, Henry T. Gage. I have had no occasion to regret the vote I cast for McKinley, in spite of the predictions of croakers. They told the farmers that they would be the principal victims of the Republicans, but they are the happiest and most independent citizens today, and the farmers of Kansas are now paying off their mortgages and adding gold to the national treasury. The Democratic party has left the teachings of Jackson and Seymour, and they are opposed to what some are pleased to call the doctrine of imperialism. I have no doubt that the gentleman who opposed the annexation of Hawaii is as honest as I am, but I don't agree with him. They opposed the purchase of Louisiana by Thomas Jefferson; they opposed the purchase of Alaska. They didn't believe the people of America could pay the war debt, but they did believe

that the government could pay off the war debt by simply issuing paper money without anything substantial behind it to back it up. I have no reason to feel a stranger in the Republican party. I believe that on next November the people of the United States will hold a council of war and will instruct their President—who always listens to his people—that not one inch of the territory which has been wrested from the enemy by the blood of our patriots shall ever be given back, and your votes for Gage and Waters will be your instructions to the President to hold that over which floats the glorious Star Spangled Banner."

Ex-Gov H. H. Markham then spoke a few words, and was enthusiastically received. He said: "I must confess that I feel a little awkward and shaky to be called upon to address such an audience, not that the chairman has sandwiched me between some of the best and ablest orators of the State. It gives me great pleasure to look into the smiling faces of this audience, and it does my heart good to help ratify the nomination of Mr. Gage for Governor of this great State. The Republican convention performed a most sensible act, for, the very best man has been nominated for that position, that could have been selected; nominated without states or organizations, but by the free voice of a free people. The party in nominating the one ticket could not have nominated a better man, and earnest, intelligent work can be expected for the Republican party is today a unit. The party has never nominated a stronger or better ticket than the one we have this fall, but, nevertheless, we must leave no stone unturned to carry the campaign to a successful issue. We have three parties fighting us this campaign. They fight not for principle, but for the pastry at the pie counter. Therefore, leave no stone unturned; make the victory so emphatic that in the next campaign they will have to have six parties."

Frank F. Davis then made a few closing remarks in his usual brilliant manner, and, after another rousing cheer for Henry T. Gage and the Red ticket generally, the great audience dispersed.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

H. Russell Burner, M.D., L.L.D., Fined Twenty Dollars for Battery.

AVAILON (Santa Catalina Island) Sept. 2.—[Regular Correspondence.] Justice Whitney's courtroom was crowded with spectators yesterday afternoon when the battery case of the People vs. Burner came up for trial. The case engrossed the attention of Justice Whitney the entire afternoon. Judge G. M. Holton prosecuted the case and Mr. Burner acted as his own lawyer. The witnesses for the State were Constable Tom Mathus, O. O. Orr, Constable Walter Robinson, Deputy Constable J. H. Ihman, Frank Bryant, M. Foster and Casey Castleman. The seven witnesses testified substantially the same, to the effect that on the night of August 27, Burner was lecturing a few of his followers, when someone interrupted him. Burner asked the crowd to pay no attention to the speaker, as he was a "harelum" (meaning birling) of the Banning Company to break up his meetings. O. O. Orr, general manager of the Banning Company, stepped up to Burner and said "Anyone stating that anyone is hired by the Banning Company, to disturb your meetings is a liar." Burner jumped upon his stand, about three feet high, and said, "Do you call me a liar?" repeating the question three times. Mr. Orr repeated the remark. Whereupon Burner, from his elevated position, bounced upon Mr. Orr, striking him with both hands in the head and neck, inflicting wounds on Mr. Orr's forehead. Burner was at once arrested and taken to the lock-up.

In cross-examining the witnesses Burner's long and strong suit was in asking the witness "What position was I in when you seen me last Saturday night?" Some of the witnesses answered by saying that he was in a "very striking position;" others said he was "lying in the air."

Burner's witnesses were Michael Halley, Mrs. Mary K. Holmes, Mrs. Elizabeth Kittridge, Richard Halke, V. S. McClatchy and Horace Ginn, the latter to testify against Burner, and for petty larceny. Even Burner's own witnesses testified against him.

Judge Holton made his closing argument, which was followed by Burner, who made the statement that he didn't permit anyone to call him a liar, or he would surely do him bodily harm. This was closely followed by another statement, trying to convince the judge that the table on which he was standing at the time he struck Mr. Orr had accidentally overturned, and that he was willing to swear before God that if he struck Orr it was unintentional, and that he did not remember of striking anyone when he fell. He insisted that the table brought in evidence. His request was granted, and he mounted the table and illustrated how, by stepping too near the edge, the table had overturned, and he had fallen into the crowd. This was an unexpected proceeding, and created much amusement for the witnesses. After the testimony was introduced, the closing arguments had been made and Burner found guilty, he insisted upon showing Judge Whitney his "certificates." Recently he was accused of having been refused to see them, and suspended sentence until 10 o'clock this morning. Promptly at 10 o'clock court convened again, and Burner was fined \$20, which he paid.

Having paid his fine, and before Court had adjourned, Burner turned to Judge Holton and asked for his advice in regard to having a warrant issued for the arrest of The Times correspondent, who he considered a libelous reporter to refer to him as a "quack." Judge Holton informed him that he had no grounds for libel, and that a complaint would have to be made before a warrant could be issued.

Proceedings will be made by the Banning Company at once to have Burner removed from the company's property, although it is alleged Burner has made threats that should any one attempt to remove him before September 15, he will do so at the peril of his life.

CATALINA BREVITIES.

Mrs. Schmidt, Miss Eva Baur, Carl Schmidt and Mr. Kolsaat, who have been guests of the Metropole for a week, left yesterday for their home in Pasadena.

Judge M. T. Allen, who has been spending a month at Catalina in the Guevara cottage, returned to Los Angeles yesterday. His family will remain for another week.

The yacht Vasco arrived from San Pedro Wednesday with Messrs. Fred Lambourne, Ed. Bonywell, George Leubershelmer and Woodford Davidson on board. They left yesterday for a trip to the Isthmus, expecting to return Saturday.

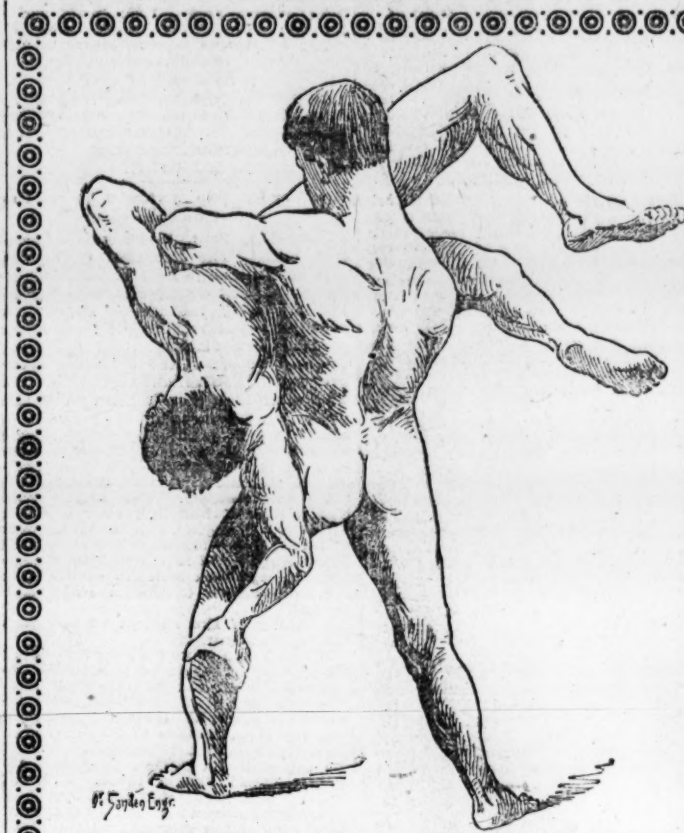
Casey Castleman, who has been spending the summer with his parents on the island, left today for Riverside. Mrs. M. Ayers of Pasadena arrived yesterday and is a guest of Mrs. George E. Weaver of the Grand View.

Frederick N. Blanchard of Los Angeles, arrived yesterday and is a guest of the Metropole.

Judge F. W. Gregg of San Bernardino was among yesterday's arrivals at the Metropole.

George S. Porter, formerly with the Banning Company at Avalon, but now representing Norton, Drake & Co.'s interests at Wilcox, Ariz., left yesterday after a pleasant stay at the Metropole.

The employees of the Metropole were



DR. A. T. SANDEN—Dear Sir: "For several years I have been suffering with a complication of ailments which made my life not worth the living. I had been doctoring with the best doctors in the State, and as time wore on, the large amount of medicine I had taken had so weakened and undermined my stomach that I began to despair of ever regaining my health. A friend of mine, who is a physician, accompanied with Bladder and Kidney disorder and Rheumatism. I gave up in despair for I had tried everything in the shape of medical treatment that was accessible, and was worse off than before. I purchased one of your Belts and began to feel its good effects from the start, and now I can cheerfully say that I am entirely cured of my trouble within two months."

J. J. CRAIG, 632 East First St., Los Angeles, Cal."

IT IS A GRAND REMEDY FOR WEAK MEN.

It assists nature by a general re-enforcement of vital energy by infusing a mild, warming, invigorating current of Electricity into the nerves, and by supplying the system with the very essence of nerve vigor and nerve strength.

ARE YOU THE MAN YOU SHOULD BE?

Study yourself. Weakness in the vital organs is unnatural in all men. It is due to improper care of the functions endowed by nature with perfect vigor, and since nature gave this strength, if it has been wasted, she must be called upon to renew it. Natural remedies must be used. Nothing bears a closer relation to the elements of vital and nerve force than Electricity. It is natural. It is nature embodied in a portable, convenient and effective appliance when Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is used. It is as good for women as for men. Call and test the wonderful Belt. If not convenient to call, send for Dr. Sanden's famous book, "Three Classes of Men." It is free. Attend to it today. Do not put it off. Call or address

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SECOND STREET.

OFFICE HOURS—8 to 6; Evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 1.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC TRUSS CURES RUPTURE.

given a complimentary moonlight excursion to the Isthmus yesterday by the Banning Company. The Linda made the trip, and upon their arrival at the Isthmus, they anchored and refreshments were served on the rocks.

Judge M. T. Owens, who has been a guest of the Metropole here, has made some remarkable fish catches, among the latest being six immense yellowtail, seven rock bass and two white fish, caught on rod and reel.

H. H. Sevel and wife, Frederick N. Blanchard, G. M. Holton, Miss A. Whittier, Mrs. L. A. Grant, Dan A. McPherson and Walter P. Stone are among Los Angeles registered at the Metropole yesterday.

Mrs. Thomas S. Ewing, who has been a guest of the Metropole for a month, left today for her home in Los Angeles.

C. S. Lewis and wife, Los Angeles; George F. Chamberlain, Puente, registered at Camp Swanford yesterday.

Ed M. Martin of Pasadena was among yesterday's arrivals at the Grand View.

L. B. Ringwalt, San Francisco, E. M. Gard and wife, Bryn, Minn., arrived at the Metropole yesterday.

The yacht Nellie left this morning for the Isthmus with a party of fishermen on board. She will be absent several days.

William J. Gordon, Pasadena; J. M. Ritter, Mrs. Mary Hall Chicago, included yesterday's arrivals at the Pasadena Hotel.

E. A. Wiltale of the yacht Argle and his guest, W. R. Whittier, visited the fishing grounds of Seal Rocks Thursday, and returned with sixteen yellowtail and one sea bass, caught on rod and reel in less than three hours.

Mrs. Bobrick, a guest of the Metropole, returned today from a short stay in Los Angeles.

Mrs. K. Wilson of Butte, Mont., who has been a guest of the Metropole for a week, was considered one of the best fishermen of the island. Recently she caught seven white fish and three yellowtail in less than two hours.

THE MARCHER BOND.

Financial Standing of the Sureties Inquired Into.

Some doubt has existed as to the business of Frank Marcher and Gove, alias Jackson, charged with a bogus jewelry swindle, and the matter was called up yesterday before Judge Smith in Department One.

The bond is comparatively light, being only \$200, and Marcher's brother and his sister-in-law qualified in such amount as to make their bond satisfactory. The first swearing to a jewelry stock worth \$4000, and the latter to property worth \$12,500. With Gove, however, the matter was different, for while Mrs. Gove, who went on his bond, has a rooming-house over the Owl drug store that is valued at \$300, there is a mortgage against it of \$300, and as Judge Smith remarked at forced sale the mortgage might wipe out the entire property.

Gove's other bondsman is a man named McCoy, who is proprietor of a hotel at Huencue that is valued at from \$8000 to \$9000, with a mortgage of \$2000 against it. He also owns forty acres of land, valued at \$100 per acre. McCoy was not able to be in the city yesterday, but if his standing is as reported, he will be accepted as surety on the bond, and meantime the financial status of Mrs. Gove will be investigated.

PERSONALS.

W. H. Weston has returned from several weeks' trip to Mexico.

U. S. G. Todd has gone to Nevada county to look after mining interests. Robert Temple of the Golden Cross Mining Company is visiting in Los Angeles.

L. W. Morgan of the firm of Morgan & Co. has left for London on mining business.

L. H. Orme, wife and son, Phoenix, Ariz., and H. B. Cline, San Francisco, are at the Abbottsford Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bothe have returned from their cottage at Terrestrial Island to their residence on Bonnie Brae street.

Mr. Fisher and W. H. Traister, dele-

STRENGTH.

The perfection of that great force known as strength, is a work of nature. Thousands of men have been gifted with a constitution fit to build such a physical structure upon, but they have wasted the material that makes the muscle vitality. Men live too fast these days. The search for imaginary pleasure, trying to squeeze the happiness of a lifetime into a few years, exhausts the strength nature gives them, and they are wrecked in the grandest element of man's ambition—nerve, brain and body weakened. There are thousands of weak, puny men—half-men—who could be made perfect specimens of manhood if the grand power that has been drained from their bodies could be restored.

IT CAN BE DONE.

Nothing bears a closer relation to the elements of vital and nerve force than Electricity. It is natural. It is the strength, the vigor, and, in fact, the very life in the body, and is a wonderful remedy when applied by

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

Dr. Sanden's method of making use of the life-giving power of Electricity has proven its merit. The men who say it cured them of general debility, of wasting weakness; the men who have become strong and vigorous by following Dr. Sanden's advice, are the best evidence of the worth of his system. There are thousands of them, and they speak aloud in praise of Dr. Sanden and his noble work. His work is noble—it is grand—because it lifts men from despondency, it gives them hope, ambition, strength of mind and body, makes them love life for the pleasure of living. There must be something in a system of treatment that can show such cures as these:

MADE MEN OF THEM.

DR. A. T. SANDEN—Dear Sir: "I treated with the best doctors of Tucson, Arizona, for Rheumatism, which gave me great trouble for three years. They did me no good, and I came to Los Angeles, Cal., to the hospital to be treated by several of the physicians there for the disease, but without beneficiary results."

"I concluded to try your Belt, and immediately upon application the pain stopped, and I can truthfully say that after two night's use I have not had the slightest touch since. This was over two weeks ago."

"J. F. FARIBAUT, Tucson, Arizona, with S.P. Co."

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NOT IN DRUG STORES.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt is never sold in drug stores nor by traveling agents; only at our office.

Parisian Cloak & Suit Co.

221 South Spring Street.

PRICES CUT IN TWO...

JUST ONE-HALF PRICE. Fall and Winter Garments arriving on every train, piling our basement to the ceiling, must be marked and placed. In consequence the next two weeks will be devoted to cleaning out our entire Spring stock—

AND WE ARE GOING TO DO IT.

Every Garment Will Be Cut Half in Price.

\$50 00 Suits for	\$25 00	\$15 00 Wash Suits	\$7 50	\$20 00 Silk Skirts for....	\$10 00
40 00 Suits for	20 00	12 00 Wash Suits	6 00	15 00 Silk Skirts for....	7 50
30 00 Suits for	15 00	10 00 Wash Suits	5 00	10 00 Silk Skirts for....	5 00
20 00 Suits for	10 00	7 50 Wash Suits	3 75	7 50 Silk Skirts for....	3 75
15 00 Suits for	7 50	5 00 Wash Suits	2 50	6 00 Silk Skirts for....	3 00
12 00 Suits for	6 00	4 00 Wash Suits	2 00		
\$20 00 Pattern Waists....	\$10 00	3 00 Wash Suits	1 50	\$5 50 Cloth Skirts for....	\$2 50
15 00 Pattern Waists....	7 50	\$18 00 Jackets	\$9 00	4 00 Cloth Skirts for....	2 00
10 00 Silk Waists	5 00	15 00 Jackets	7 50	3 00 Cloth Skirts for....	1 50
7 50 Silk Waists	3 75	10 00 Jackets	5 00	2 00 Cloth Skirts for....	1 00
5 00 Silk Waists	2 50	7 50 Jackets	3 75	1 50 Cloth Skirts for....	75
		5 00 Jackets	2 50		
\$4 00 Wash Waists	\$2 00	\$2 00 Wash Waists	\$1 00	75c Wash Waists	37 1/2c
3 00 Wash Waists	1 50	1 50 Wash Waists	75	60c Wash Waists	30c
2 50 Wash Waists	1 25	1 00 Wash Waists	50	50c Wash Waists	25c

CAPES SOLD THE SAME WAY. BATHING SUITS SOLD THE SAME WAY.

This is a Bona-fide Half-Price Sale For Two Weeks Only.

Parisian Cloak & Suit Co.

gates to the National Association Stationary Engineers' Convention, at Pittsburgh, Pa., left last Wednesday for that place.

W. H. Warner is in the city arranging for the appearance of Henry Miller and his company at the Los Angeles Theater at the opening of the fall season, September 12, in "Heartsease."

William M. Van Dyke, United States Commissioner and clerk of the United States District Court, has returned from his vacation trip to Colorado, and is again at his desk in the Federal building.

Unsympathetic Estimate. [Philadelphia Record:] There was no mistaking the species of the round-shouldered man with colored glasses, and a fitting black coat and crooked gaiters. He was unmistakably fine specimen of bookworm. He looked up

with ill-concealed annoyance when a friend came bustling into his study to get a letter translated.

"I thought to that tomorrow morning," said the student, as he pushed the paper aside and proceeded to make some notes on the margin of a large leather-bound volume.

"But I want it right away. You see, this is business."

"Humph!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. "I suppose you are prepared to contend that business is the most important institution in human life."

"Well," was the answer, "it comes pretty near being, so far as I can make any estimate."

"More important, of course, than general knowledge."

"Look here; have you read about Plato having lost two of his back teeth while cracking nuts?"

"No!" was the animated response.

"That must be of recent discovery."

"Did you know that Xantippe had a mole on her left ear and squinted?"

"I never heard of such a thing. These are most important circumstances if the reports can be even approximately verified."

"Were you aware that Julius Caesar wore his toga wrong side out, if he happened to put it on that way, because he was afraid of bad luck if he changed it?"

"A most astounding idiosyncrasy!"

"You regard these things as important?"

"I should say so. They demand investigation. Where did you read about them?"

"Nowhere. I merely wanted to know if that's the sort of research that will cause a man to forget his dinner and let the fire go out in cold weather. I

suppose it's erudition, but I must say I can't make anything of it, except vulgar personal curiosity."

And the man of letters scratched his forehead at the end of his long and had never thought of it in that light, and that it was a theory which it would be worth while to read up on and investigate.

Fever Spreading at Orwood, JACKSONVILLE (Fla.) Sept. 3.—

Nine cases of yellow fever were reported by the Board of Health today from Orwood. One case has developed at Waterford. Surgeon Cather of the United States Marine Hospital Service, left for Taylor's station and Orwood today on a special train. There are now twenty-two cases at Orwood. One death has occurred.

EVENTS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

REDONDO.

Redondo Salt Works Preparing to Make Canals in Its Plant.

REDONDO, Sept. 3.—[Regular Correspondence.] The steamer Bonita arrived from San Francisco this morning, bringing fourteen tons of giant powder, fuse and caps, for Randsburg and San Bernardino.

The Attraction Club have an entertainment and plunge party last evening, which was well attended. An athletic tournament will be held here tomorrow under the auspices of this club, in which athletic organizations from Los Angeles will take part.

Mrs. H. Deacon and family and Mrs. W. J. Hicks returned to their Los Angeles homes today.

H. Seabold of Randsburg, with his cousin, arrived in Redondo yesterday. Miss Stella Perry of East Los Angeles, who has been spending a week with friends here, went home today.

Dr. L. D. Doty leaves next week for his home in Minnesota.

Mrs. George M. Harter of Santa Monica and Jessie Melrose of Anaheim are visiting W. H. Browning and wife. The Redondo Salt Works has temporarily shut down, pending the making of some repairs to its drying and evaporating machinery. It will take about ten days to get the works completely repaired.

The aged mother of Robt. Davis, for years a resident of this city, died at her home this morning. Interment will take place Sunday at the Redondo Cemetery.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY

HAD TO GET MARRIED OR GO TO JAIL.

The Serious Predicament in Which an Angeleno Found Himself. New Divorce Suits Filed—Crucity to Animals.

SAN BERNARDINO, Sept. 3.—[Regular Correspondence.] Will Harlow Strong of Los Angeles was yesterday given his choice of getting married or going to jail, and he got married. The ceremony was solemnized in the afternoon by Justice Soule, the bride being Mary Jane Bird, also of Los Angeles.

The immediate cause of the marriage was a complaint sworn out on Thursday by George Bird, father of the girl, charging Strong with seduction. Strong, while in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, met the girl about a year ago at Colton. She was then 17 years old, and Strong's attentions soon changed their acquaintance into intimacy.

A few months ago she went to Los Angeles to live with Strong, and when a child was born she asked Strong to marry her, but he refused. The complaint sworn out by the girl's father, however, caused him to change his mind. The unmarried mother arrived here at 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from Los Angeles, and the wedding took place soon after.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVITIES. The owners of the Stewart Hotel met yesterday and concluded negotiations with E. E. Thompson, whereby Mr. Thompson will retain the management of the hotel. According to the terms of the new lease, Mr. Thompson secured for an unlimited period the hotel, at the same rental he has paid the past year.

He is allowed to dispose of his household goods, and to remove the furniture, at any time. The hotel directors have had an inventory of the furniture taken, and at any time may purchase the contents of the house from Mr. Thompson, and turn the hotel over to any applicant they may wish.

John Brennan and Mike Barton, two young men who live near Lytle Creek Canyon, were arrested yesterday afternoon on the charge of cruelty to animals. They had a horse, a cow, a pig and a dog, and were charged with livery and drove to Colton and back, when the animal was found in a pitiable condition, hatched in front of a saloon. Both men were taken into custody, and were locked up, in default of \$100 bail each, pending a hearing.

A party of prominent Republicans of the town, including Truman Reeves, nominee for State Treasurer, and Judge Oster, attended the Gage celebration, which was held here at 5:30 o'clock, and returning after the ratification meeting.

A meeting of the County Executive Committee of the Independent party was held this afternoon in Justice Knox's courtroom.

Mary C. Payne yesterday instituted divorce proceedings against Theodore S. Payne.

Alameda J. Post has begun proceedings for divorce against W. R. Post.

REDLANDS. The Berkeley Suicide Long a Resident of Redlands.

REDLANDS, Sept. 3.—[Regular Correspondence.] The receipt of news in this city today of the suicide in Berkeley, on the night of August 30, of Mrs. Carrie B. Lathrop, came as a severe shock to the community. The receipt of news in this city today of the suicide in Berkeley, on the night of August 30, of Mrs. Carrie B. Lathrop, came as a severe shock to the community.

Neither of the states has been fully made up for next Thursday night's caucus. There will be two printed tickets in each precinct. Rev. Clark Crawford will speak to the Y.M.C.A. Sunday afternoon. It will be his last address to the organization before leaving for his new field.

At the Friends Y.P.C.C.E. meeting last evening, a letter was read from one of its missionaries in Alaska, Miss Anna Hunnicutt.

President C. K. Adams of the University of Wisconsin will lecture in the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening.

The Salvation Army is caring for a mother and three children, who found themselves homeless in this city.

Miss Julia Phelps of Chicago, the harpist, will play for the Women of the World Monday evening.

The Independent Order of Foresters, just organized at North Pasadena, will have a social Tuesday evening.

W. H. Townsend of Whittier, formerly of Honolulu, lectured in South Pasadena this evening.

Bishop Johnson will preach at All Saints' Church Sunday morning and evening.

All the local political headquarters were deserted this evening.

Everybody is invited to the public meeting of Woodmen of the World at the Tabernacle Monday evening. Besides speeches by Head Consul Root and Falkenberg, there will be an active musical program, including harp solos.

Loughery & Stone now have the handsome harness establishment in Pasadena in their new quarters, 70 and 72 W. Colorado, with 150 feet front. They can save you money, too, on any kind of harness repairs.

Lippincott's droned electric funeral car service to Mount View Cemetery of Los Angeles without extra charge. Car completely draped in black cloth and silk, rendering same entirely private.

You no doubt have had trouble in getting a good children's 25-cent stocking. It will cease if you buy the leather hose at Bon Accord.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

DENTISTS IN CONVENTION ENJOY SEVERAL FINE PAPERS.

The Richards Family and Their Cook—She Ran the House and Drove Them Out—Insanity Plan not to Her Liking—Activity at Coronado.

SAN DIEGO, Sept. 3.—[Regular Correspondence.] The Southern California Dental Association, having a very good time at its convention in this city. The weather is cool and clear, and frequent excursions are being taken by the members. A large number of dentists are here, from all parts of Southern California. Dr. W. A. Smith of Los Angeles is president of the association.

At the opening of the convention yesterday the address of welcome was read by Dr. Emma T. Read of this city. President Smith then delivered his annual address, pointing out the necessities for union and harmony, and recommending the appointment of a legislative committee to assist in securing needed legislation.

The first paper was by Dr. H. R. Harrison of San Diego, on "How I Fill Root Canal." The second paper, by Dr. Edgar Palmer of Los Angeles, read a paper on "Peridental Inflammation," followed by Dr. J. A. Young of San Diego, on "On the Dronation in Dentistry." Dr. Harrison read another paper on "Dental Education." Dr. E. L. Townsend of Los Angeles read a paper on the same subject.

The two papers were discussed together. The consensus of opinion was that no student should be continued in an office until he shows aptitude for the work. He should not be permitted to remain from hesitancy in wounding his feelings.

One of the best papers in the day's proceedings was that by Dr. C. B. Remondino of San Diego, on "The Relation of Dentistry to Medicine." Dr. Remondino received a vote of thanks from the convention.

The closing session was held this morning at Dr. Harrison's office, and this afternoon the visiting dentists enjoyed a trip around the bay. Most of the visitors will remain until Monday.

THE COOK'S TURN NOW. C. B. and Mary J. Richards are in trouble with their former cook, Miss Agnes Marshall. Miss Marshall was charged with insanity on account of her high-handed rule in the kitchen. Richards kitchen. But when she was examined she was found to be sane, and now she sues the Richards for \$500 damages for false imprisonment.

The cook took complete charge of the Richards kitchen, but her reign was so autocratic, and she was so dangerous when approached, that the conclusion was reached that she was crazy. If she had merely thrown the family out of her halliwick and thrown down the tools of her trade, she would have been sane.

Leon L. Carey and wife of Los Angeles are at Hotel Coronado.

Mrs. H. L. Story of Los Angeles, Miss Ada of Alameda, are spending a few days with San Diego friends. After a few more days spent at the hotel they will return home.

Modjeska's presentation of "Camille," with all her old passion and classic art, was witnessed by a large party of hotel guests last night. The performance was declared to be faultless, the supporting having been selected with great care.

This afternoon Modjeska appeared in "The Girl of the Year," and the audience with the quaint playfulness and wit of that chief ornament of Arden, "Macheth," tonight, also called a large party across the bay.

SANTA MONICA. Many Horses in Training for the Polo Races.

SANTA MONICA, Sept. 3.—[Regular Correspondence.] That the polo races of September 9, 10 and 11 will be a success is already assured. A large number of horses in training, and many of them are in town, and every morning they can be seen at the polo grounds being trained for the events in which they are entered.

Monday will be another golf day, all the guests of the hotel being invited to participate in a tournament as guests of Baroness Harden-Hickey. Unlike previous tournaments, the contests will be against bogey scores, or what are considered good scores for the respective holes. There will be two prizes for men and two for women.

The men will play in the morning and the women in the afternoon.

There is a prospect for securing the steam launch Meteor to ply between the city and Santa Monica. Some transportation facilities between the neighboring resorts seems to be needed.

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City Briefs.

The Times is promptly delivered by our agents at all seaside resorts in Southern California at 20 cents per week, 75 cents per month. If patrons have any cause to complain of the service at any point, they will confer a favor by promptly notifying The Times-Mirror Company.

Th. Cunnock School of Oratory has secured the use of the Ebell Club rooms, No. 724 South Broadway, until Blanchard Hall is ready. Fall term opens October 12. For catalogue address Mrs. Addie Murphy Grigg, No. 126 West Second street.

Tomorrow, September 5, the fall term of the Los Angeles Business College opens. As new classes will be formed and an all-around new start made, all who contemplate entering better make an effort to register tomorrow.

Mr. David C. Cook, the noted publisher of Sunday-school literature, will address the young people at Vincent Methodist Episcopal Church tonight; also his son George Cook will sing some fine selections. All are invited.

Miss Alice Clarke is in New York selecting a fine line of millinery and patterns to be shown at the Madison Nouvelle, shortly after to be opened by her on West Third street, in the Broadway Block.

"Murat Halsted's Story of Cuba," cloth bound, containing over six hundred pages, finely illustrated, given free with one prepaid annual subscription to The Times. The book is offered for sale at 25c.

Ladies, after a good vacation spent in the interest of my business, I am now prepared to show you the most exquisite styles in millinery at the lowest prices. Dosch, No. 303 S. Broadway.

Visiting cards 60 cents per hundred by new typographic process; fac-simile of engravings, without plate. Wedding invitations, etc. Jones's Book Store, No. 226 West First.

The Fitzgerald Music and Piano Co., No. 113 South Spring street, now has the sole agency for the Pacific, Fischer, Blasius, Wagner and Dunham pianos.

Don't forget the Natick House chicken dinner from 4:45 to 7:30 today. Music by Arent's Orchestra. Meals, 25c, or 21 for \$4.50.

Special—Finest cabinet photos reduced to \$1 and \$1.75 per dozen. Sunbeam, No. 236 South Main street.

Good painting and papering reasonable. Best references. Walter, No. 627 South Spring.

Rev. A. C. Smith will preach at both services at the First Christian Church today.

Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena. Fall term begins September 21. New Macleod Cultivator, sales 1000 yearly. Circulars No. 614 Hill street.

C. H. Wedgwood, architect, 468 Stowell block.

Dr. E. Campbell removed to Laughlin building.

Nittinger's, help free, 226 S. Spring. Art School, see "Educational" column.

The Socialist-Labor party will celebrate Labor day Monday evening at Music Hall by holding a public meeting.

There were but nine men on the chain gang yesterday, and six of them were shackled. Three guards attended these nine men.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union office for John Williamson, L. I. Viall, Miss Sarah A. Brown and A. R. Sprague.

A false alarm of fire was turned in from box 35, at Union avenue and Sixteenth street, last night. A mischievous boy broke the glass and turned in the alarm.

The next regular monthly meeting of the Southern California Academy of Sciences will be held Tuesday evening, September 6, at the residence of J. D. Hooker, No. 325 West Adams street.

C. F. Hoecker, a visitor from Portland, Or., was run into by a car on Sixth and Hill streets last evening. He was thrown to the ground, which caused an abrasion above the left eye.

Monday, September 5, being a legal holiday, all departments of the post-office and stations will remain open from the usual time until 12 noon only. Usual morning deliveries by carriers will be made.

The young man, Edward Dougherty, son of Clarence E. Dougherty, civil engineer and owner of the Playa de Oro mine in Ecuador, South America, is in no way connected with the Edward Dougherty who was arrested for theft some days ago. The former has just returned with his family from a two months' visit in San Diego.

Henry Mathews came to the Receiving Hospital yesterday for treatment, and was patched up for injuries received while scorching down Second street near Center Place. As he reached the latter corner he came into collision with another bicyclist, and got the worst of it, receiving a wound on the forehead which was patched up by Dr. Ralph Hagan.

A Trip to the Beach. The staff of the local office of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company was yesterday treated to a trip to Santa Monica by C. D. Wilson, the assistant superintendent. They enjoyed a swim, a row and dinner together.

Marriage Licenses. The following licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

Wallace J. Wright, a native of New York, aged 29 years, and Emma M. Gray, a native of Michigan, aged 20 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

James Shultz, a native of Germany, aged 20 years, and Maude Richardson, a native of California, aged 20 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

Charles C. Chapman, a native of Illinois, aged 45 years, and Clara J. Irvin, a native of Iowa, aged 24 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

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James C. Campbell, a native of Wisconsin, aged 24 years, and Irene Coe, a native of Iowa, aged 23 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

BIRTH RECORD. FLYNN—At Mendocino, September 3, to the wife of Philip J. Flynn, a daughter.

PAULY—September 3, to the wife of E. S. Pauly, a daughter.

FRANCIS—September 3, 1898, to Mr. and Mrs. George Francis, a son.

DEATH RECORD. HOLMES—MISS HELEN, at her home, No. 125 E. Third street, of typhoid fever, at 9 o'clock Friday evening.

Funeral Sunday, September 4, 2 o'clock p.m., at Breese Bros.' undertaking parlors, South Broadway. Friends are invited.

CARD OF THANKS. Mrs. W. L. Hine wishes to express her thanks to the many kind friends who assisted her during the recent illness and death of her husband.

LCS ANGELES TRANSFER CO. Will check baggage at your residence to any point. No. 215 W. First street. Tel. M. 215.

SANTA FE TRAINS TO REDONDO. From La Grande Station, daily at 9:35 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 5:35 p.m.; Sundays at 9:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 5:35 p.m. and 7 p.m. Last train Sunday leaves Redondo 9 p.m. Downey avenue, 12 minutes earlier. Central avenue, 12 minutes later.

A FATAL CASUALTY.

RICHARD DEXTER FALLS FROM A CARRIAGE ON HIS HEAD.

Had Accident Near Verdugo Friday Night—Found Unconscious Twelve Hours Later and Taken to County Hospital—Died Without Regaining Consciousness.

Richard Dexter, a salesman in the employ of Harry Arnold, the furniture dealer at No. 413 South Spring street, was found lying unconscious in the road near Verdugo about noon yesterday. The County Hospital was notified, and its ambulance conveyed him to the institution toward evening. Dexter died in the hospital about 9:45 o'clock last night, without having regained consciousness. The direct cause of death is supposed to be concussion of the brain, but Dexter appeared so near death on his arrival at the hospital that it was feared by the attending physician that an examination would hasten his demise.

A pathetic feature is that Mrs. Dexter is said to be lying at the point of death at her home, No. 2624 Brooklyn avenue. She has for years past been an invalid, and is left with three children ranging in age from 15 to 3 years. The eldest is a boy, employed by Mr. Arnold, and the other two are girls.

Dexter was about 40 years of age, and a relative of his says he has been a heavy drinker all his life. A bottle of whiskey was found in a pocket of his coat when he was taken to the hospital. Dexter was "run over" from "Lar Cross-centa," it is believed, in a buckboard wagon with two good horses. It is thought that Dexter fell asleep, perhaps from the effects of liquor, and allowed the horse to jog along as they pleased.

His body was found about 150 yards from the Verdugo postoffice. It is thought that he was in some manner thrown from the wagon, and that he landed on his head, producing concussion of the brain. The time is fixed at about 9 o'clock Friday night. Death was considerably hastened by exposure, for his plight was not discovered until more than twelve hours later. The rig and team were standing within a few feet of the prostrate man and the horses seemed to have scarcely moved since the accident.

No cuts or bruises were found on Dexter's body, and it will remain for the autopsy, if one is held, to determine definitely how and when he was injured. The Coroner will be given charge of the corpse this morning, and the inquest will probably be held tomorrow.

WATCHES cleaned, best manna, 10c; repairs, 10c. Patton, No. 214 South Broadway.

Dr. E. Campbell removed to Laughlin building.

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LET'S GO TO HALE'S

6 DAYS ONLY

L.A. SUNDAY, SEPT 4

REGARDLESS OF COST SALE

We're just at the turn of the tide—this week will register the lowest water mark of the year. Trade conditions prophesy a deluge of bargains this fall—be prepared for the opening shower next Sunday—but between now and then we must work like beavers clearing away the debris and driftwood that last season's flood left stranded. For the same reason the Los Angeles river bed should be freed of all surplus.

We've Held Onto the Profits as Long as We Could.
It's Wise Now for Us to Let Go.

There are times when it pays a merchant to loose money—Every dollar we'll loose getting rid of the season's goods this week will put us in better shape to gain two dollars when autumn selling comes. We can't afford to go into a season crippled or handicapped—and we won't.

\$7500 Worth of This Season's Goods

Will be Sacrificed This Week. Prices are Halved and Quartered.

It'll be a week of rough-and-tumble values.

Come early and enjoy the richest pickings—

10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 40c Cotton Goods. Your choice this week for only

5c Yard.

6 Different lots—850 Yards All Told.

This special offers includes in brief—

35c and 40c Fancy French Organdies.

In openwork and all over patterns, medium and most popular shades—but a very limited supply.

27-inch Lappet Mulls.

In beautiful rainbow patterns—always 15c yard.

32-inch Organdie de Lisse. Always 15c yard.

In dark grounds, with handsome floral effects.

20c 30-inch Jaconet Duchesse.

In white grounds, with small, neat patterns.

20c Colored Batiste, 30-in. wide.

And printed in striking Oriental designs, with medium shades.

15c 30-inch Openwork Lawns.

In a beautiful assortment of shades and colorings, with new and attractive designs.

Ladies' Fine Novelty

Neckwear at one price

63c

A sample line—with a full

stock the prices would be \$1.50,

\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Consisting of fine Collarettes, Poaches,

Puffs, Ruches, Combination Ascots,

etc.

They are exquisitely made of finest

silks, chiffons, liberty silks, etc., ex-

tremely trimmed with silk and point

laces. They come in black, cream,

white and all conceivable colors, ruffled,

frilled, tucked, plaited, shirred and in

applied effects.

Towels—

A heavy white Cotton Towel, 5c

18x36 inches, and fringed,

for..... 81c

Large Turkish Towels, and

very heavy,..... 83c

now..... \$1.50

Linen Huck Towels, extra

size, extra value, hem-

stitched; priced now, a doz.

Pillow Cases—

7½c—Fine cambric one, 45x36.

12½c—Of muslin, hemstitched, 45x

36 inches.

12½c—Of fine muslin.

Sheets—

50c—60x90 in., hemmed, ironed,

ready to use—ordinarily 65c.

Spreads—

85c—Large sized hemmed Crochet

Quilt.

\$1.15—Large Marseilles Spread,

closely made, of pretty patterns.

Fruit of the Loom Muslin 5c Yard.

Monday Only 1500 Yards.

It's that favorite soft, firm, everyday 8½c quality, 36 inches wide.

5000 Yards 7c Turkey Red Prints 4c.

In fast colors, in pretty designs, stripes, etc.

2000 7c Outing Flannel 4½c.

In light and dark shades, stripes, checks, plaids, etc.

500 Yards Victoria Lawns Now 5c.

In good widths, sheer and dressy.

500 Yards 10c Bordered Apron Gingham 7c.

In staple patterns, 38-inch and 40-inch wide.

12½c German Prints This Week 8½c.

Men's Bathing Suits

Will suffer this

week—Cut for in-

stant selling.

\$1.75, Cut from \$2.25.

The German knit sort, three-thread

yarn, in black with white and or-

ange trimmings.

\$1.85, Cut from \$2.50.

In good weight and nicely finished

in black with trimmings.

\$2.25, Cut from \$2.75.

Jersey knit, of the best quality of

pure Australian wool—the kind that

don't shrink.

\$2.35, Cut from \$3.00.

Jersey knit, close woven, of washed

Australian wool; either black or

navy.

\$2.90, Cut from \$3.50.

The French knit kind, in navy or

black, with a very smooth finish

and fancy trimmings.

2 Clasp French P. K.

Gloves at

\$1.00 pair.

An elegant line just put forward of newest and most popular shades, with fancy, attractive stitchings—This is the first time you've ever seen them under \$1.25.

4 Button Dogskins

\$1.00 pair.

With P. K. seams and Paris point embroidery—your choice of either in black or colored.

Swiss Emb'y Hd'k'fs

12½c

The ordinary 20c-25c ones.

A great collection for bargain hunters—a dozen different styles of embroidery.

J. M. Hale Co.
101-109 N. SPRING ST.

Some Emphatic Reductions in Muslin Underwear.

Corset Covers.

V and round-shaped necks,

trimmed in narrow linen lace

or Hamburg embroidery, etc..... 15c

Corset Covers.

Good muslin, perfect fitting,

round neck, covered seams,

at..... 10c

Ladies' Good Muslin Drawers.

Umbrella style, medium wide

flounce, plain hem, very good,

at..... 20c

Another line of good Muslin Drawers;

umbrella style, deep hemstitched

cambric flounced, plain

hem, at..... 25c

Children's Good Muslin Gowns.

Sackie style, neck and sleeves,

trimmed in narrow ruffles,

good value at..... 40c

Ladies' Plain Muslin Gowns.

Good muslin, Mother Hubbard style,

yoke double in back, front trimmed

in clusters of tucks and narrow

ruffles, neck and sleeves

trimmed to match; special at..... 45c

Ladies' Good Muslin Gown.

High and V-shaped neck, trimmed

in fancy lace and narrow cambric

ruffles, cluster of tucks;

at..... 60c

Another line of ladies' good muslin knee

skirts, medium wide ruffle, plain

hem and cluster of

tucks, at..... 35c

A good line of muslin skirts with deep

cambric ruffle, plain hem and

cluster of tucks, belt and

tape, at..... 40c

Another line of good muslin knee

skirts, umbrella flounce of fine cambric,

trimmed in medium wide Ham-

burg embroidery and cluster

of tucks, at..... 50c

Skirt Offers—

This Week \$1.39 Cut from \$2.25.

Parmelee's
Big Reductions. Retiring Sale
232-234 South Spring St.

Dinner Sets
In all the new patterns, Dinner ware in open stock from the cheapest to the very highest quality, offered for sale AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.

White French China
So appropriate for decorating. There is wisdom in buying now what you will need for the coming season. Tempting prices at our RETIRING SALE.

Cut Glass
Our cut glass is the finest quality made. Remember, we have CUT PRICES on our cut glass at our Retiring From Business Sale.

Lamps
By the thousand. We want to sell them quickly, and should have no trouble at the prices we have marked them.

Parmelee's
Big Reductions. Retiring Sale
232-234 South Spring St.

Willis Davis
221 and 223 A. FUSENOT S. Broadway
Final Clearance

Shirt Waists
Over 300 waists to choose from, \$1.10 reduced to 80c, \$1.25 reduced to 90c, \$1.50 reduced to 1.00.

Cotton Wrappers
Made of lawn, batiste, dimity and percale, all fast colors. \$1.00 reduced to 75c, \$1.25 reduced to 90c, \$1.50 reduced to 1.00.

Percales
All our choice collection of fancy stripes, plaid and diagonal checks, all quality reduced to 10c per yard.

Belts
Plain leather, morocco, snake skin and carved leather. \$1.00 reduced to 75c, \$1.25 reduced to 90c, \$1.50 reduced to 1.00.

Separate Skirts
Our entire stock sacrificed to quickly close. \$1.25 figured Pique reduced to 80c, \$1.50 plain linen reduced to 90c, \$1.75 all wool fancy reduced to 1.00.

Remnants
Remnants—Dress Goods, Remnants—Wash Fabrics, Remnants—Ribbons. All to go at clearance prices.

Goods called for and delivered any part of City.
City Dye and Cleaning Works,
343 South Broadway.
Send your soiled garments right from Beach and Mountain to us to clean and renovate.
They will Look Just Like New By DRY PROCESS.
We do not scrub—We do not fade—We do not shrink—Your Clothing.
Try us just once. Work Best — Prices Lowest
"Looks just like new—didn't shrink a bit."
Tel. Main 581.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.
SALARIES TO BE FIXED.
IMPORTANT CHANGES IN THE APPOINTMENT OF FUNDS.
The Arbitrators to Make Report on Tuesday Regarding the Progress Made.
THE SILVANY WILL CONTEST.
HOW THE RECORD FOR LIVERY HIRE WAS BROKEN.

A. S. Longley Sued as a Trustee—A Bogus Samuel Stein Received on a Restaurant's Account.
The ordinance to be presented by the Finance Committee, with a supplementary report, to the City Council on Tuesday next will be to city employees really the most important of the year, for it will fix their salaries for the coming year. While some increases in salary will be admitted to be deserved, but will not be recommended on account of the shortage in the city funds. It is anticipated that the two arbitrators appointed to determine the value of the plant of the Los Angeles City Water Company will make a report to the Council on Tuesday. It is not to be supposed that this report will do more than enlighten the public regarding the difficulties that confront the two arbitrators in determining who the third one shall be.

WHAT THEY WILL GET.
AMOUNTS TO BE GIVEN THE SEVERAL CITY DEPARTMENTS.
Salary Ordinance to Be Adopted Tuesday—Several Important Changes—Arbitrators to Report Condition of City Funds.
While the report of the Finance Committee of the City Council last Monday indicated the amounts that were to be apportioned among the several standing city funds and was of the greatest importance to the taxpayers of the city because it indicated just what disposition was to be made of the money of the city during the current year, it did not contain the very important matter of just how much will be divided to each of the city departments for their expenses for the year. This equally important point will be contained in an ordinance which the Finance Committee will present with a supplementary report at the next meeting of the City Council on Tuesday.

WILL LOSE THEIR JOBS.
When the part of the Finance Committee's report with reference to the Health Department is filed there will be weeping, wailing and the proverbial accompaniment of gnashing of teeth, for if the report is adopted there will be a reduction in the force of that department and two or three well-known inspectors who have been doing politics and incidentally performing their duties will be out of a job. The Auditor's estimate provided for three sanitary inspectors at a salary of \$900 each, but the Finance Committee took exception to the work two of these inspectors have been doing and recommended that department but one inspector at \$900. A. S. Longley, the chief inspector, is the only one of the milk inspectors and the meat inspector \$1080 each was reduced to \$1020 each. The drug account of that department was reduced from \$500 to \$450.

Final Street Inspection.
The final inspection of the work done in the improvement of Date street between Macy and Gallardo streets will be made on Tuesday morning by the Street Superintendent. The property owners on that street, who may object to its acceptance on account of any defect in the work, will be given an opportunity to protest against it at that time.
Willing to Show Himself.
The inventor of the so-called electric patrol wagon, the purchase of which by the city has been urged in number of communications to the City Council, seems to be desirous of presenting himself before that body for inspection. In another communication filed in the City Clerk's office yesterday, he says that if the City Council wishes to see him in person, he will appear at the City Clerk's office at any time that they may name. The matter of the purchase of the patrol wagon has been placed in the hands of the Board of Police Commissioners.

AT THE COURT HOUSE.
SUING A TRUSTEE.
ATTEMPT TO REMOVE A. S. LONGLEY FROM OFFICE.
It is charged that he appropriated Funds Held in Trust for the Heirs of Elihu Greene and His Wife—Certain Heirs Made Defendants.

A suit has been begun by T. Sumner Greene and Samuel W. Greene against A. S. Longley, as trustee, and the allegations contained in the complaint amount practically to a charge of malfeasance in office. Inasmuch as Alice S. G. Longley and Matilda E. Padback have refused to come into the suit as plaintiffs, they have been made party defendants, and also James R. Padback, who is husband of the last-named defendant.

BOUNDARY MONUMENTS.
Markers Ordered on the Lines of Griffith Park.
The regular session of the Finance Committee of the Council yesterday was devoted almost exclusively to the expenditure of the subjects taken before it, and other such matters of routine. Having disposed of the appeal of the real estate men for a revocation of their licenses, so far as the committee is concerned, the committee has had little to do with the subjects taken before it, which has been in the hands of the committee for some time, was that of the erection of boundary monuments in Griffith Park. The track of land comprising this park is so rough and heavily wooded in places that it has been difficult to determine just where the line of the park is to be located. A survey was out of the question, as the expense of building a fence would be greater than the present value of the park to the city. It was therefore decided to erect at intervals along the line separating the park from private lands monuments suitably inscribed. The expense of the work, limiting the cost to \$100.

ARBITRATORS' REPORT.
They Will Tell the Council Why They Cannot Agree.
At the regular session of the City Council Tuesday it is expected that the two members of the board of arbitrators appointed to determine the value of the plant of the Los Angeles City Water Company will present some kind of a report as to what they have done. The recent criticism of the manner in which they are proceeding has been the subject of much discussion, and the two members to decide that the public shall know the difficulties under which they are laboring.

WANTS A HEARING.
Street-sprinkling Matter to Reach the City Council.
The differences of opinion between A. P. Cross, the street-sprinkling contractor, and the committee which has charge of that work will reach the City Council, if a petition which was filed yesterday in the City Clerk's office by Cross is favorably considered by the Council. In that petition Cross recites that he has been ordered by the street-sprinkling inspector to sprinkle Orchard avenue between Thirtieth and Jefferson streets, and Thirty-first street between Hoover street and Orchard street. These streets, he declares, are not such as to be included in his contract, as they are not graveled, and are therefore not included in the list of graveled streets. He states that the streets mentioned are graveled with the natural soil, and that soil is not gravel. He therefore asks that the matter be heard before the whole Council. In order to prevent the streets being cut up by travel, he agrees to sprinkle them pending a decision of the matter by the Council.

THE SILVANY WILL.
A Motion for a New Trial Made Before Judge Hallard.
The matter of the Silvano will was again brought up in Department Two, yesterday, upon the motion of Zach Montgomery, Esq., counsel for the contestants, for a new trial. The contest of the will was heard at the San Jose Orange county, and he also yesterday to hear the motion.

COMMUNITY PROPERTY.
Andrew Christian Behne has filed his petition that lot 3, block 4, of the H. M. Ames first subdivision of Vernon, purchased by his late wife, Frances G. Behne, was community property, be declared vested in him.
TO RECOVER RENT. Frank Sabich has brought suit against William Flory et al., to recover \$43.75, being an amount alleged to be due for premises at No. 1017 and 1019 Seventh street, now occupied by Flory as an office, barn and hay yard. Restitution of premises is also asked for.

PEACE MADE. Francisco Presti, the Main-street bootblack, who swore out a complaint against the latter had threatened to "kill and fix him," came marching into the District Attorney's office yesterday, hand in hand with his whilom enemy. Presti explained that overtures of peace had been made by Gresia, and being satisfied that Gresia wanted neither to kill nor to fix him, Presti desired that the case be dismissed. Upon Gresia paying costs in the Township Court, that course was taken.

LOVELL'S ASSAILANT.
James Murphy Thinks His Sentence Was Unwarranted.
James Murphy, who was sentenced in the Santa Monica Justice Court about two months ago to serve a six months' sentence in the County Jail for an aggravated assault upon John Lovell, thinks he is a much-injured individual, and that his punishment doesn't fit the crime. Yesterday his appeal was heard by Judge Smith, the case being submitted on the testimony taken without any law points being raised.

A COLLECTOR'S SHORTAGE.
Complaint Against G. Willey for Alleged Appropriation of Money.
A complaint was yesterday drawn by Deputy District Attorney James Willey, in George Willey, a collector in the employ of the Topics Publishing Company, was charged with a misdemeanor in having appropriated \$7 received by him as subscriptions to the Topics, a campaign sheet.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.
A Heavy Record in Both Instances During August.
During the month of August there were issued 108 marriage licenses, and during the same period of time a decree of divorce was entered in twenty-three cases.

FLATSAM AND JETSAM.
Miscellaneous Driftwood Thrown Into the Courts.
A VISITING JUDGE. Frank T. Nilsson, Esq., one of the judges of the Superior Court of Nevada county, is visiting in the city, and yesterday he presided at the Court House for Isidor Dockweiler, Esq.

RESULT OF DISSIPATION. Thomas Robinson, aged 34, a man of no occupation, was yesterday examined by Drs. Smith and Cates for insanity, and upon their recommendation Judge Van Dyke ordered him committed to the asylum. The patient suffers from the hallucination that he suffers from a cancer in the throat, that has resulted from excessive smoking. He hears his clothing and indiscriminately slaps people in the face. The present attack began nearly a year ago, and the cause was a dissipated habit.

HE PREFERRED ANOTHER. Mrs. Peter Andrus was yesterday granted a decree by Judge Van Dyke, divorcing her from William Andrus, on the ground of desertion. The parties resided in San Francisco, where the husband, according to the testimony, led a dissipated life; drank to excess, and finally died a year ago, and the wife, who was a native of Sweden, had no other cause was a dissipated habit.

THE VETERANS' VOTE. Yesterday afternoon the much-discussed suit brought by Abbot Kinney against County Clerk Newlin and about 1700 veterans, residing at the Soldiers' Home, was filed with the clerk of the Superior Court. Full particulars of the contention raised in the plaintiff's complaint have already been published. The suit was assigned to Department Six, Judge M. T. Allen presiding.

MISSION COMMITTEE. The Permanent Committee of Missions of the Pacific Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, incorporated at San Jose in 1882, and a certified copy was yesterday filed in this county.
COMMUNITY PROPERTY. Andrew Christian Behne has filed his petition that lot 3, block 4, of the H. M. Ames first subdivision of Vernon, purchased by his late wife, Frances G. Behne, was community property, be declared vested in him.
TO RECOVER RENT. Frank Sabich has brought suit against William Flory et al., to recover \$43.75, being an amount alleged to be due for premises at No. 1017 and 1019 Seventh street, now occupied by Flory as an office, barn and hay yard. Restitution of premises is also asked for.

COL. BERRY'S BLUFF.

WHAT THE MEN WOULD SAY IF THEY BUT DARED.

Practically All of the Seventh Admits a Willingness to Be Mustered Out.

RANKS THINNED BY DISEASE.

CAMPING OVER FILTH POOLS LEFT BY OTHER TROOPS.

Tent to Tent Canvass Reveals a State of Things That Points to Culprable Dereliction in the Officers.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2.—When Col. John R. Berry of the Seventh California Regiment wrote to J. R. Newberry, vice-president of the Los Angeles War Board, that the men under his command did not want to be mustered out of the service of the United States, he represented the opinion of a bare corporal's guard. Possibly he believed what he wrote. If so, he had a gross misconception of the desires of the enlisted men of his regiment. Possibly he imagined that he was discharging a high duty in defending the honor of his command. Whatever may have been his motive, a large percentage of his troops is convinced that Col. Berry and the small coterie of officers with whom he appears to be in harmony, are actuated by mere mercenary purposes.

It is safe to say that 90 per cent. of the enlisted men in the regiment would hail with delight an order from Washington that the Seventh California be disbanded. This estimate is not made at hazard, but is the result of a careful tent-to-tent canvass of the camp at the Presidio. The men themselves say that this proportion is too small, and in companies where they have taken a complete tally, they have not found more than four or five men who would prefer not to return to private life.

In Co. B, which comes from San Diego, perhaps 20 per cent. of the enlisted men are satisfied with their present condition, although for the most part even these would not complain if they were sent home.

The soldier boys are not free to express their opinion in the matter. Some of them have been reprimanded already by their well-paid superiors for discussing the question among themselves, and a recent attempt to crystallize the sentiment of the regiment in the shape of a petition, was summarily suppressed by a warning that such action merited severe punishment. Their responsibility under military law prevents them from speaking their minds as plainly as private citizens, but the mutterings of discontent are none the less strong, and the tendency to find fault with Col. Berry for opposing the wishes of his men is becoming less controllable every day.

No other subject is discussed in the privacy of quarters, and the southerners refer to themselves as a part of the "exhibitionary forces," since the term "expeditionary" has proved a mockery to them. When word came this afternoon that J. R. Newberry had started for Washington with the object of securing the mustering out of the Seventh, despite Col. Berry's protestations, an unrestrained feeling of thankfulness was voiced, and some of the men broke into cheers.

The men of the Seventh are not afflicted with "cold feet" to make use of one of Col. Berry's elegances of diction. They know, and they know that he knows, that they have proved of what kind of stuff they are made. They were among the first to answer the President's call for volunteers to defend the country's flag, and for four months they have drilled and marched over the sand hills about the bay, until the rank and file of the regiment is equal in efficiency to the veterans of the regulars. When others were ordered to embark for Manila they stood by to cheer the departing troop ships. Twice it has been their lot to be sent to the docks to guard the transport on which they were assigned to sail to the Philippines, and when the Indiana first, and later the Scandia, were loaded with volunteers from Eastern States, who came here months after the Seventh went into camp, they unpacked their outfits without a word.

At present they know that there is little chance of seeing foreign service. Washington says that no reinforcements shall go to Manila—although Col. Berry says that he has assurances to the contrary. It has been decided that the Peace Commission, which will meet in Paris until October 1, must agree upon what reinforcement shall be made of the Philippine question before another soldier goes across the Pacific.

Garrison duty at Honolulu is the brightest prospect the future holds out, but even that is a remote hope, for the last troopship that sailed was empty of men, having the tag-end companies of the New York Volunteers. The government, which two weeks ago was scurrying up and down the coast for vessels, is now ordering its charters of the returning transports as fast as they come into port from the Orient.

The men understood the significance of all these things quite as well as, if not better, than Col. Berry, who says that there is still work for his sword to do at Manila. They feel that they did their duty of patriotism when they took up arms and awaited orders. The orders that came were not what they had hoped for, and the protocol was signed before they were given a chance to show their mettle in the face of the enemy. They are disappointed and chagrined that they have been compelled to rest on their arms at home while their former comrades were getting a taste of real fighting. They took their fate to heart the more because they had been told time and time again by good critics that in physique, equipments and general efficiency, no body of troops that formed a part of Gen. Merritt's forces was their superior.

Now that peace exists their occupations are gone and they turn their eyes toward home. Practically all of the men abandoned military positions, or private business, or professional interests, at the outbreak of the war because they thought their services were needed. The crisis seems to them to have passed, but according to the terms of their contract they are compelled to serve for \$15.00 a month under conditions that would be hardly tolerable in time of war. Their careers are imperiled by further sacrifice of time, they reason, and in many cases those dependent upon them need their assistance and support.

They went into the volunteer service they say, young, sound and strong, after passing a rigid physical examination, and now, while held under orders, they are dying like flies. Four men have been buried in the last two days, and two more are on the verge of the grave. At roll call yesterday morning only fifty-three men of Co. H of Ventura were able to answer the roster. The death roll of the regiment is now fifteen, and every day fresh victims of official incompetence and neg-

lect are added to the list. According to Maj. Choate's report yesterday the Seventh had fifty-eight men sick in the division hospital, three in regimental hospital, and ten in quarters. Of the fifty-eight in the division hospital, seventeen are typhoid patients. Besides these the Seventh has two more typhoid patients in the French Hospital in the division hospital last night there were forty typhoid cases from the whole camp, of whom nearly one-half are from Southern California. The total sick roll was 350, thirty-four of whom were typhoid cases. Every death from typhoid since August 21, except one in the Fifty-first Iowa, has occurred among the Seventh California. The epidemic originated in that regiment at Camp Merritt, and is still flourishing there at Camp Merritt.

Col. Berry was ordered to move the regiment from Camp Merritt to its present location at the Presidio month before last. Several times he prevailed upon Gen. Miller, who had no knowledge of the sickness then existing in the Seventh, to leave the regiment where it was, although other regiments were ordered away as soon as a new camp site could be prepared for them. The Seventh, however, was moved when the order was first given, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a good many lives might have been saved had the regiment remained at the time, although it had not been reported to Gen. Miller. When the commanding general learned of the condition of the camp, it was from unofficial sources.

Co. H of Ventura and Co. A of Los Angeles, through the culpable dereliction of an officer, had been assigned, after a general shifting of quarters, to the ground abandoned by the South Dakotas. While the men were digging new sinks, they uncovered the dumping ground for the slops and refuse of the former occupants of the lot, and near this pile of rotting filth, they were ordered to establish their kitchen and pitch their tents. Col. Berry says that when the men fell sick, "we" were in doubt whether it was due to the filth or malaria. Fortunately, about that time two Red Cross ladies from Los Angeles visited the camp and discovered the unsanitary condition. Late the same afternoon they called on Gen. Miller at his headquarters in the city, and laid the matter before him. The general gave the matter his personal attention at once, drove to the camp late in the evening and ordered the two afflicted companies to move to a new site. The next morning the entire Seventh Regiment was marched to the Presidio, where it would have gone a month earlier if Col. Berry had not objected.

Camp Merritt was never a fit place for a large body of men to pitch their tents. It was a loose sand waste, with out sewers or even drainage. Ten days after the troops began to gather there in numbers, the resident citizens of the district appealed to the municipal authorities for protection. The Board of Health denounced the camp as a menace to public health, and an outrage against the rights of the citizens in the vicinity. The place was a stench in the public nostrils, and its foul odors were carried for blocks into the city. Col. Barber of the New York Volunteers kept his command there over night, and marched away to the Presidio early the next morning, saying "it was not a fit place for men to live." But Col. Barber had the reputation of being a soldier who knew how to take care of the health of his troops, as well as to drill them.

About two weeks ago the Seventh moved camp to the Presidio. Their condition is improved, but is not yet what it should be. They are located on one of the lowest parts of the Presidio, where the fog drive in of an afternoon, when the adjoining highlands get the full benefit of the sun. The quarters are fairly clean, the tents have board floors, and the streets are well swept. The kitchens lie below the camp. Twenty feet away, a shallow surface drain has been dug in the hard, clay soil, but the grade of the open trench is so slight that the waste is not carried away unless the hydrants are left running wide open. At best the sewage is deposited in a spreading swamp, 250 yards from the kitchens, where a foul-smelling pool threatens fresh dangers to the lives of the troops.

On dress parade the full regiment, with the band at its head, takes the sewer at a leap, and reforms as best it can on the opposite bank. Gen. Miller called upon Col. Berry yesterday for a report of the health of his command. It was so unfavorable that Gen. Miller, accompanied by Chief Surgeon Middleton, made an examination of the camps and hospitals. It was found that the hard, clayey soil at Camp Merritt was almost impermeable to drainage, and there is talk of constructing a pipe sewage system at once. These conditions have done much to dishearten the men and cause them to lose confidence in their colonel, to whom they look for protection from disease and care during sickness no less than for orders to drill and parade.

By any stroke of luck they should be ordered to the front at this late day, they would not place the same reliance in their commanding officer that Gen. Miller, four months ago. Whatever popularity he possessed has been forfeited, and his own men are his most bitter critics. Their contempt for what they call his selfish reasons for denying that the regiment as a body is anxious to be mustered out, was increased yesterday when Col. Berry refused to allow the men to express their wishes freely without fear of punishment. In spite of the reported representations of the men to the press and to their friends, Col. Berry refused flatly to allow a formal canvass to be made, and threatened to give orders to stop any attempt in that direction, but to his credit, they withheld all names from publication. A representative of The Times made a careful verification of their figures yesterday, and his investigation left only one conclusion. The regiment is practically unanimous in favor of being mustered out. The enlisted men, with a very few exceptions—and some of these may enlist in the regular army—are eager to take up their life's work where they dropped it four months ago. Even some of the officers have privately expressed their desire to quit the service, provided the regiment goes out as a body, but prudence forbids their participating in the controversy that is now raging in the newspapers between Col. Berry on one side and the enlisted men and their friends on the other.

The greatest proportion of men in any one company who prefer to remain in the army are in Co. B of San Diego. Perhaps fifteen men believe that there is still a possibility of their going to Manila. Failing that, they would rather enjoy a trip to the Hawaiian Islands. The rest of the company say that the few who are of that mind have nothing at stake and are better off than they were before they "joined."

Co. M of Riverside would welcome active service, as would the entire command, for that matter, but they know there is no such chance in store for them. Honolulu has no attraction for them. While they wish to avoid criticism for that matter, they know and are always ready to do their duty with honor, they have had enough of camp life in time of peace, and prefer a discharge to inactive service. At least 90 per cent. of the enlisted men has expressed itself in opposition to Col. Berry's much-circulated statement. Co. K and G are of the same mind. They say that they could have entered the regular army at any time, if they had not seen fit. So much for Maj. Prescott's battalion.

In Maj. Weller's battalion, Cos. A, C and H are from Los Angeles, and Co. I from Pasadena. From 90 to 95 per cent. of the enlisted men in those commands answered a corporal's call-

ing affirmatively on the question of being mustered out.

Of the four remaining companies under Maj. Welch, the same can be said to be true to a greater degree. A canvass of Co. H showed that 98 per cent. of the men declared themselves for quitting at once, if given the opportunity. The company is in such a state of demoralization. Its captain has gone home sick, about half the men are sick, and the others are in none the best of health. Four men are lingering at this week, and two more whom we saw yesterday, are consulting civilian doctors, as in the case in Co. A of Los Angeles. Not more than two men are willing to stay here, if given their choice. In Co. E of Santa Paula, the division of sentiment is approximately the same.

If Co. D of Pomona was lined up and a vote taken, every private would vote to go home. They have felt that they have done their full duty, and should be given a chance to look after their personal interests, now that the country is in need of no further sacrifices at their hands. "The quicker, the better," they say, to a man, when questioned. They have not had a chance abroad, but now they have away from the camp. "If it is not going abroad we want to go home," said a "non-com" who had felt the pulse of the command. "We are young fellows, who left school and gave up positions. We have been 'jolted along' with the promise that we would see foreign service and have been cheated time and again. Now we are anxious to be mustered out, for we are doing no one any good here except holding jobs for a few officers who are better off than they ever were in their lives." This company is one of the few which complains that it has not had enough to eat, but the men say that if they were needed again they would serve as willingly as ever. The health of this battalion is bad clear through, and the winter rains would prove fatal to a large number of men whose strength has already been sapped.

Col. Berry realizes that the tide of sentiment has set strong against him, and efforts to conciliate the men are ridiculous. In the last two or three days the companies have been given the unenvied allowance of a few heads of cabbage and "less" is easier to get than it was before the wires between San Francisco and Los Angeles began to grow hot with messages

about the condition of the troops. There can be no doubt about the unsanitary of the men, but they are held in check by fear of petty fines and threats of the guard-house. Through it all, the discipline of the soldiers is perfect, and a more temperate, better-behaved lot of volunteers never packed a gun. But they know their own minds better than their colonel is willing to admit, and some day when they are free from restraint they may have stories to tell about the disposal of Red Cross supplies and more personal matters that will blither the records of some of the men above them who are sporting shoulder straps.

L. R. E. PAULIN.

LORANCE IS DISCHARGED.
The Evidence is Not Sufficient to Warrant a Conviction.

Yesterday morning brought considerable change in the prosecution of the Lorance case. The prosecution thought perhaps they had been too harsh on the husband, and were willing to settle matters. The captain of the police chain gang and Officer Henderson were not present, and the wife felt that perhaps she had been too harsh in making the felony charge. "I move you, Your Honor," said Mr. Chambers, "that the charges against William Lorance be dismissed for the present at least. In no particular whatsoever is the evidence of the wife corroborated, and it is impossible to secure a conviction in a high court."

"The motion of the deputy district attorney is granted, and the prisoner is discharged," replied His Honor, and all parties left the room feeling that a case was disposed of, which it would have been better for the public and all concerned had it never been brought.

Pico Heights School Completed.
The new nine-room Pico-Heights school is completed, and yesterday the Building Committee of the Board of Education, Messrs. Bragg, Mathis and McInerney, went out to inspect it. The contractors, Murphy & McLennan, are anxious to have the building accepted as soon as possible, as, according to the contract, they are entitled to \$10 per day for each day intervening between the date on which the building is accepted and the date set for its completion in the contract, which does not expire until September 10. Had they failed to have the building completed by that date, however, it would have cost them \$25 for each day until completed.

RELIABLE GOODS.

POPULAR PRICES.

N. B. BLACKSTONE Co.

Telephone Main 259.

DRY GOODS

171-173 N. Spring St.

Removal Sale.

ON MONDAY, September 5, we inaugurate our Removal Sale preparatory to the occupancy of our new store on Spring and Third Streets.

We have been through our entire stock and marked down every item where the price is not controlled by the manufacturer, and we feel confident that no one can fail to appreciate the sterling values in first class Dry Goods that we will offer during this sale.

We desire to call your attention to the fact that our stock is comparatively new and first class in every particular. All of our goods purchased for early fall trade will participate in this general reduction.

We wish to open our new store with an entirely new stock and have marked our present stock at prices that cannot fail to accomplish our purpose.

4 Days More...

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

The last Four Days of our Removal Sale should witness large buying of Furniture and Carpets.



Furniture at Cost...

And in some cases less than cost. There never was before such an economical time to furnish a home.

BARKER BROS.

Stimson Building,

Cor. Third and Spring Streets.

Dr. Meyers & Co.

Established 17 Years—Famous for Thousands of Cures.



DISEASES AND WEAKNESS OF MEN DANGEROUS MISTAKES.

If a man wants a horse shod he does not go to a dentist, although he may unintentionally go to a "blacksmith" to have a tooth pulled. The same is true in regard to nearly all trades and professions, but some men, having a dangerous ailment or weakness, consult a doctor—probably a regular practitioner—who knows comparatively nothing about the diseases and weaknesses of men. Such a blunder is always serious. It is also expensive, because the victim wastes the money he pays for such services, and the bad treatment he receives may lead to endless suffering, disgrace and death.

DR. MEYERS & CO. have spent half a lifetime in perfecting their method of curing all contagious ailments, including blood poison, and for restoring men who are suffering from the disastrous results of nervous debility. They treat nothing but diseases and weaknesses of men, devoting their best energies to curing these troubles.

CONTRACTED AILMENTS.

DR. MEYERS & CO. can cure you permanently, no matter whether your trouble has been recently contracted, or whether it has become chronic and dangerous by neglect or bad treatment. The many years' successful experience of every member of the staff of Dr. Meyers & Co. is of untold value to men who need the services of a doctor that makes quick and lasting cures. No money is required until you are sound and well, and you can get an opinion in regard to your trouble free of charge whether you take treatment or not.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

DR. MEYERS & CO. have reached that degree of perfection in restoring partial or complete loss of vital power in men which has never been obtained by any other physicians. Their system of treatment and their incomparable remedies, methods and appliances give to men that true, robust and perfect health so anxiously sought for and which cannot be regained except at the hands of these able specialists.

NO PAY TILL CURED.

You take no chances in treating with Dr. Meyers & Co. They will not only make you sound and well, but you may keep your money until you are permanently cured.

DR. MEYERS & CO. have the largest and most thoroughly equipped medical institution in America. All members of the staff are graduates from the best medical colleges in the world. All prescriptions are filled in their private laboratory by a competent pharmacist, without cost to the patient, and no poisonous or dangerous drugs are used.

THOUSANDS CURED AT HOME

If you cannot visit the city or call on a part of the staff when they come to your town, write for private book, question list and advice—all free.

All dealings and correspondence with patients sacredly confidential. Hours 9 to 12, 1 to 4 daily; evenings 7 to 8; Sundays 9 to 11.

FREE CONSULTATION.

DR. MEYERS & CO.

218 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

(TAKE ELEVATOR.)

The only reliable and the only legally registered physicians in Southern California treating every form of weakness and diseases of men.

Boys' School Suits

JUST TWO WEEKS MORE OF PLAY-days for the boys, then school. Are you going to buy a new suit for the boy? We always make special efforts to get the best wearing clothes for them. This year we have succeeded better than ever in securing the best suits for the least money—come and see them.



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BARKER BROS., 250-2-4 S. Spring St., Stimson Block.

FURNITURE, CARPETS DRAPERIES. "Always the Cheapest."

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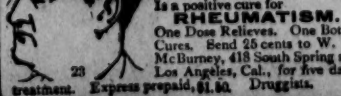
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The son of Mrs. C. M. Smith, of Yuma, Arizona, age, had been a sufferer. His ailments were catarrh of the nose and a serious effection of the bronchical tubes. This brought on by a severe cold contracted when the boy was less than a year past threatened his life. His mother, who consulted and tried the medicines of many physicians, came to the English and German Expert Specialists. They cured her and then she placed her son in their care. He is now to perfect health in less than two months.

Mrs. Smith and family, and her many friends who of her self and son, are loud in their praises of the English and German Specialists. Anyone who is interested may write to the English and German Expert Specialists, Yuma, Arizona, for proof of the above statement.

CATARRH CURED, \$2.50

No Other Charges---All Medicines Absolutely Free

The Catarrh Specialists of the English and German Expert Specialists, Yuma, Arizona, have the rapid and permanent cures of Catarrh of the Head, Nose and Throat. The disease in a chronic state you should get their advice at once.

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Is the nose stopped up?
Does your nose discharge?
Is the nose sore and tender?
Is there a dropping in the throat?
Is the throat dry in the mornings?
Do you sleep with the mouth open?

Have you a cold?
Do you take colds?
Have you pain in the head?
Do you raise freckles?
Do you cough?
Do you spit up blood?
Do you feel your throat sore?


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The English and German Expert Specialists have a large and competent druggist fills all prescriptions for patients of the institution. The dangerous drugs are ever dispensed---nothing but the extracts of plants and flowers being used.

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The two surgeons who compose a part of the staff perform all the operations.



Staff of the English and German Expert Specialists.

Consultation Free. Home Cures.

You can learn all about your physical condition by consulting the English and German Expert Specialists. It will cost you absolutely nothing, no matter whether you take treatment or not. You cannot know too much about your ailments and it is rare indeed that such a combination of skilled physicians offers to give, free of charge, their benefit of long years of study, research and experience.

HOME CURES---FREE BOOK---Thousands are cured at home. If you cannot visit the city or call on a part of the staff when they come to your town, write for private book (for men or women), a treatise on your disease, symptom blank and advice---FREE.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISPENSARY

A part of the staff of the English and German Expert Specialists will be at the following dates named, where they can be consulted free of charge in regard to your ailments.

Santa Ana, Hotel Rossmore, Wednesday, Sept. 7	Redlands, Baker House, Thursday a.m., Sept. 8	San Bernardino Hotel Stewart, Thursday p.m., Sept. 8
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English and German Expert Specialists

A Staff of Five Competent and Successful Physicians
Incorporated for \$250,000. Established Twenty-six Years

A Staff of Five Competent and Successful Physicians and Surgeons.
Incorporated for \$250,000. Established Twenty-six Years.

S. S. Australia (returned by the Government) will sail 2 p m. Sept. 1. S. S. Moana sails Sept. 7 for Honolulu, Samoa, New Zealand and Australia. HUGHES, RICH, Agent, 214 A.

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THE NICARAGUA CANAL—A SUGGESTION.

The desirability, and even the imperative necessity, for the construction of an interoceanic waterway connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic, is generally conceded. The project has been under discussion for many years, and has steadily grown in public favor, as its manifold advantages have been made apparent in the course of the discussion. Competent engineers, after careful investigation, have selected the route across the Nicaraguan isthmus, via Lake Nicaragua, as the most feasible one. The cost has been approximately estimated, and a considerable amount of work has already been done, though in a desultory manner.

The construction of the Nicaragua Ship Canal may safely be regarded as one of the certainties of the not distant future. It is demanded by the American people and by the vast material interests represented by their industrial and commercial activities. It is also demanded as a measure of military necessity. The forceful objection furnished by the wonderful trip of the battleship Oregon from San Francisco to Key West, via the Straits of Magellan, a distance of some fifteen thousand miles, has not been lost upon the American people. They realize as they have never before realized, the far-reaching and vital importance of this great engineering enterprise, from a purely strategic point of view, to say nothing of its commercial value to the entire continent. The project has had the unqualified indorsement of commercial bodies, industrial congresses, and political conventions without number. But there is unquestionably a rapidly-growing popular opinion to the effect that the time for discussion (save as to ways and means) is virtually past, and that the time for action has arrived.

It is not so much the purpose of this article to cite arguments in favor of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal as to suggest a method by which the enterprise could be taken up by the government and carried forward to a successful conclusion as rapidly as the physical difficulties to be overcome will permit. The necessity for the speedy completion of the work being conceded, the only really pertinent questions to be considered are those relating to the engineering problems to be solved, and the means of raising money to pay for the work as it progresses. The engineering problems are to be solved by civil engineers engaged for the purpose by reason of their ability and fitness. Upon Congress, as the representatives of the people, will devolve the duty of providing the necessary funds for the prosecution of the work.

Fortunately, the case will present no serious difficulties. The condition of the treasury is such that it would in no wise be embarrassed should Congress appropriate a lump sum of \$100,000,000, or so much thereof as may be needed, for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. If it were possible to build the canal within the next six months, or within the next two months, every dollar of the cost could be met by the treasury without the least inconvenience, so large is the cash balance, even above all probable expenditures on account of the war.

The supreme treasury problem of the near future, judging from present indications, will be, how to get rid of the surplus, rather than how to maintain a safe balance. On the 20th of August the cash balance, exclusive of the gold reserve, amounted in round numbers to \$275,000,000. This amount will be increased to about \$340,000,000 so soon as the payments on account of the \$200,000,000 bond issue are completed. The gold reserve, on the date above named, amounted to \$203,535,203, lacking only \$15,000,000 to reach the high point ever touched in the history of the country. The ordinary expenditures of the government, on a peace footing, are provided for by the ordinary revenues, with about \$1,500,000 per month to spare. The war revenue law has increased the revenues by about \$12,000,000 per month, raising the total revenue to over \$40,000,000 per month. This amount is certain to be increased to more than \$50,000,000 per month in

the near future, should the present laws remain unchanged, through the general increase of business, which has already begun in nearly all parts of the country. The war is practically ended, although the formal treaty of peace has not yet been signed, and may not be signed for several months. Up to date the total disbursements on account of the war amount to somewhat more than \$100,000,000. There will be further disbursements, probably to the amount of not less than \$50,000,000—perhaps more. Bonds to the amount of some \$40,000,000 can now be paid off and canceled, and the maintenance of garrisons in our recently-acquired possessions may entail a possible expense of \$5,000,000 to \$9,000,000 per month. But these channels of disbursement will not suffice to reduce the prospective treasury surplus to the desired extent. The welfare of the country will require such reduction, as the concentration of currency in the treasury, in excess of the current needs of the government, takes money out of the channels of trade and industry, thus operating injuriously to business and to the public at large.

From the foregoing facts it appears that the government is certain to have on hand when the war account is practically closed up, a large amount of money in excess of what is needed for ordinary uses. The revenues may and should be reduced by the repeal of the war revenue law so soon as the necessity for continuing it in force is no longer apparent. Congress will doubtless see its way clear to the repeal of this law early in the calendar year 1899. But even this will leave a large surplus, the reduction of which will be demanded. Would it not be well, in view of this condition of affairs, for Congress to appropriate out of these surplus funds such amount as is necessary for the completion of the Nicaragua Canal, and to provide for the prosecution of the work with all possible dispatch? The work could be carried forward on the continuing contract plan, so that it would not be necessary to pay out the money in a lump sum. It will take some years, at the least, to complete the canal, but the expense of the work can be provided for at the coming session of Congress, with the full assurance that the appropriation will neither cause embarrassment to the treasury nor entail hardship upon the people.

This matter should be carefully considered at the next session of Congress. The money required for the construction of the canal could be expended in no better way than that above suggested, and it is to be hoped that Congress will take this public-spirited view of the matter.

HOW ABOUT CAMP MERRITT?

When the government of the United States begins an investigation as to the why and wherefore of the location of our soldiers in camps of disease and misery, it is to be hoped that the matter of Camp Merritt in San Francisco will not be overlooked, for it is one of the most outrageous examples of a camping ground apparently located because of a sinister "pull," in all the long list of noxious, disease-breeding and deleterious camps.

It has come to the knowledge of THE TIMES that before a tent-stake was driven in the damp and deadly sand of Camp Merritt, one of the most distinguished citizens of the State, a man of national fame and commanding influence, went in person to the general officer then in command at San Francisco, and entered his protest against placing our men in that bit of unhealthy territory. He explained to the officer in full detail why the camp would surely prove disastrous to the health and morals of our troops; told him of the nature of the soil; pointed out to him that it was a wind and fog-swept area that would conduce to pneumonia and kindred diseases; and made every possible effort to have the troops kept at the Presidio or sent to some other location where they could be protected from the raids of harlots and shielded from the fog-filled blasts from old ocean's dreary waste. Despite this protest, and in face of conditions plain upon their face, Camp Merritt was established, and the people of this country want to know the reason why, they insist upon knowing the reasons, and if there be justice in this land of ours, they shall know the reasons sooner or later.

There is one reason babbed about the streets of San Francisco and whispered in drawing-rooms; it is told

across dinner tables and chatted about in hotel lobbies—that reason is this: The street-railway lines controlled by Collis P. Huntington and his associates coveted the traffic resultant from the location of the troops at Camp Merritt, and men who claim to know say there was no other reason. Mr. Huntington does not control the railway lines running to the military reservation at the Presidio, and he saw the immense traffic of the soldiers and their friends being diverted, because of the Presidio location, to competing lines. Hungry with greed and utterly regardless of the health, morals or comfort of the boys who had enlisted to fight for the flag of our nation, the octopus "pull" was exerted, either in Washington or somewhere else, and the men of our volunteer forces were bundled out of comparatively healthful quarters on the government's military reservation and made to wallow for long, dreary, deadly months in one of the most wretched and awful locations that was ever the bivouac of a soldier.

As we have said, this is the loudly-proclaimed reason given in the city of San Francisco why our gallant boys, the pink and flower of our country, have been left to lie and rot with disease and shiver with the cold, that a portion of the street-railway lines owned by the Huntington outfit might be enabled to garner a glorious harvest of nasty 5-cent pieces. If this is the true reason, the people want to know it; if it is not the true reason, the Huntington tribe has a right to have the fact indisputably established; therefore, when this matter of camp-scandal investigation begins, the people of California have a right to demand that the whole story about Camp Merritt be brought out in all its hideousness, no matter whose head may fall at the conclusion of the inquiry. A frightful wrong has been done to our soldiers; they have been murdered, from all appearances, and the blame for the crime must be located where it belongs, and the guilty must be punished, though the heavens fall!

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

A few years ago, much interest was taken in a proposed new universal language called Volapuk. A number of people set to work to learn this language, and several periodicals were published to facilitate its study. Volapuk, however, was not a brilliant success, and of late little or nothing has been heard of it. Now, it is announced that another attempt is being made to establish a language that shall serve as a means of communication between people of different nations. It is called "Clarion." Volapuk was founded mainly on English, and is not an attractive looking language, by any means, while the new language is built up on the Latin tongue—French, Italian and Spanish. To judge from a sample printed in a Mexican contemporary, it is something like a cross between Basque and Romance, a language spoken by the inhabitants of the canton of Grisons, in Switzerland, who are descended from the ancient Romans.

It is not probable that this or any other artificial language will ever be generally adopted. We are rapidly working toward a world language, but it will not be an artificial one. English is the coming language of the world. Of that there can be no doubt. A century ago it seemed as if French might become the general language of intercommunication between cultivated people all over the world, as it was, and is still to some extent, the language of diplomacy. The Franco-German war, however, made a change in this respect, and since the German Emperor insisted upon having his menus printed in German, the use of the French language has been discouraged in Germany, and even in the French provinces which Germany acquired as a result of the war.

Meantime, the use of the English language has been steadily growing, until now it is spoken by about 130,000,000 people. Spanish, which is still the mother tongue of over 50,000,000 people, is a grand language, and will undoubtedly for many years be of great importance, because the Latin races are slow at learning foreign languages. Even they will, however, in course of time, learn the language of the Anglo-Saxon, which, though not so pleasing to the ear as Spanish or Italian, is the most practical language ever devised by man, and as such is thoroughly adapted to modern requirements.

The San Francisco Chronicle thus comments on the different conditions that exist between officers and enlisted men who are in the service at this time:

"The anxiety of volunteer officers to keep their commands in service is easily understood. Most of these men are earning more money from the government than they did at home, and they naturally want to stay on the pay roll. But in a matter like this both the taxpayer and the \$15.00 per month private ought to be considered. It is an imposition on the taxpayer to keep up a volunteer establishment during times of peace when an expanded regular army can do all that is likely to be required of the military arm. As for the \$15.00 private, he is as a rule, staying in the ranks at a financial loss. He is willing to make the sacrifice for his country, but he is not willing to do so for the sake of a good living for his officers. It is but simple justice, now that the war is well over, to let him go home. He will come back, if needed, all the more readily for the privilege."

Commencing today THE TIMES will publish daily a tide table, showing the time of high and low tide at San Pedro, Santa Monica and Newport.

FOREST PRESERVATION.

It is encouraging to note that the sentiment in favor of forest protection continues to grow in this country. In Southern California we are particularly interested in this subject, as the preservation of the forests on the mountains is vital to our irrigation systems, upon which the prosperity of this section so largely depends.

Dr. B. E. Fernow, who was formerly chief of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture, is now director of the recently-established New York State College of Forestry, at Cornell University. He spoke recently at a meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science in Boston, and in the course of his address made some practical and interesting remarks on the subject of forest preservation. Dr. Fernow said that the establishment of the college in the semi-centennial year of the American association marked a greater progress in the science and art of forestry than could be shown in any other direction during the existence of the association, for the reason that it meant the establishment of a professional center for an art which was not even known by name in this country when the association first met.

In the spring of the present year the New York Legislature passed an act providing for the State College of Forestry, and for the purchase of a demonstration area in the Adirondacks, placing both under the trustees of Cornell University, thus withdrawing the enterprise from any baneful influence of politics. In placing this college at a university, instead of establishing a separate school, Dr. Fernow said the most advanced ideas of forestry education in Germany, where it is best developed, have been realized. After an enumeration of the courses given in the college, Prof. Fernow described the proposed management of the demonstration school forest, which is to consist of 30,000 acres in the Adirondacks.

We should have a school of forestry in Southern California, and endeavor to extend the forest areas in the mountain regions, while preventing the ruthless destruction of existing forests by vandals.

The suit begun by Abbot Kinney yesterday to disfranchise the veterans of the Soldiers' Home on the ground that they are "paupers," will not be likely to accomplish its purpose. The veterans of the Soldiers' Home are not paupers in any sense of the word. Their services to their country entitle them to the care they receive at the hands of a grateful people. They are entitled to justice, and it is simple justice, not charity, which they are receiving in the form of food, shelter and medical attendance in the days of their old age and infirmity. If by any construction of the law they can be adjudged paupers and treated as such, the law should be repealed or amended at the earliest possible moment. It is a shameful thing even to raise this question in relation to these veterans who gave the strength and vigor of their early manhood to the services of their country, in the nation's hour of sore need. The man who calls them "paupers," these men who withstood the fury of battle that the nation might live, deserves the execration of every patriot in the land, the condemnation of every loyal soul that honors our institutions, respects the flag of our country and rejoices in the fact that he is an American citizen.

Col. Berry continues to assert that "my men are not anxious to be mustered out," despite reams of evidence to the contrary, and takes apparent delight in calling a part of his command, "skulking scoundrels" and "lazy and dishonest men, who wish to break their contract with the government," and, incidentally, of course, deprive Col. Berry of a soft job. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad" was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of this swash-buckling colonel, who is slashing away at friend and foe alike, like a Malay running a-muck. The State of California is not edified by his performance.

Gen. Joe Wheeler's calm, dispassionate and lucid statement regarding the conditions that surround our troops in Cuba will be welcomed by the country at this juncture. That there was much discomfort is not disputed, but the situation was never as black as it has been painted. We went into the war unprepared, and the nation, which is responsible for that unpreparedness, has been grievously punished by the loss of many noble boys in blue, but for our unreadiness for battle, would now be among the living. There is a lesson in all this—the next time there is a fight on hand let us be fixed for it!

Now that the Seventh is to be mustered out, one of its majors proposes to come straight home and start a campaign for the division of the State. Thus we see what momentous consequences depend upon very small happenings. When the major of the Seventh Regiment divides the State of California may we all be there to see the old thing done. What a glorious old age awaits us if this wish be gratified.

The city may not have a legal right to prevent the tearing up of portions of the streets by companies which have franchises entitling them to lay conduits or otherwise to occupy the public streets. But the city has power to compel these corporations, after they have torn up the surface of a street, to restore the same to as good a condition as that in which they found it. This right should be rigidly enforced by the city authorities, in all cases.

There has been laxness in this respect in the past, to the serious injury of the public thoroughfares. Let every corporation or person who disturbs the surface of a street or streets, in the future, be required under heavy penalty to make the street as good as before. This must be done if we are to keep our city highways in a presentable condition.

The government has wisely decided that no more black powder shall be used in the guns of the navy. Smokeless powder is to be used exclusively, its vast superiority over all other kinds of ammunition having been so thoroughly demonstrated in the late war as to leave no doubt on the subject. This is one of the lessons taught by the war—and it is by no means the least important lesson.

France may be unwilling to grant Dreyfus a new trial, at least some parts of France, but she will find that there will be a pressure to that end that even the corruptionists of the French army cannot prevent. The captain will be granted justice in all due time, provided he can protect himself against assassination, which is, just now, his greatest danger.

The Populists of Kern county have variously "rescoluted" against J. Gallagher-Maguire, and are in favor of Shanahan, the tall sycamore of Shasta, and there will be thousands of Populist votes against the tattooed candidate for Governor, the casters of which are keeping still at present in a way that means business on election day.

According to Maj. Davis of the United States Engineer Corps, work on the deep-sea harbor at San Pedro will begin next month. But restrain your hilarious yells, good people, until next month, and then, when the rocks begin to fly, turn loose with all your lungs, for it will be your turn to shout, next month—perhaps.

The San Francisco Call occasionally makes a sensible observation of which the following is a notable example: "While appreciating the disappointment of the Seventh California, as fine a regiment as mustered in, it may reasonably be remembered that some other States raised troops and never got a man to the front."

According to the Berliner Post, "Germany must remain armed and guard until France is willing to convert her weapons into plowshares." There, friend Carl, goes your disarmament proposition sliding down the toboggan and into the boiling hot soup.

To discover that Lieut.-Col. Henry was murdered would be France's crowning infamy. We need not doubt that the whole truth regarding the awful Dreyfus affair with all its attendant incidents are now bound to come out.

The London Saturday Review calls Chauncey Depew "a painted puppet and a snob," but he certainly doesn't look it. Perhaps our esteemed London contemporary is suffering from a fit of prejudice against our glib and gaysome Chauncey.

When the Seventh comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah! We'll give it a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!

The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The ladies will all turn out, And we'll all feel glad, when the Seventh comes marching home.

The Populists are already commencing to howl because of the Maguire fusion scheme, but the end will be the same, the whole combined outfit will be beaten out of its boots on the 8th day of next November.

Evidences multiply that a business boom of large proportions is on its way to this country. In fact, the advance guard has already arrived, and the entire nation is feeling the stir of new life.

Had Richlieu lived in our times he would probably have offered his famous remark in this wise: "No military officer is more dangerous than the sword."

A Stockton lad has been shot with another of those didn't-know-it-was-loaded guns, the most dangerous weapon that ever happened to go off at the wrong time in the wrong place.

When Dreyfus comes marching home from prison it would be just like those veering Parisians to pick the captain up and run him for president of the republic.

Spain is not to be allowed any extended discussion about the terms of peace. Good. It is Spain's turn to move, and we have no time to listen to back talk.

Spain appears to have almost as much difficulty in organizing a peace commission as we do over here in California in keeping up a baseball league.

We do not wonder that the Filipinos are anxious to be annexed to this country when we stop to consider what an almighty good thing we are to tie to.

Gen. Pando and his lusty sack of gold have sailed away from Cuba in close company. The general is evidently one of the wily Wilier sort.

Why Pago Pago? One Pago would appear to be amply sufficient for all practical purposes. Out upon this twin Pago business!

Perhaps the fact that the girls use smokeless powder explains why they are so dangerous to the other sex.

If Germany and England have cooked up an alliance there will be "razors a-lying in the air."

THE CONTRIBUTORS.

WHO MADE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE EXPOSITION A SUCCESS.

The Efforts of the Chamber of Commerce Committee Well Repaid by the Glowing Praise Bestowed on the Exhibit by Eastern Visitors. Local Display, etc.

That the Los Angeles county exhibit at the Omaha Exposition is a paying one and will redound to the future benefit of this county is evidenced by the glowing words of praise bestowed upon it by the throngs of people from the East and Middle West who daily visit it, and in order that the people of this section may know to whom they are indebted for the exhibit, a list is given of those who contributed to the fund which made it possible. The following were the contributors:

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Pasadena National Bank	50
Royal Bakery	50

The Chamber of Commerce shipped to Omaha yesterday, for the Los Angeles county exhibit, ten boxes of Valencia late oranges from the ranch of J. H. F. Jarcho, San Gabriel; four baskets of Kalamondins from the ranch of Mark Brimble, Covina; three boxes of lemons from Briggs, Spence & Co., Monrovia; three baskets of figs from C. H. Richardson, Pasadena.

Reports from Omaha state that Saturday, August 27, there were displayed in the Los Angeles county exhibit fifty plates of different varieties of fresh fruits, received from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and that these fruits compared favorably with anything in the building.

The Chamber of Commerce is issuing 10,000 pamphlets, "The Story of Los Angeles," for distribution at Omaha.

E. Hamann of Lankershim yesterday sent in a display of orange, peaches and Kelsey Japan plums; S. Donaldson of this city displays a model of a patent hay and cotton press; Mrs. Otto Brock, this city, presented the chamber with six mammoth bunches of dates, the largest of which will be sent to Omaha; L. H. Bannister, Pasadena, exhibits a new variety of peaches, "The Elbe."

The Santa Ana Chamber of Commerce yesterday sent to the chamber for the Orange county display from the ranch of S. Penfield, a display of Greening, Smith Elder, Bellerose, Fall Ex and Spitzelz coming over which these apples are as fine as any that have been exhibited in the hall this season.

California visitors who registered at the Los Angeles county exhibit at Omaha last week were: Los Angeles—Mrs. S. B. Thompson, Mrs. Charles E. Morris, Mrs. T. E. Whitwell and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ira O. Smith, P. J. Collins, F. W. Matson and wife, W. I. Haley, H. K. Pratt, San Francisco—Bernard Blenfeld, Cecil Calvert, G. Haines Woodbury, Mrs. F. Kennott, Miss M. A. Jones, E. E. Jevan.

Santa Barbara—J. P. Beckstead, Pomona—M. A. Miller, Orange—J. F. Spotts, Pasadena—Mrs. L. V. Sweezy, Santa Monica—Edith Heenezy.

Banner Fruit Year. (St. Louis Star.) Local commission merchants along North Third street at present are enthusiastic over what is termed a banner year in the history of fruit culture. Especially is this noticeable in peaches and watermelons, the supply and demand in both instances being far greater than that of any preceding year—in fact, the merchants find it exceedingly hard to aid their regular patrons in the disposition of their goods, notwithstanding the fact that they are also supplying the eastern markets as well as the local.

War Tax Decision. WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—The Treasury Department holds that an article of agreement of contract for the sale of real estate is not subject to a stamp tax unless it conveys some right of title. It is also held that an inheritance consisting exclusively of government bonds, is subject to the same taxation as money or personal property under section 20 of the War Revenue Act.

THE POLITICAL MIRROR.

Reflex of Public Opinion Flashing by the State Press.

During the breezy days when Denis Kearney and James G. Maguire were political chums and the sand lot agitation was rife, the latter caused the withdrawal of \$30,000,000 from San Francisco within six brief months, according to deflections made by the Tribune of San Diego.

It is the opinion of the Woodland Mail that the sum total of Democratic expressions thereabouts, particularly among the farmers, that a large per cent. of Jacksonians will fall to vote the single-tax-Demo-Pop-Sil freak that heads the fusion ticket.

The present political campaign in county and State promising to be "short, sharp and decisive," reads the Santa Rosa Republican to tritely remark that the injustice will be done Mr. Maguire for the reason that he is never so happy as when he is emitting political speeches.

The thinker of the San Francisco Post expresses the idea that to call the thing "fusion" will not blind the "plain people" or prevent their looking upon the tripartite combination as a mixture of communism, ruinous financial theories and sore-head political spoilsmen.

Affirmations of the sage who indites the editorial consensus of the Marin Tocsin are to the effect that "political alliances weaken party fidelity and enthusiasm." In that such party pacts are hollow, insincere, delusive, void of forceful results and rarely win.

Beyond question, there is much truth in the assertions of the Sentinel up in Santa Cruz, when it says, in substance, that the Republican party of the State is better organized than any other party for many a year past; that the necessity of Republicans standing shoulder to shoulder is apparent and a marked feature of the campaign; that Populism has been strangled by fusion, and that no simon-pure, middle-of-the-road Populists to fuse with any party nor can fulfill with any party, consequently, it is the better class of Democrats who segregate from the maverick herd and bunch with the Republican thoroughbreds.

The Republican party has started out to clean the camp of all corrupting elements of every kind, and thus far, its work well, wisely suggests the Call of San Francisco. Correct for once; the Republicans are the people this trip, and won't be lost sight of for a second.

A POLITICAL SPAT.

The District Attorney's Office and Its Lively Hire.

An air of almost deadly calm has pervaded the District Attorney's office for more than a month past, and what with the vacation recess of the several departments, and the deputies taking a few days holiday, business has been very quiet. But there was quite a little breeze yesterday, and it blew briskly while it lasted, although it was not general, but could be felt in any stretch of the imagination, in terms of official business.

In the conduct of the office the bill

The Times

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Sept. 3.—(Reported by George E. Franklin, Local Forecast Official.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 29.81; at 8 p.m., 29.87. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 56 deg. and 72 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 68 per cent.; 5 p.m., 65 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., calm; 5 p.m., west, velocity 9 miles. Maximum temperature, 86 deg.; minimum temperature, 56 deg. Barometer reduced to sea level.

DRY BULB TEMPERATURE.
Los Angeles 86
San Francisco 58
San Diego 60

Weather Conditions.—The pressure is highest and rising on the North Pacific slope. It is low and falling on the South Pacific. The temperature has risen generally on the immediate Pacific Coast and in the interior valleys of California. It has fallen elsewhere, the change being marked in Utah and Idaho. Clear weather prevails south of Cape Mendocino. It is cloudy, and light rains have fallen in Oregon and Utah.

Forecasts.—Local forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair tonight and Sunday.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—For Southern California: Fair Sunday; fresh west wind.

Guide Table.—Ships expected.—For the week ending Sunday, September 10:

	High.	Low.
Sunday, September 4.....	11:23 a.m.	5:49 a.m.
Monday, ".....	11:20 a.m.	5:50 a.m.
Tuesday, ".....	11:15 a.m.	5:41 a.m.
Wednesday, ".....	11:10 a.m.	5:31 a.m.
Thursday, ".....	11:05 a.m.	5:22 a.m.
Friday, ".....	11:00 a.m.	5:13 a.m.
Saturday, ".....	10:55 a.m.	5:04 a.m.

For Santa Monica add two minutes to the time of high tide and five minutes to the time of low tide; for Newport, add eight minutes to the time of high tide and 10 minutes to the time of low tide.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Prune growers up in Oregon are not expecting a very large crop this season. Many orchards have so poorly fruited that it will not pay to pick the crop.

Tulare citizens, after a long and hard pull, discouragements and other obstacles, are now jubilating over the actual arrival in their metropolis of the long-mooted Valley Railroad and construction train crews are making the dirt fly and the agents sink into the ties. The good people of that productive domain are to be congratulated as well as are the Visallians in the same county. This road will greatly benefit the towns of that section.

In Mexico the experiments in silk culture have proved successful, as an industry, and profitable as an investment. In Southern California the climate is quite as favorable, if not more favorable than in Mexico, and all that stands in the way of success financially and otherwise is national legislation that will protect the wage-earner of America against the cheap foreign labor that supplies the factories in Europe.

In the decision of Judge Cook of San Francisco making it a crime for dealers or their employees to sell food which has been adulterated, whether with or without their knowledge, a great public service has been rendered. It should be the business of a reputable merchant to know the character of the food article he offers for sale, just as a druggist is required to know the effect of the drug he sells. Some wholesome lessons could be taught to the owners of unwholesome food in nearly every large city.

A very good suggestion is made by the San José Mercury to the effect that "every city, every town, every community in California should organize a branch of the American Nicaraguan Canal Association, the watchword of which is 'An American canal on American soil for the American people.' The canal means more for California than for any State in the Union, although it means much for the entire country, and "every Californian should be active in promoting the enterprise."

It is reported that an effort is to be made by interested persons to secure the repeal of the ordinance which prohibits the sinking of oil wells within 1600 feet of a public park. This ordinance is a good one, and for reasons which are perfectly obvious, it should not be repealed. A meeting of property-owners in the neighborhood of Westlake Park is to be held at the corner of Seventh and Alvarado streets on Monday night to take action against the repeal of the ordinance. There should be a large attendance of men who "mean business."

California and Arizona cattlemen and sheepmen should keep an eye on Cuba. Consular reports from the "great island" are to the effect that the island is in need of 1,000,000 head of cattle, and needs them badly. Ike T. Pryor of the Indian Territory has recently made some trial shipments, and has been remarkably successful. Sheep will also be in good demand there. Rail shipments to the Gulf of Mexico can be made, and from there by steamer solves the proposition. If a great number of head can be contracted railroads and steamship lines will no doubt give rates.

Police Court Notes.
Donald McDonald fired a gun within the city limits. He will be tried on September 16.

Neil Benton was given a six months suspended sentence yesterday on a charge of vagrancy.

The cases against J. M. Price, M. V. Howard and Chauncey H. McCormick, charged with obtaining property by false pretense, were dismissed by Justice Morrison yesterday on motion of the District Attorney.

J. M. Murphy, a tramp, was arrested yesterday for petty larceny. On investigation it was learned there was a prior conviction for the same offense against him, when in 1897 he stole a chisel from a carpenter. The complaint was held to answer under \$1000 bond.

J. W. Quinlan was held to answer in the Superior Court in the sum of \$1000 bond on a charge of robbery preferred by Joe Walker. Quinlan is accused of robbing Walker of \$3 while both were in the National saloon on Friday last.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE.
The offices of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee are now permanently located in the Frost building. Good solicitors are desired.

NEARLY HALF RATES EAST.
We ship household goods in mixed car lots. See Van and Storage Co., 48 South Spring.

(RAILROAD RECORD.)

A CUT IN PASSENGER RATES.

A Flyer Each Day East-Overland Late-Notes.

A third cut in passenger rates to all points on the Missouri River and east of there is announced. It is the result of a cut between Missouri River points and Chicago, and merely conforms to that cut. The whole business is a direct outgrowth of the trouble between the Canadian Pacific and the American railroads. The usual rates between Los Angeles and Chicago are \$72 first-class and \$44.50 second class. On this third cut the rates are, net, to Chicago, first class, \$57.75, a reduction from the last schedule of \$1.50; second class, \$41, as before; to St. Louis, \$55, first class, \$45.50 second class, a reduction of \$1.50 in each case. This is probably the outcome of the recent Denver meeting, and of the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision on what was done there. A Philadelphia lawyer could hardly tell just what the commission does hold in the premises. One railroad man said yesterday: "All I can make out of it is that the commission sees it has no power to act, and taking this view it invites the States. Why can they not do the matter, which it promises to present to Congress, and that is probably the only way to deal with the matter."

Another local lawyer, however, said: "Congress enacted a law which prevents foreign ships trading between two points in the United States. Why can they not do the same with foreign railroads?"

Taking the view that the Denver meeting was not directly fruitful of any result, some railroad people think further rate reductions are possible, and some say they hope they will be made so low that a cut by the Canadian road will be impossible.

The overland roads centering here are taking a lively interest in travel to California this winter. It has been stated that the Southern Pacific will run four "flyers" each week, and it may be said that there are good reasons for this statement. Two will go to New Orleans, and two to Chicago, the latter by the Texas and Pacific from El Paso. These trains will begin November 1.

The Santa Fe will run three limiteds each week. This will give an eastern limited each day in the week. The Santa Fe proposes to make the run in two and a half days to Chicago. There is a pointer here. That is just the time it takes to go from Chicago to San Bernardino, Fla.

As a railroad official said yesterday, "this is not a question of railroad competition, but of winter resort competition. The railroads could easily arrange it between themselves; but Southern California could not arrange it with Florida. People will not come here unless they have the same accommodations they find on the roads running south. We propose to give them the same luxurious service furnished by the best roads in the country, and thus induce them to come to Los Angeles."

The head-on collision in Arizona, telegraphed to The Times yesterday, delayed the overland about ten hours, as a track had to be built around the wreck.

A. G. Wells, general superintendent of the Santa Fe, returned home yesterday from the wrecks.

W. B. Beamer, superintendent of the Southern California, is in the city.

September 3 is Pasadena day at Long Beach. The Terminal will run a special, leaving the beach at 10 o'clock that night to take the people home.

The Terminal ran a special last night to the Gage meeting, and brought up the San Pedro Dewey Republican Club.

The Terminal runs a special for the Foresters going to Mt. Lowe tomorrow.

TO WELCOME THE SEVENTH.
Meeting for Discussion at Red Cross Headquarters Tuesday.

Now that the boys of the Seventh Regiment are to return to their homes and resume the duties they so cheerfully dropped when called upon to assist in maintaining the honor and integrity of their country, everyone will want to give them an enthusiastic welcome.

With that end in view all societies or organizations of whatever kind, secret, public or religious, are especially requested and urged to send two representatives to the Red Cross headquarters, Bradbury Building, on Tuesday, September 6, at 10 a.m., to discuss ways and means for welcoming and entertaining the gallant boys of the Seventh Regiment on their return to Los Angeles, and the future care of the sick and convalescent.

The \$3 gold piece which was sent to the Red Cross by Miss Julia Nichols of Sierra Madre, has been sold for \$4.

New members registered at headquarters yesterday were Messrs. Julia E. Locke and C. J. Multhauf.

GOYTINO'S GEESSE.
Mason Held Them for Salvage and Was Arrested.

W. A. Mason was on trial before Justice Morrison yesterday, charged with having stolen and sold seven geese, the personal property of J. F. Goytino. The evidence developed that Goytino was the owner of the geese, and that he allowed them to run at large. They had annoyed Mason for many weeks, until finally he impounded them. Goytino demanded possession, but Mason said nay, until \$4.50 had been paid him for their keep. This the burly Frenchman refused to pay, but sent that persuasive limb of the law, Detective J. G. Hawley, after the four geese, and Goytino was still minus his geese. Finally, Mason sold the geese for \$6 and the Goytino came back at him for petty larceny, charging the geese to be worth \$40.

The trial was a long-winded one, and His Honor, Justice Morrison, held the case under advisement until Tuesday.

"THERE'LL come a time some day" when people will learn that it pays to buy genuine goods, and to get genuine at Woolcott's, 124 N. Spring.

THE CHOPPERS ARE COMING.
A grand reception will be tendered to Sovereign Commander J. C. Root, Head Consul F. A. Falkenberg and other head officers of the Woodmen of the World, at the Music Hall, No. 221 South Spring street, on Tuesday evening, September 6. The Angelus Concert Company will render a fine programme of music. Mayor Sawyer will deliver an address of welcome. This will be a meeting open to all, and every one should embrace this opportunity of hearing these distinguished visitors.

Examined's Great Picture Puzzle Contest will begin Sunday, September 4th. Here's your chance to win golden coin. Puzzle Pictures will be printed in colors in the SUNDAY EXAMINER.

Watches Cleaned 75c.

At this price we thoroughly clean your watch and guarantee the work for twelve months. Could possibly have been done for the same price elsewhere, but not as well. GENEVA WATCH AND OPTICAL CO., 83 South Spring St.

S. G. MARSHUTZ, LEADING OPTICIAN, 248 S. Spring St. Est. here 18 years.

Rupture Cured.

R. P. ALLEN, 534 Victoria St., San Bernardino, Cal.

The above is a portrait of Mr. Allen, who had a very severe case of rupture, and had tried many remedies, but was immediately relieved after first treatment—was cured in a short time by European Specialist, Prof. Pandrey, 1st in Rupture Curing, 605 South Main Street.

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Louise Pyk

THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA, says:

"Your R. M. K. is the most perfect health restorer, and I am never without it." It is pleasant and inexpensive also, and all like it. It destroys microbes and purifies the blood. Cures Liver and Malaria. Proofs and samples free. Freight paid to points with-out agent. Call or write RABAM'S MICROBE KILLER, 215 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NEW BOOKS.

Life Is Life; by Zack price \$1.50
The Open Boat; by Stephen Crane price \$1.00
The Red Lily; by Anatole France price \$1.25
The Spirit of Sweetwater; by Hamilton Wright price 50c
For Parker's 245 South Main (Near Public Library).
The largest, most varied and most complete stock of books west of Chicago.

Your child's eyes should be EXAMINED before school opens.

If they are right, you ought to know it.

If they are wrong, you ought to have them righted.

Everything is at stake when there is anything the matter with the eyes—health, happiness and fortune.

If you need glasses I am prepared to give you the best and cheapest ones:

Crystal Lenses, a pair \$1.00
(There's none better.)
Solid Gold Filled Frames \$2.00
(Warranted for 10 years.)
Solid Gold Frames from \$1.50

Thorough Examination Free.
J. P. DELANY, OPTICIAN, Spring St.
Graduate N. Y. Ophthalmic College.

WE CURE CONSUMPTION

You will be glad if you do and your friends will be sorry if you don't have it CURED. Call or write. A pleasant chat costs nothing and may save a life.

Patients Treated at Home.

The Antiseptic Cure Co.,
W. W. Bartwell, M.D., Medical Director,
349 S. HILL ST., Los Angeles, Cal.

Tents, Awnings, etc., at Factory Prices.

The volume affords lesser prices than ordinary trade experience and facilities make better work possible—more reliable and lasting than ordinary.

No extra charge for these advantages when you

"BUY OF THE MAKER,"

W. H. HOEGEE,
138-142 S. Main St.

All Work Guaranteed.

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At this price we thoroughly clean your watch and guarantee the work for twelve months. Could possibly have been done for the same price elsewhere, but not as well. GENEVA WATCH AND OPTICAL CO., 83 South Spring St.

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Boston Dry Goods Store.

239 Broadway, Los Angeles.

New Fancy Goods, Imported and Domestic.

Dress Trimmings, Ruchings, Pleatings, Neckwear. Autumn Novelties at Eastern Prices.

Dress Trimmings. Jet Garnitures, new shapes with revers, in fine cut jet and spangles, very stylish. \$1.00 to \$12.50 each.

French Hand-made Appliques, black white and colors, one-quarter to twice inch widths. 35c to \$12.50 yard.

Neckwear. Black, Cream, Pink, Light Blue, Mals and Red, New and Exclusive Designs. \$1.00 to \$7.50.

Fancy Caps, satin, mousseline de sole, chiffon, etc., all styles, long tabs; no duplicates. \$5.50 to \$25.00 each.

Fancy Liberty Silk and Chiffon Tuckings, Ruchings and Putings for dress fronts, black, cream, pink, blue, mals, gold, Nile, etc. \$2.75 to \$6.00 yard.

Ruchings and Pleatings. Liberty Silk, Mousseline de Sole and Chiffon, Narrow Bands for Trimming. Black, 15c to 75c yd. Colors, 25c to 65c yd.

New Fall Tailor Suitings. English, Scotch, French and Domestic. 54 to 60-in. widths, \$1.25 to \$4.00 yd.

See South Window Display.

H. JEVNE

Good Cooks Depend on Our Bakery Department.

With our breadstuffs to depend upon, the cook will have more time to devote to the production of other palatable dishes. Result, better table. Then, too, there's a certain secure feeling in knowing that the bread will be pure and sweet, and the pastry fresh and crisp. Be sure and include breadstuffs in your order.

208-210 South Spring St. Wilcox Bldg.

J. C. Carver & Co. Try Our Bread.

40 Loaves \$1.00, 15 ounces each. 2 Five cent loaves for 3 Nickel. PHONE MAIN 930.

Judicious Buyers. Filled our store yesterday. 10 days special sale now on. See yesterday's ad. 2 lbs Creamery Butter in rolls 50c. As fine as silk. That's good enough. Picnic Hams 54c. COME TODAY. 623 SOUTH BROADWAY.

IT MAY BE A NEW IDEA...

To you but I see daily evidence of the injury done to rupture sufferers by ill fitting trusses. An unsuitable and improperly fitted truss not only does irreparable injury to delicate organs, but is a constant menace to the wearers life, often causing strangulation. A truss may even feel right and yet be improperly applied. Why not have one truss in your life that is right? I guarantee comfort, security and benefit—or money back. Book on rupture mailed free.

W. W. SWEENEY, Trusses, Elastic Hosiery and Supporters.

Lady Attendant. 313 South Spring St. Ramona Hotel.

JUST AS SURE....

And just as soon as your teeth need attention—you'll find an interest in what I have to say about my methods being simple—my work being warranted—my charges being moderate. I'll be here when you're ready—call any day.

Dr. M. E. Sparks, THE DENTIST.

Sparks Block, Corner Fifth and Hill Sts. Tel. Black 1165.

Grimes Stasforth Stationery Co.

The "Perfection" Copying Books.

Are the best in copying qualities that can be produced. You will never have a blurred or imperfect copy if you use the "Perfection" book. A little higher in price than the common kinds, but they save their cost in good copies. Sold exclusively at our store.

306 S. Spring St., opposite Ramona Hotel.

RHEUMATICS. No matter how severe—we can relieve at once and cure rapidly. Examination free.

Vitapathic Institute. 534 South Broadway.

CORDAN THE TAILOR.

DR. T. J. P. O'BRIEN, The Successful Specialist.

Twenty years' experience in the treatment of CHRONIC DISEASES explains the wonderful cures made by Dr. O'Brien after other doctors fail. Consultation Free. Call or write.

316 SOUTH BROADWAY (opposite Courtier's). Hours—9 to 4 daily, 7 to 9 evenings, 12 to 12 Sunday.

Paine's Celery Compound. MAKES People Well.

Brace Up--Don't Despair

There is Hope for You—McBurney Can Surely Cure You.

Don't Waste Time or Health Experimenting.

But get one bottle of McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure. "One Dose Relieves, ONE BOTTLE CURES." You will feel the good effect at once. Precipitate improvement today; more tomorrow. No helpless wishing; no anxious waiting; each step clinched and riveted, so that relapses and backslidings are utter impossibilities.

McBurney succeeds because he gets at the very root and seat of the trouble. He makes a "bee line" for the cause of the disease, and "gets there!" His cures are permanent. It will pay you to investigate. No big doctor bills. No big drug bills; but simply "ONE BOTTLE CURES" pains in the small of the back, stone in the bladder, Bright's disease, female troubles, incontinence of urine, brick dust deposit, bed-wetting of children, gravel, gall stones, thick, turbid, frothy urine, dropsy, diabetes, rheumatism.

ARE YOU subject to fainting spells, dizziness, noises in the head, palpitation of the heart, hot flashes, numbness of the hands and feet or brain diseases?

RU nervous and run down? Have you thin blood, pale lips, dragging pain about the loins, loss of natural cheerfulness, melancholy thoughts or gloomy forebodings?

RU constipated or dyspeptic, accompanied with headache, coated tongue, bad breath, pimples on your face and back, languid feeling?

RU troubled with pain in your back, sediment in urine, weakness of bladder, kidneys, despondency or loss of memory?

RU a victim of youthful follies or marital excesses?

If you are troubled with any of the above symptoms McBurney can save you much mental or physical suffering and add golden years to your life. "Take time by the forelock" and never put off a duty you owe to yourself and others.

Free--A Barrel of Medicine. McBurney

Will give all this week at his office, 418 South Spring street, to skeptics and others a chance to test the merits of his new famous LIVER REGULATOR and BLOOD PURIFIER, that has created a sensation among medical men because of the wonderful cures it has effected in the above troubles.

Don't Despair, McBurney's Medicine Will Brace You Up. It is your opportunity to be cured. Only one Barrel will be given away. Come first; don't wait until all is given and be disappointed. Remember that this medicine is perfectly harmless, as most of the roots and herbs are dug and gathered from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, only a few miles from this city.

REMEMBER THE PLACE. W. F. McBurney, sole manufacturer, 418 South Spring.

Kidney and Bladder Cure, express prepaid, \$1.50; Liver Regulator and Blood Purifier, \$1.25; Liver Tablets, 25c; Consumption Cure, 50c; sample size, 25c.

Good Reasons Why Envoy and Fleetwing Bicycle Riders Are Highly Pleased With Their Mounts.

1. Crank-hanger one piece, (acknowledged best made.)
2. Large Sprockets, 8-16 Diamond Chain (unequaled.)
3. Frame made of Shelby Seamless Tubing, low head, large drop in hanger.
4. Trimmings used on the wheels of the very highest grade.
5. Unequaled for ease in running.
6. Made by Buffalo Cycle Mfg. Co., who have made wheels for twelve years. Never failed. Never made a cheap, dishonest wheel. Sold in Los Angeles for five years.

Don't let other dealers try to make you believe they have something just as good. Insist on seeing the Envoy and Fleetwing. We are ready to book agencies for 1899 in unoccupied territory in California.

EVERY CYCLERY, CALIFORNIA AGENTS. 410 South Broadway.

HAY! HAY! HAY!

Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.



THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

The ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 32 large pages, including cover, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials; Science, Industry and Electrical Progress; Music, Art and Drama; Society Events, the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION
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UNIVERSAL PEACE.

THE grandest crown which the world, as a whole, could wear, is that of universal peace. It would be enough to make the angels rejoice and the celestial realms, peopled by the sinless hosts of higher intelligences, break into triumphant paeans of gladness if they could see the dream of Russia's Czar fulfilled, and behold the olive branch of peace waving from every citadel of the Old and New World, and witness from their celestial heights the disbanding of the world's great armies and the melting away of its powerful navies.

It is a glorious dream, worthy of the highest philanthropy, and worthy of the noblest Christian civilization that marks the close of the nineteenth century. What would it not mean to the nations and to human progress?

It is true that sometimes through war different peoples have taken long strides forward, and that enlightenment and civilization have crystallized their strongest forces and purified and strengthened the latent elements that have worked most effectively for the good of the race. The birthplace of this nation was the cradle of the revolution, and the mighty, free America of today, which the world is just beginning to recognize must have a voice in its future, sprang from our civil war, when slavery was buried, and from our late war with Spain, when North and South were reunited and wedded anew to one flag and one government for the future of all time.

But while we look proudly on at what war has accomplished for us, as well as for other peoples who have fought for the right, who can lift the veil and tell us what this old earth would now be had war never lifted its horrid front nor the sword of man been raised against his brother? It is usually the flower of every nation of which the armies are composed, who go out to battle. Especially is this true in a free land where we have no great standing armies. It is "the young, the brave, the true," the manhood that is free and exalted in its patriotism, whose lives are offered as a sacrifice for the principles for which they contend, and who can declare how much greater America, great as she is today, might possibly have been if her—

"Four hundred thousand men,
The good, the brave, the true,"

had not been compelled to lay down their lives that freedom and the institutions that we love might be perpetuated? There were doubtless thousands among that number who, could they have lived, might have become great in statesmanship; great in science; grand in poetry or song; renowned in art or philosophy; men who might have wielded pens that would have stirred the world; men who would have been orators, who would have moved the popular mind to great

deeds and high endeavor; men who would have become ministers, and who could have preached Christ in such a way that hard hearts would have been melted and the Christianity of the nineteenth century have been a more warm, triumphant principle that would have governed men everywhere and exalted our destinies? Ah, who can tell what talents lie buried in the hundreds of thousands of graves that sear the green earth the world over, from the distant Orient, where the race was first cradled, to the wide and billow-swept Occident, where today its proudest banner waves?

But let this dream of universal peace be realized, and what then? The grandeur and greatness which the race would attain before the close of the twentieth century would be immeasurably greater than in any one hundred years of the world's past history. The universal brotherhood of the race would be realized as never before. Religion, science, literature, art and human invention would touch hands, and keeping step together throughout the world would advance in a ratio to us as yet unknown. Not afar off would be that millennium of which the prophets of old wrote, when "the nations shall learn war no more and knowledge shall run to and fro throughout the earth." Not anywhere would man be looked upon as an enemy, but as a brother with whom to share the good things of life. Strong nations would grow stronger, yet the weaker ones would not fear them, and the glory of the future would brighten with the burgeoning of perfect, worldwide peace. Would that we might live to see the grandeur of a day like this.

THE COST OF UNPREPAREDNESS.

WE HAVE been grandly victorious in the war with Spain, but our victories have been purchased at a fearful cost. The number of men killed in action has not been remarkably large considering the great results accomplished. But the number who have died from illness contracted by reason of the climatic and other hardships of the war has been very great, while the number who have contracted diseases which, while not fatal, will injuriously affect their physical health through life, is beyond computation. So far as concerns the climatic conditions at the seat of war, and the losses resulting directly therefrom, they were, of course, not subject to human control. But there have been very heavy losses which might have been avoided had we been in even an approximate condition of preparedness for the war when we entered upon it.

That many and serious mistakes have been made in the conduct of the war, is a proposition which can hardly be gainsaid. There has, unquestionably, been weakness and inefficiency in the War Department, in the highest as well as in some of the minor positions. But the blunders which have been made are far more numerous than they would have been had our military establishment been in a condition to wage successful war from the outset. The problems presented to the War Department were so numerous, and of so serious a character, that they would have taxed the resources of even the most competent tacticians, skilled in the art of war. With a man of inferior ability at the head of the War Department, the making of numerous and serious blunders was a foregone conclusion. The expected happened. Troops suffered for want of necessary supplies of clothing, food and camp equipments of all kinds. Transportation facilities were in many cases almost criminally inadequate. Military camps were established at places wholly unfit for such a use. Hospital and ambulance arrangements were insufficient for the proper care of the sick and wounded. Throughout the war the inadequacy of our preparations for its more serious work has been constantly in evidence, and at every point it has cost us dearly in blood and treasure.

If we had been adequately prepared for war at the outbreak of hostilities, the period of the

war might have been materially shortened—if, indeed, the war might not have been avoided altogether. If our government had had at its disposal an army of from 50,000 to 100,000 trained soldiers, who could have been landed in Cuba within one week after the formal declaration of war, the long-drawn-out horrors of the Santiago campaign might have been avoided. It is doubtful, in point of fact, whether the Spaniards would have risked the chances of a war with the United States had they not been persuaded that we were in no sense a warlike nation, and that we were totally unprepared to engage in war with even a fourth-rate power like Spain.

There is every indication that a searching investigation will be made into the conduct of the war, either before Congress meets, or by that body soon after the assembling of the regular session in December. There is need for investigation. It should be far-reaching and inclusive. It should cover all the phases of the campaign, from the beginning of hostilities to the signing of the protocol, which is the preliminary of the formal treaty of peace. This investigation, if it be conducted with impartiality and thoroughness, will show beyond a reasonable doubt that the principal mistakes of the campaign were due chiefly to the condition of unpreparedness in which the declaration of war found us. If we had been in every respect prepared for a struggle, our victories would have been won at far less cost, and would have been none the less complete and final.

The lesson of all this is obvious. In time of peace we should be prepared for war. There is, and can be, no guarantee of permanent peace. At any time we may be called upon to defend our borders, and every consideration of public safety and expediency demands that we should at all times be equipped for any and all emergencies. We should maintain a standing army of not less than 50,000 to 100,000 men—preferably the later number. We should increase the efficiency of our navy to such an extent that it will be second to that of no nation in the world, we should place ourselves in a position to retain all the advantages which we have acquired in the war, and to seize other advantages as they may be offered. Our army and navy should be thoroughly equipped for both offensive and defensive operations, whether at home or abroad. We should have troopships with ample accommodations for the transportation of large bodies of troops to any part of the world on short notice. The commissary department of the army should be prepared at all times to provide the necessary supplies for any service that may be demanded. In short, our military and our naval establishments should at all times be maintained in a condition of preparedness for any and all emergencies. This is necessary, in the interest of true economy, and of adequate national defense.

It will be a national misfortune if the obvious lessons of the late war are lost upon the American people. Among the most potent and impressive of these lessons is the necessity for putting ourselves in a position to prosecute with vigor and promptness any war, defensive or aggressive, that the exigencies of the hour may force upon us.

Edward B. Drew, formerly of Massachusetts and now a prominent member of the Chinese imperial customs service, at Canton, has been raised to the dignity of a mandarin of the second class, civil rank, and is consequently entitled to wear a red button. Mr. Drew's elevation is due to his services in connection with the Chinese foreign loans, and in drafting the regulations opening China's rivers to foreign commerce.

After the attempted assassination of Bismarck in May, 1886, his wife said: "If I were in heaven and saw the villain standing on the top of a ladder leading down to hell I would have no hesitation in giving him a push." "Hush, my dear," replied Bismarck, "you would not be in heaven yourself with such thoughts as those."

EUROPE'S ROYAL BELLE.

PRINCELY AND DUCAL SUITORS FOR THE HAND OF HOLLAND'S LOVELY YOUNG QUEEN.

By a Special Contributor.

IN SPITE of Queen Emma's good motherly advice, the wishes of the Dutch government and the hopes of loyal subjects, her eighteen-year-old Majesty of Holland has not yet signified her choice of a consort. Not since Princess Victoria of Kent became Queen of England, sixty years ago, has so interesting and romantic a feminine figure appeared on a European throne, and there is no doubt at all but that Wilhelmina thoroughly appreciates and enjoys the charms of her position in the eyes of all the ambitious and marriageable young Grand Dukes and Princes.

If any one wants to know why she now hesitates to give the name of her consort, the reason simply is because she has not yet selected him. From her childhood up she has entertained a profound respect for Queen Victoria, and two years ago she asked permission to read some novels. Her governess and mother gave her a careful choice from Dickens, Miss Edgeworth and Miss Younge. Having perused these romances she informed her mother that she intended to only marry a man she could love, and as Queen Victoria had pursued that policy with success, she demanded a similar privilege. Since

dignity and openly says that as the proposition of marriage must come from her, she won't speak until her heart dictates.

WILHELMINA'S SENTIMENTS.

So far nobody, not even worried Queen Emma, has been able to discover the especial type of young man Wilhelmina prefers, but if you talk to the simple Dutch folk themselves, they openly applaud their young sovereign's sentiments and they are fond of telling the story of her retort to her mother. There had been a degree or two of heat in an argument over this marriage question and the mother chose to disparage a very good young Duke as ineligible because of his comparatively humble title.

"Oh, title and money are all very well," replied Wilhelmina, with a toss of her head. "Am not I Queen of Holland? My title and my money are all sufficient. If I loved a good man, though he were an humble Dutchman, I would marry him and make him noble."

THE FAVORITES.

Among the Dutch people themselves the two most popular candidates for the Queen's hand are Prince Harold of Denmark and Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. Holland and Denmark are friendly neighbors and they

mother, the Crown Princess of Denmark, is a very rich woman. To every one of her children she has given fine marriage portions, so that Harold is a decided part. Metaphorically he and Wilhelmina made mud pies together, and if they have never been lovers they have always been excellent friends.

Bernard of Saxe-Weimar is another good boy, in his twentieth year, a lieutenant in a Prussian infantry regiment, and the heart of Holland warms to him because his grandmother was one of the most beloved of the Dutch princesses. She was Princess Sophie of Holland, ugly, sweet-hearted, and so kind and clever that her husband, the Duke of Weimar, and all his people loved her in life and now adore her memory. She was a rich woman and Bernard has inherited a fair share of her fortune. Princess Sophie's countrymen insist he also inherited his grandmother's charming disposition and capable mind, and so nearly as any one can discern, Wilhelmina takes more than a sister's interest in him.

CLAIMS OF GREECE AND TECK.

A month or two ago there was a flutter in the Dutch court when Prince Nicholas of Greece came to visit the two queens.

Since then rumor has, I hear, connected his and Wilhelmina's names. He is of course eligible enough save that he is a pathetically poverty-stricken boy and by religion an orthodox Greek. His years number twenty-four, and nobody seems to know his capabilities, save for music. For lack of better employment, he serves as A.D.C. to his father, King George, and during the late Greco-Turkish war he served without distinction as a captain of artillery. Everybody knows it was his grandmother, the Queen of Denmark, who thought out this match for him, and the matter of religion could be easily settled, as King George is still a Protestant, and his son could quite

reign. All this youthful Prince has to offer is an exceptionally handsome presence and great good nature. It is no secret that both the Duchess of York and Queen Victoria have done all they could to put Prince Alexander well to the front rank of suitors, for this estimable young man has only what his sister and father can spare to live upon, and no settled duties, even of a military character.

TWO DUCAL BEAUX.

But if beauty were all that the little Queen asked there is not a shadow of a doubt but that she could secure for the asking the hand of Prince Maximilian of Baden, the handsomest man in the German army. Prince Max is turned of thirty-one and a very fair type of the beauty soldier that figures in Ouida's novels, and though his intimates say he prefers to live a bachelor, his merits as a consort have certainly been laid before the Dutch court. Prince Max is a second cousin of the German Emperor, a Protestant Prince, a model of propriety as well as an exceedingly smart cavalry officer, and his income is equal to his needs.

Prince Harold and Prince Bernhard, who both justly entertain equally good hopes of securing Wilhelmina's hand, have recently been flustered and alarmed over the pretensions of young Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. He is Queen Victoria's grandson, the heir to the Duchy that the Duke of Edinburgh inherited, and one of the very best suitors now on the carpet. Whether or no he would be obliged to resign his heirship to his father's Duchy in case of marrying the Queen is a question to be settled, and it is about the only difficulty to be got over.

Prince Alfred is a splendid fellow, looking very like his grandfather, possessing an independent fortune and a truly English sense of duty and reverence for religion. After all, and in spite of her independent utterances, the little Queen will in this matter of religion be obliged to bow to her people's wishes. A Protestant Prince or one who will become a Protestant is what the Dutch want. This is the only point the government would urge against the Queen's marriage to that fine young man, the Prince Luigi, Duke of Abruzzo, for whom she is known to cherish a strong liking. The dark beauty, the very exemplary behavior and the daring explorations of Luigi have made a strong appeal to the Queen. She is a woman after all, and loves masculine vigor just like any eighteen-year-old girl.

Luigi himself is by no means indifferent to the Queen's friendly feeling. Beyond his duties in the Italian navy and his interest in exploring unknown parts of the world, he has no chances of advancement. He is a third son on a small allowance and to be King Consort of Holland would be a tremendous advancement. However, he is not openly lobbying for the matrimonial opportunity as are Prince Eugene of Sweden, Prince Frederick of Prussia or Count Bernhard of Schaumburg-Lippe. Any one of these would dearly love the chance of accepting Wilhelmina's white little hand and green little land, though as consort their power and precedence would be rather limited.

Among all these suitors her young Majesty should surely be able to find one whom she could love sincerely, and perhaps the only fellow sovereign who cannot look on amiably at this matter of royal match-making is Emperor William. Dearly, dearly would he have liked to have wedded Wilhelmina to his eldest son and thus make Holland a part of the German empire. Some years ago I know it to be a fact that he did discuss such an alliance with Queen Emma, in hopes that the little Queen would wait until Crown Prince William came to a marriageable age. Queen Emma was civil, but non-committal, knowing well both her daughter and her government would never consent to see Holland, by this maneuver, swallowed up in the German empire.

JANET HENDERSON.

Splendors of India's Court.

[London Letter to Philadelphia Inquirer:] As for Mrs. Curzon, who has become a great favorite in society here, her position as the Vicerine will be one of absolute regal splendor, far more so, in fact, than that of most of the queens now on the thrones of Europe, big and little monarchies, for the ruler of India is forced by his position as the representative of the Queen-Empress to rule over her hundreds of millions of Asiatic subjects with that show of gorgeous and luxurious splendor which alone appeals to the eastern mind as indicative of great power. His palaces at Calcutta and at Simla in the Himalayas are palaces in the real sense of the word, his official income is something like £75,000 a year, and the pomp and ceremony of his official progresses here and there about India, as well as the magnificence of his entertainments to the scores or more or less important native princes who come to do him homage as the Viceroy, are all on a scale designed to carry conviction of Great Britain's greatness to the oriental mind. Policy demands that his court be really a regal one, and in a community such as that of India, where the British ruling classes, both civil and military, regard each step upward in the social scale as the chief aim in life, the position of the Viceroy and the Vicerine is almost superhuman in its grandeur.



A ROYAL BELLE AND HER PRINCELY BEAUX.

that time she has entertained at intervals various possible suitors at her palaces in Holland. As invariably as they came rumors flew about to the effect that here was the man, but as invariably the Princeling rode away, apparently with his hand, heart and little still free to bestow.

I have heard it stated, and on the best authority, that the little lady is kind to all, stands a good deal on her

are one in their dislike of Germany. Prince Harold is a nice boy twenty-one years old, healthy, good-natured and not unhandsome. He is tall like all his brothers, and has a commission in the Danish army.

Though her young majesty says she has the money for two, still the hard-headed Low Countrymen would like to have a King consort with a little pin money of his own, and Harold's

excusably relapse into the faith of his fathers.

As Queen Wilhelmina will sit on one of the very snugest thrones in all Europe and rule over a loyal country, for its size the richest in the world, there is no surprise to be felt that the downright impetuous princes, such as Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of the Duchess of York, would gladly throw in his lot with the Dutch sov-

THE PRESIDENT OF CHILE.

HIS EXCELLENCY WRITES HIS VIEWS OF MATTERS BETWEEN HIS COUNTRY AND OURS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SANTIAGO (Chile,) Aug. 4, 1898.—It was by appointment that I called upon the President of Chile yesterday afternoon to have a chat with him concerning matters of mutual interest to our respective countries. The President is one of the progressive men of this progressive people. He is the head of the Liberal or progressive party, and is at the front of every movement to make Chile prosperous. He comes of one of the oldest families of Chile, his father having been one of the most popular Presidents of the past. He is a very rich man, and his personal interests in the advancement of Chile are great. He is now in the second year of his Presidential term, and as he has three years more to serve his views upon international matters are of great interest. My audience was arranged through our Minister to Chile, and at the time set for it, 2 p.m., Mr. Wilson and myself entered the doors of the Moneda.

IN THE CHILEAN "WHITE HOUSE."

The Moneda is the White House of Chile. It is a vast three-story building situated in the heart of Santiago. You could put our White House in one corner of it, and its ground floor is, I judge, larger than that of the Capitol at Washington. The building covers more than four acres, but it is constructed after the Spanish style, with its rooms running about patios or courts, so that there is much waste space. These courts, however, are filled with flowers, in some of them fountains play, and they form the only gardens of the President's house. The Moneda contains not only the offices and the private apartments of the President, but also the offices of several of the departments of the government. He has his principal Cabinet secretaries in the same house with him, and a large part of the building is given up to clerical work. As we entered the Moneda we passed the guard of soldiers which always stands there with drawn swords in their hands, and it was a military officer in uniform who led us into the President's room. There is a great deal more pomp about public offices here than in the United States, and the President of Chile has a military guard of 200 cavalry which accompanies his carriage on all state occasions. His carriage itself is far more pretentious than President McKinley's. It is

does not appear to be over 40, and as yet there are no gray strands in his hair. He is of slender build, but very straight. He has a rather dark, but handsome face, and his manner is quite dignified. His Excellency asked us to seated, and, taking a chair beside us, chatted for half an hour very entertainingly, one of his friends, Eduardo MacClure, acting as interpreter. As we rose to go, however, he said he would prefer that I should write out my question, and he would give me his answers in writing. This he has since done, and the matter which follows is made up of the questions and the translation of the Spanish documents I have just received from the Presidential mansion.

TRADE MATTERS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHILE.

Correspondent. Will Your Excellency please state what is the position of Chile as to trade with the United States, and suggest some ways in which it might be increased?

The President. Among the best measures to increase this trade would be the establishment of new steamship lines. There should be more frequent steamship communication between the two countries. Another method that might be adopted to further trade would be the establishment of expositions to show the respective products of the countries. Chile should have such expositions in the United States, and the United States should establish them in Chile. I think that the consumption of nitrate in the United States might also be stimulated by practical experiments and active propaganda.

Correspondent. There is now much American capital seeking foreign investment. What are the chances for such capital in Chile? Is foreign capital so invested safe, and what special fields now offer the best opportunities for profit?

The President.—There are a number of investments in Chile which will yield good profit to foreign investors. Among them are banking establishments, the working of the nitrate fields, the exploitation of minerals, and especially the development of our gold, copper and silver mines. As to whether American capital is safe in Chile, I would say that all foreign capital circulates here subject to the same conditions as native capital, without other risks or other burdens to bear,

which, as you know, the United States is about to build?

The President. I consider the proposal of the United States to open the Nicaragua Canal are worthy of high praise. I am in favor of it or of any other undertaking which will facilitate communication between the west coast of South America and the United States and Europe. Every advancement of this kind will be of especial advantage to such an essentially maritime country as ours.

Correspondent. Chile is the chief railroad builder among the countries on this side of the Andes. It built the first railroad on the continent, and I would like an expression from Your Excellency as to what your people think of the Intercontinental Railway. Is it a practical scheme, and will it ever be built?

The President. Chile applauds every

people down here think that the United States wishes to control the policy of the two countries. His written answer, however, was as follows:

"The international policy of Chile has always tended toward the maintenance of peace and the strengthening of her political and commercial relations with the nations of the American continent, and I believe that this policy does not depart from one of the phases, perhaps the most important one of the Monroe doctrine.

NO WAR WITH ARGENTINE.

Correspondent. Will the pending question between Chile and the Argentine be amicably adjusted or is there likely to be a conflict of arms?

The President. I am confident that the matters now pending between the Argentine and Chile will be peaceably



THE PRESIDENT OF CHILE.

movement toward the completion of the Intercontinental Railway, but she considers that it is still a long way off. On her own part, Chile is endeavoring to extend her railways from one end of the country to the other. Her territory is very long. It includes a large part of the Pacific Coast line of the continent, and her railroads will contribute to a certain extent to the proposed Intercontinental Railway. I think the advantages of this proposed intercontinental line will be of great importance to all interests.

THE RAILROAD OVER THE ANDES.

After this the interview continues as follows:

Correspondent. How about the Transandine Railway, which is to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, running from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres? I understand that Chile will complete it?

The President. The Transandine Railway is a work which has been carefully studied in Chile, and it has been steadily protected. As you know, less than fifty miles of road are yet needed to complete it, and part of this is on Chilean and part on Argentine soil. At present, on account of the extraordinary demands of the companies proposing to finish the work, the road is being more carefully considered. There are some difficulties in the way of its extension along the lines proposed, but it will be without doubt continued as soon as these difficulties are removed.

Correspondent. How about the railways that Chile is building in the South? I understand that they will open up much new country which will be available to immigrants.

The President. The Southern railways are destined to be of great advantage to Chile. They will give easy access to the richest agricultural regions of the country. They will give a great impulse to the establishment of agricultural colonies and will stimulate immigration. Chile earnestly desires immigration, and as far as lies in her power endeavors to encourage it. She considers it one of the chief factors in her progress. We need more people in Chile, and we have here a country which, if properly cultivated, would support many times our present population.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

After a question as to the nitrate deposits which the President answered by saying that the investigations show that they will last for a long time yet, I asked His Excellency what Chile thought of the Monroe doctrine. This was a rather delicate question, as many

arranged and I believe that both governments are anxious that they should be. This closes the interview.

HOW CHILE IS GOVERNED.

Chile is a republic, but there are a number of differences between its constitution and that of the United States. The Chilean President is elected for five years instead of four, and he is not eligible for a second term. The Presidential election day is June 25, of the fifth year of each presidency, and inauguration day is September 18, of the same year. Both of these dates are in the winter months, and the 18th of September is also the Chilean day of independence, corresponding to our Fourth of July. The President of Chile gets a salary of \$18,000 and he has in addition an allowance of \$12,000 for expenses. This is, however, in Chilean money, so that it is equal just now to not more than \$11,000 in American gold. President Errazuriz probably spends several times this sum every year. The President has the same veto power as our President has, but his veto can be overridden by a two-thirds majority of the members of Congress present at the time the measure is brought back, and the political situation is such that when a Presidential measure fails it is usually the custom for the Cabinet to resign, so that Chile has a new Cabinet. I am told, on the average once a month. In addition to his Cabinet, which is made up of Ministers much after the same lines as those of our Cabinet, the Chilean President has a Council of State consisting of five members appointed by himself and six chosen by Congress.

THE CHILEAN CONGRESS.

Chileans cannot vote until they are 25 years of age if they are unmarried, but married men can vote at the age of 21. Members of the House of Deputies, which corresponds to our House of Representatives, must have an income of \$100 sterling a year, and Senators must each have incomes of \$400, or \$2000 a year. Congress sits in regular session from June 1 until September 1 every year, but the President can call an extra session whenever he chooses. The building known as the House of Congress was burned a year or so ago and is now being rebuilt. It was and will be the finest building in Santiago. It covered a full square of ground and looked not unlike some of our great buildings at Washington, save that it was made of brick covered with a terra cotta stucco instead of granite or marble. The walls of the building still stand and within a short time it will again be ready for occupancy. At present the lower house is



A MAN OF POWER IN CHILE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF SANTIAGO.

drawn by four magnificent horses, and the coachmen and footmen are dressed in gorgeous liveries.

THE PRESIDENT OF CHILE.

We first met Don Eduardo Phillips, the Assistant Secretary of State, and the chief medium of intercourse between His Excellency and foreigners. He told us that the President was expecting us, and a moment later we were in the President's room. This is larger than any of the business rooms of the White House. It is rather plainly furnished, and it was at the back of it that President Errazuriz was sitting at a desk, which was littered with papers and documents. He rose as we came in and shook my hand as I presented to him. I was rather surprised to find him so young a man. He

and that American capital may enjoy in Chile all of the advantages that are enjoyed by capital from any other source.

Correspondent. How about the concessions which the government offer to capitalists for the establishment of steel and iron industries?

The President. Congress recently came to the assistance of persons interested in the iron business, but this does not mean the protection of any monopoly in favor of native capital. Any responsible foreign company will find equal protection under our laws and customs.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND THE INTERCONTINENTAL RAILROAD.

Correspondent. What does your excellency think of the Nicaragua Canal,

meeting in one of the halls of the University of Santiago, and the Senate holds its sessions in one of the buildings devoted to the government departments. The sessions of Congress are often very stormy. The Chileans are fond of politics, and you will hear more political talk here in a day than you hear in Washington in a week. There are two great political parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals, each of which has a number of subdivisions. The Conservatives are the more compact, but the Liberals are much the more numerous, and they are represented by the party now in power.

United States, and there are other missionary colleges and churches in different parts of the country. These are tolerated, however, on the grounds of modern progress, rather than from any desire of the Chileans to change their religion. They are, I believe, satisfied with Catholicism, though the educated Chilean man does not like the way in which the church meddles with political matters. He does not go to church except on Sundays and feast days, and, like many other men outside of South America, he leaves most of the church exercises to his wife and daughters. The women of Chile are

up by the palace of the archbishop and by the cathedral, and there is other property all about this belonging to the church. It has acres of stores, thousands of rented houses and vast haciendas upon which wine and other things are made for sale. Nearly all of this is controlled by the archbishop, although much of the church property is held by different organizations. The Carmelite nuns of this city are the richest body of women in South America, if not in the world. They have whole streets of rented houses near their nunnery and own also large farms, which bring them in a steady

church had been enlarged too much, and that the space left for the altar was now as much too big as it had formerly been too little. They filled in the space, however, with other material, so that today the costly altar looks rather patchy, after all.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.
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HOW AMERICANS DIE.

SINGING THE NATIONAL HYMN WITH VOICES CHOKED BY PAIN.

[Scribner's Magazine:] Edward Marshall, the correspondent who was wounded at Guasina, has written his "Recollections" for the September Scribner, from which the following extracts are made:

"I saw many men shot. Every one went down in a lump, without cries, without jumping up in the air, without throwing up hands. They just went down like clods in the grass. It seemed to me that the terrible thud with which they struck the earth was more penetrating than the sound of guns. Some were only wounded; some were dead. "There is much that is awe-inspiring about the death of soldiers on the battlefield. Almost all of us have seen men and women die, but they have died in their carefully-arranged beds with doctors daintily hoarding the flickering spark; with loved ones clustered about. But death from disease is less awful than death from bullets. On the battlefield there are no delicate scientific problems of strange microbes to be solved. There is no petting, no coddling—nothing, nothing, nothing but death. The man lives, he is strong, he is vital, every muscle in him is at its fullest tension when, suddenly 'chug!' he is dead. That 'chug' of the bullets striking flesh is nearly always plainly audible. But bullets which are blotted, so far as I know, do not sing on their way. They go silently, grimly to their mark, and the man is lacerated and torn or dead. I did not hear the bullets shriek that killed Hamilton Fish; I did not hear the bullets shriek which struck the many others who were wounded while I was near them; I did not hear the bullet shriek which struck me.

"There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping and clothes literally saturated with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Capt. McClintock with his lower leg bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that is saying much. I think Maj. Brodie was also there. It was a dreadful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

"Suddenly a voice started softly: 'My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing.' "Other voices took it up: 'Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride.' "The quivering, quivering chorus, punctuated by groans, and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—the pluckiest, most heart-felt song that human beings ever sang. "There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished the line: Let Freedom ring. Then halting, struggling, faint it repeated slowly: Land—of—the—Pilgrims'—pride. Let freedom— "The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers."

Gruesome China Ware.

[Hongkong Telegraph:] A good deal of annoyance has been caused by the shipment to Canton of the corpses of men, women and children who have succumbed to plague in Hongkong. All sorts of devices are resorted to to get the bodies out of Hongkong, the latest being the showing of bodies in large packing cases, which are labeled "china ware." On arrival at Canton the customs officers examine all goods that are dutiable, and as china ware is not included in the free list this new-fashioned "china ware," has of course, been stopped in transit, and, as, when the hitch occurs, no consignees come forward to claim the "goods," the trouble and expense connected with the disposal of the bodies devolve upon the Chinese authorities. How many bodies have been smuggled into Canton and Honam there is no telling, but, judging from the gossip of the tea houses and bazaars, the number is considerable.

The Pope's Golden Rose.

The golden rose which the Pope gives every year to a royal lady distinguished for loyalty both to the Pope and to the Church of Rome, is made of pure gold, and is valued at \$10,000. There is a golden rose in the center, in which the Pope pours balsam, this being surrounded with smaller rosebuds and leaves, all of the purest gold, and chiseled with exquisite workmanship.



RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF CHILE.

They are the progressive party, and they advocate popular education, the elevation of the masses and everything modern. The Conservatives are more what their name implies, and they include also the clerical or church element, which here in Chile has enormous influence.

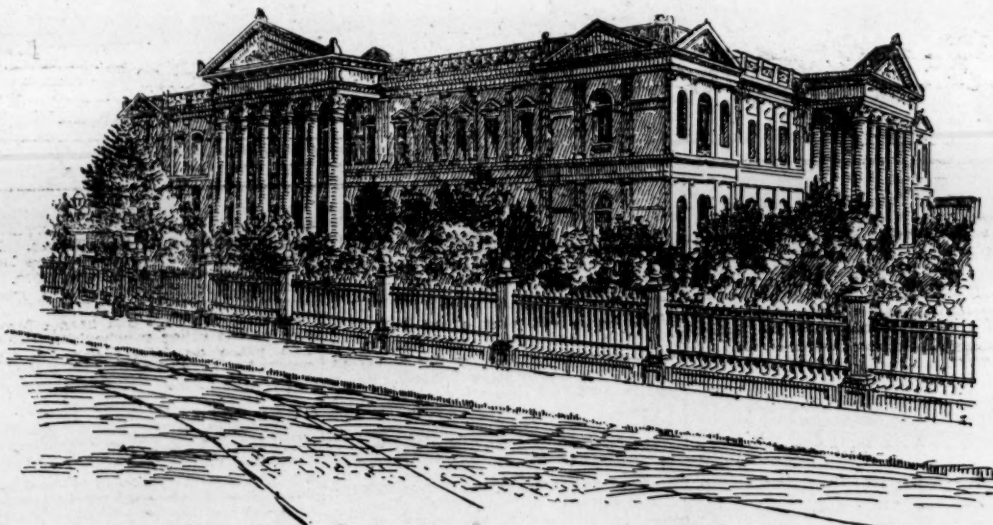
CHURCH AND STATE IN CHILE.

One of the curious divisions of the President's Cabinet is the branch or department of "worship and colonization." Catholicism is the state religion, and the Catholic church receives a certain amount every year from the government treasury. Nearly all of the Chileans are Catholics, and all church affairs of note are attended by the government officials. On the Chilean anniversary of its "Day of Independence," the President and all of his officials, including the officers of the army and navy, attend church. The other day a celebrated bishop who had been dead for I don't know how long was honored with a new monument in the Cathedral of Santiago, and this was made the occasion of a great celebration. I went, in company with the American Minister, and found that

one of the strongest elements in upholding Catholicism and its influence. They are very devout. You see them in the churches week day and Sunday kneeling on the stone floors and saying their prayers. You meet them on the streets going to confession or mass, each carrying a prayer rug in one hand and a prayer book in the other, and if you will enter the churches you may, perhaps, see a pretty devotee who will look at you out of the tail of her eye as she mumbles her prayers with a cross old duenna in the background. As in Peru and Bolivia, the women in Chile wear solid black when they go to church. They cover their heads with black mantas, and a church congregation makes you think of a nunnery with all of the nuns clad in black. Indeed, to wear white at such times is a sign of grief and shame rather than of purity and joy. It is the custom for women who have done wrong to put on white clothes and shroud their heads in white shawls to show that they are penitent and are resolved to be good for the future. I have seen several very pretty girls so dressed and as they passed have thought of Hawthorne's story of the "Scarlet Let-

income. These nuns never allow their faces to be seen by men, and if for any reason men must be employed in the nunnery for the making of repairs, etc., the nuns shroud their forms and heads in thick black cloth when passing by them. Of course no one is admitted to the convent proper, but through a friend who has some influence with them I was admitted to the beautiful chapel which they have established for the use of their employes and outsiders. In getting the permission we talked with the nuns, though we did not see them. Our speaking tube was a dumb waiter, and the voice that came down was singularly sweet, and as I heard it utter the soft musical Spanish, it seemed to me a shame that it should, as is the rule of the establishment, be confined to a whisper.

The Dominican friars also own millions of dollars' worth of property in Santiago. I walked for blocks past houses, every one of which I was told belonged to them and paid them rent monthly. They dress in black hats and gowns, with soft white flannel undershirts, and they look quite imposing as they fling themselves along the



CONGRESS HALL OF CHILE.

nearly all of the foreign diplomats were present. The President, the general of the army and the admiral of the navy were there in their official dress, and during the ceremonies all knelt again and again in unison with the priests and other church dignitaries. I am told, however, that within recent years other religions have been more tolerated by Chile than almost any other South American country. There are two large American schools here in Santiago, one supported by the Methodist and the other by the Presbyterian churches of the

ter," and wondered if in some cases there should not be a priest walking beside them.

WORTH \$100,000,000.

The Catholic Church here is enormously wealthy. I have heard it said that its property in Santiago alone is worth more than a hundred million gold dollars. It has some of the best business blocks of the city. The whole of one side of the Plaza, which is the very center of the most valuable of Santiago business property, is taken

up by the palace of the archbishop and by the cathedral, and there is other property all about this belonging to the church. It has acres of stores, thousands of rented houses and vast haciendas upon which wine and other things are made for sale. Nearly all of this is controlled by the archbishop, although much of the church property is held by different organizations. The Carmelite nuns of this city are the richest body of women in South America, if not in the world. They have whole streets of rented houses near their nunnery and own also large farms, which bring them in a steady

FATHER CRESPI'S DIARY.

A RECORD OF THE FIRST JOURNEY MADE BY EUROPEANS THROUGH CALIFORNIA.

Translated for The Times.

PART V.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1769.

AT HALF past six in the morning we left this creek, taking a direction west to southwest, and down the cañada. After going for a short distance we noticed the water vanishing in the sand of the creek's bed. We traveled three leagues through the cañada and then came to a halt, near a very large rancheria, situated on the bank of another creek, carrying plenty of water and coming down the mountains in a very narrow ravine, which, apparently, widens out when entering the cañada of Santa Clara. The only shelter the Indians of this rancheria have are enclosures formed of brush fences.

In the evening seven captains with a numerous retinue of Indians carrying bows and arrows, but with the bow strings unloosened in sign of peace, visited us. These gentiles brought an abundant offering of seeds, acorns, nuts and pifones, which they

During our two hours' travel we covered about the same number of leagues, and then stopped at a short distance from a rancheria of gentiles. Here we feel inclined to call the creek a river, by reason of the width of its bed, and the great volume of water which flows is undoubtedly due to the many creeks coming down the cañada of Santa Clara. The rancheria is composed of twenty huts, built of grass, in a spherical form, resembling somewhat the half of an orange, with an opening on top, allowing light and air to enter and the smoke to escape. I went with my companion, the father, to take a look at the river, which is not very far from the rancheria. It seemed to us that the sandy bed, level with the surrounding ground has about a width of fifty varas, and the water running in it eighteen. We saw a large plain stretching out toward the south, and to all appearances the country continues level down to the beach of the ocean. The Indians made us a present of trays full of seeds, and we in exchange gave them beads with which they were well satisfied.

We gave to this river and locality the

what causes real admiration is that in working either wood or stone they use no other tool but a flint, ignoring how to employ iron and steel. We noticed among them a few pieces of broken knives and sword blades, but these are only put into requisition for cutting meats and for opening the fishes taken from the sea. The soldiers traded beads for reed-woven bowls, wooden trays and plates of different sizes and shapes, which, even if not turned on a lathe, are of a very graceful form. The gentiles brought us a great quantity of fish, mainly "bonitas," which are of very good flavor, and, according to the abundance and facility of the catch, must now be in season. We pitched our camp at a short distance from the bank of a river, whose waters, coming through a ravine from the mountains, empty into the sea. In the evening some of the captains, who had recently come down from the sierra for the sole and only purpose of seeing us, visited our camp, as did also some of the gentiles living on the islands situated in the channel of Santa Barbara, and who happened to be just now in this village. These latter told us that twelve canoes had left for the islands so as to bring over all the people desiring to make our acquaintance. I gave the name of "La Asuncion de Nuestra Señora" to this village and I do hope that in such an excellent locality as this nothing will be wanting for this great lady and that, she interceding, it will become a splendid mission. I took the latitude and found it to be 34 deg. 36m. Señor Constanza's observation gave him 34 deg. 13m.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1769.

All attended mass, said by both of us, and we departed at about 2 o'clock in the evening, traveling toward the west along the beach. We found it quite difficult to cross the river, on account of the rocks, and the large volume of water. For about two leagues we followed the beach.

The ground separating the sea from the rugged, bare sierras stretching out on our right is in some parts wide, and in others so narrow that we had hard work creeping our way. After journeying for two hours we stopped at a small rancheria of a few grass huts. There is no other water but a diminutive pool. Out on the sea we noticed a canoe, about seven varas long. The gentiles of the rancheria shouted to it to come back, and the canoe ran in shore, bringing in a great many large fishes, which the captain, accompanied by all his people, carried, together with seeds, to our camp, and we as reward gave them some beads, greatly to their satisfaction. The fish received were more than our people could eat. All

have something to eat until the canoes returned with fresh fish, which shortly afterward happened. The Indians were not long in supplying us with "bonitas" and "meros," of which they brought such quantities that we could easily have loaded our whole pack train, if we had been able to salt and cure them. The dried, unsalted fish (for these Indians use not salt in their meals) which we had received was carried along and stood us in good need on our journey. One of the captains of this village, who had been at Asuncion, was foremost in extending courtesies to us; he is a man of good stature and regular features, a great dancer, and for this reason the soldiers gave to his village the name of "El Pueblo del Ballarin," but I called it Santa Clara de Monte Talco. I took the latitude and found it to be 34 deg. 40 min. The banks of the creek of this village are studded with willow, alder and evergreen oak trees.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1769.

At half past seven in the morning we left this place, traveling toward the West. We ascended some softly sloping hills covered with pastures, but ending with precipitous sides on the beach from which they are separated by sand dunes. We might have gone about one league and a half when we came to a neck of land, which, together with the point on which Santa Clara de Monte Talco is situated, causes the beach to form a kind of a bay. On this neck of land we found a large village and counted thirty-eight houses, all of the same shape as those heretofore described. A few were so large as to be able to accommodate a good many families. All the inhabitants awaited us on the outskirts of the town and their number was not less than the one living at Asuncion. We approached so as to greet them, and the commandant made a present of a few beads to the captain. We pitched our camp not very far from the rancheria in a plain of very rich, black soil about one league in length from the north to the south, and three leagues in breadth from the west to the east. This place has an abundance of willow trees, cottonwoods, alder and a few evergreen oaks. In some parts of this locality it seems that firewood can be gathered, but others are barren.

My companion examined a creek coming down toward the north which he says has a good flow of water on the foot of the mountains, and the soldiers and scouts then told us of another large rancheria of gentiles. Not very far from this village we came across some pitch springs. The Indians here possess a large number of canoes, and as they



A CREEK OF SWEET WATER RUNNING DOWN TO THE SEA.

spread out before us. The captains, after having been informed who was the person in command, presented to him as also to us and to the different officers, neck chains made of small, white, black and red stones, resembling coral in hardness and substance. There must have been more than five hundred Indians, and the Governor distributed beads among them. This place, being still within the same cañada, was called Santa Clara. The locality is very well adapted for a good-sized mission, because it possesses all the necessary requirements. The distance from here to Santa Rosa is six leagues and ten to Santa Catalina de Bónonia. I took the meridian and found we were in 34 deg. 30 min.

With the "chia" which the Indians had given us we loaded a mule and the remainder was divided among all.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1769. Today being the feast of Santa Clara, whose name we have given to this place, we broke camp at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and kept on marching through the same cañada, taking our course west-southwest along a road obstructed by creeks and gulches, the outlet in this cañada, of torrents which rush down the mountains during the rainy season. We pitched our camp, after having traveled about three leagues, on the banks of one of the creeks having a strong flow of water.

Not far from it is a rancheria of gentiles, docile like the others we had met, who immediately after our arrival came with their trays of "pinol" and "pifones," and received from us a suitable return of beads. We called this rancheria San Pedro Amolano, so that the saint would aid these poor Indians to receive in time the baptism.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13, 1769.

After both of us had said mass in the presence of all, we left this place at about 8 o'clock in the morning by the same cañada which yet keeps on toward the southwest, widening out.



COMPOSED OF HUTS BUILT OF GRASS, RESEMBLING SOMEWHAT THE HALF OF AN ORANGE.

name of Los Santos Martires Hipolito y Cacicano. In the evening we felt the earth shake twice.

MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1769.

We started at 7:30 in the morning, together with three gentiles, who accompanied us for the purpose of serving as guides to the watering place. Traveling for about two and a half hours west-northwest, down the plain, we arrived at the ocean beach, where we came upon a real village, the most populous and best governed of all we had yet met with in our journey. This village is situated on a neck of land or point on the same beach over which it dominates, as if ruling the ocean. We counted thirty large and spacious houses of a spherical form, well-built, and thatched, with grass roofs. According to the number of people we saw and who came into our camp, there must be not less than four hundred souls. They are of good stature and gentle disposition, active, industrious and ingenious; their cleverness and skill is exceedingly great in the building of their boats, which are made of good pine boards, well-joined together, have graceful shape and are provided with two prows. These Indians are excellent sailors; three or four in one of those boats often venture far out to sea fishing. Some of these boats can hold ten men. They use long paddles and propel the boats with incredible swiftness. All the articles they manufacture are neat and well finished, and

during the night these Indians continued evoking shrill noises from their reed flutes or pipes, keeping us awake, and arousing the suspicions of the sentries on guard. I called this rancheria Santa Confundis.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1769.

We broke camp at about 6:30 this morning, and kept on the same western course, it being the direction which the beach here follows. At a distance of two leagues we came to a village larger than Asuncion, for we counted about sixty houses, well built and of the same shape as those of the first village we had come to. This village has a creek of sweet water running toward the sea, but before emptying it a small hill obstructs its course, forming thereby a large pool or lagoon. Toward the sea is no cultivable soil, the ground being only fit for building purposes. The hills in the neighborhood have good soil, and are well covered with pasture. I neither know if there are any other creeks farther up the ravines and gulches of the mountains, nor if there is any level ground in that direction. It is necessary to reconnoiter this locality, for if water and table lands exist, it would be a good site for a mission. The Indians are very gentle and kind; we noticed that they had seven canoes which were out on the ocean fishing. Camp had hardly been pitched when all the gentiles arrived to pay us a visit, bringing a great many broiled or baked fishes, so that we might

were just building a new one, the soldiers called this rancheria Carpinteria, and I baptized it San Roque. It is only about at a distance of one league from Santa Clara de Monte Talco. The gentiles brought us a still greater number of fresh, dried and broiled "bonitas" than we had been offered at any of the other rancherias. Opposite this place an island can be distinguished, but owing to the fog it is impossible to make out which one it is.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1769.

We broke camp at 7 o'clock in the morning, and kept on traveling over the same plain, near the beach and in a western direction. The captain of the rancheria which we had just left, as also the one of the village from which he had returned accompanied us, together with a large number of Indians, all in the happiest and gayest humor. After traveling for a league we came to the ruins of a rancheria, and the gentiles told us that about three months ago the Sierra Indians had come down and killed all the inhabitants. One league and a half further on we came to another ruined village, which had suffered the same misfortune. In this locality are a few springs which supply the rancherias with water. During today's journey of four hours we noticed bear tracks. After traveling four leagues we arrived at a large rancheria, far larger than any we had yet met, and situated near to a large neck of land projecting into the sea. We had some trouble near to the

rancheria, fording a big lagoon, which extends for quite a distance inland, and then went into camp at about a distance of two musket shots from the rancheria. Shortly after our arrival the Indians brought us a present of seven large bundles of fish, and we made them a suitable return in beads. In a little while the canoes which had been out fishing came back, and all the gentles, old and young, returned again to our camp with their gifts of fresh fish, of which alone we gathered about four muleloads. The five hundred generous donors of both sexes remained with us very nearly during the whole day. In the neighborhood of this rancheria is a spring of very good water, and near to the camp we found a large lake, which in all probability is not due to rain water, but to a spring feeding it in the center. On the tablelands of this locality are many and large evergreen oaks. We called this village "La Laguna de la Concepcion." On account of the fog no observation could be taken; from here the islands can be seen.

[To be Continued.]

THE PRESS.

What power is it that makes Today so great,
This new Tomorrow of old time so fair,
So different from its yesterdays which late
Have passed—and what has broadened so
Our Thought horizons? We clasp hands to-day,
Sunset with sunrise, and tonight we know
What Morning dreamed as cradled she did
lay
In the far East, in the red sunset's glow,
And when the day is young within the skies,
We read the whole world's story; heart to heart
The race stands; pulse answering pulse we rise
Girded for progress; we may not stand apart.
Nation from nation, man from his brother man,
And dream in silence of ideal things
And linger 'neath the old past's narrow span:
Today to us the vaster Real brings,
With noblest triumphs of Time's conqueror, Man,
O, friends, be glad! Dead ages serve Today,
And sleeping centuries lift their heavy lids
In wonder at the ever broadening sway
Of human thought. No hermits of high genius sit
Far from the world unheard of and apart
Like silent sphinxes with unopened lips,
With hungry longings of the world-crushed heart.
All the vast meaning of Today we see,
Nothing stands still, the age is full of life,
And at the helm our modern deity—
The press stands, Argus-eyed, watching life's strife.
Moulding the vastness of our modern age,
Showing how God hath ruled the world today—
The sum of life all told upon its page,
Gathering fresh wonders to be brooded on,
Telling the Marvels Science's hand hath wrought,
What black and hydra-headed crime hath done,
What blessings white-faced Purity hath brought;
How War hath fattened where once Peace had smiled,
How winds with dread cyclonic footsteps sped,
And mighty floods roared angrily and wild,
Bearing along a harvest of the dead;
And how the race moves forward to the goal,
Of higher life and larger liberty,
Staying with lightened hands the vast great whole
Of human want and human misery,
Through it we learn the greatness of today.
This day of progress which the nations tread,
On bolder wings it helps our hopes to fly,
Gives us the wisdom by whose help we may,
Shape the tomorrows of high destiny.
ELIZA A. OTIS.

"ALL VOTERS LOOK ALIKE TO ME."

"Why, Mr. Jones, oh how-did-do,
And how's your wife today?
Not very well? That's bad for you.
Good luck, old man. Good day."
"Hello, Smith, so pleased to see
That you're around once more.
Believe me when I say that we
Have missed you more and more."
"Ah, Dick, you really are alive,
Where have you been so long?
At the mines? Well, just you strive
You'll hit it, or I'm wrong."
"Say, Jack, old boy, you're looking well.
And do things come your way?
And, by the bye, can you now tell
How your ward stands today?"
And so he goes on down the street
With some remark to make
To every fellow he may meet.
He's very wide awake.
Who is he, this all-loving man,
Whose heart's so large and warm
That kindly words and smiles he can
Give to all men this morn?
Who is he? At the caucuses
His name you'll learn maybe,
And there's a wise old man who says,
"All voters look alike to me."

THE GOLD THAT BURNS.

HOW THE SAILORS OF OUR FLEET GET RID OF THEIR MONEY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE return of our victorious squadron from Cuba has created in New York a condition of affairs which requires a new reading of two homely saws to do it justice: "All Roads Lead to the Bowery" and "Jack and His Money Are Soon Parted" tell the story. Equipped with an enforced accumulation of four or five months' salary, the sailors of Sampson's and Schley's fleets are in full possession of that portion of the city dear to the blue jackets heart.

From the hour when the first liberty boat touched the dock at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, which, by the way, is in the opinion of Jack, only an intermediate station on the direct route to the Bowery, a new order of affairs have prevailed. It has been a dry and desolate season there since the late war dragged so many good customers away in haste. The Bowery, that famous stretch of coast upon which many a naval sailor has drifted to his undoing, and whose every cobblestone could give expert testimony in fights and frauds and midnight crimes, was as a summer resort in December.

The news that the sailor heroes were coming home again caused a wave of feverish activity throughout the Bowery, stores were rented and hastily fitted up with counter and shelves and array of glasses, barkeepers equally expert with corkscrew or club were engaged, and every preparation necessary to the luring of the sailor's dollars was made. Then a stillness settled over the famous street. It was the calm before the storm.

In India elephants are captured with the aid of tame pachyderms taught to act as decoys. Included in the salary list of more than one New York dive keeper are ex-man-of-war's-men whose duty it is to fraternize with Jack ashore and to persuade him to spend his money in their employer's resort. There are tricks in all trades, and the number of tricks used in the "profession" under discussion would fill a small book.

Nowadays, however, the sharks of the Bowery are compelled to play for small game as a rule. Within recent years it has been the custom to give every first-class man in the service his entire monthly salary with the exception of a sum equal to his month's wages, which is retained on the books. In the days of the old navy, Jack was compelled, perforce, to accumulate a large sum, as the law stated that he was to be paid each month only one-third of his monthly stipend, the balance being left to his credit. This naturally resulted in the paying of a crew at the end of a voyage in sums of generous proportions. To go ashore at the conclusion of the three-years' cruise with several hundred dollars, was the common thing a few years ago.

The gate of the Brooklyn navy yard was located formerly at the foot of York street, the central artery of one of the worst parts in the city. Small tradesmen lined the thoroughfare with their shops, but interspersed here and there, were ill-lighted, grimy saloons with worn-out furniture and a meager assortment of bottles. There generally lurked in these places several tough looking men and youths who sallied forth now and then in search of their legitimate prey, the naval blue jacket. If they found one and succeeded in dragging him into a saloon, doctored drinks and robbery and ill-treatment would be his portion.

When a warship was paid off at the expiration of a cruise, York street and its tributaries fairly swarmed with thugs, decoys and land sharks. Thefts and badgering became so frequent that finally more than one captain arranged to have his crew taken from the yard to New York City on a government tug. But this was a wasted precaution. In those days the brutal highway robbery of the navy yard's environments compared with the more subtle thievery of the Bowery as a lead pipe does with a jeweled dagger. Jack was ashore to be robbed, and he seldom escaped his destiny.

In '83 the corvette Nipsic reached the Brooklyn yard from a long cruise on the European station. In her crew was a seaman who had managed to gain the rating of chief quartermaster by strict attention to duty. His pay was \$35 a month, and he contrived to save \$30. On previous cruises he had been a spendthrift and a "fourth-class man" of the worst description, and this change surprised his shipmates. "What's up with Bill?" they asked. "He's either getting nutty, or else some widdy's got him in tow. He wouldn't draw any monthly money last time, and the pay clerk almost turned a fit. Bill will be in the asylum at Washington before long."

But Bill continued to save, and also to add to his income by making caps and fine mustering shirts for the less thrifty members of the crew. When the Nipsic was paid-off, the chief quartermaster stepped up to the table and

drew the tidy sum of \$1020. "I hope you will take care of that money, Calkins," spoke up the commanding officer, who was standing by watching the operation. "Better put it away in some safe bank and let it draw interest for your old age. Another cruise of the same—"

"Saving your pardon, cap'n, I ain't coming back," interrupted Bill, proudly. "I've had enough of the service, sir. I've got a little girl a-waitin' for me, and me and her are going to start a farm out on Long Island. I've been raising h—ll long enough, and now I'm going to raise something more respectable." Those of his shipmates within hearing grinned broadly. Bill as a farmer was the best joke of the cruise. As he went below to pack his black bag, he was the subject of much good-natured raillery. "Better steer a course by night, mate," advised the master-at-arms. "It's mighty bad cruising nowadays along York street." "Why don't you charter a canal boat to take you up to Hayseed Harbor?" said another shipmate with mock concern. "I'll help to smuggle you out of the ship after eight bells if you pass the word." "I'll lay you a double eagle you are knocking at the navy-yard gate before this time next week," was the ship's cook's comment, and at last Bill's ire was aroused.

"You blemed muddle-fingers don't seem to undersand the case, confound you," he shouted. "This ain't no sudden resolve, mates. When I got home from the China station last cruise I found that my little girl had growed almost into a woman. She was staying with her grandmother and it struck me it was near time I helped her along in the world. We talked it over, and I promised to save every penny and we'd start a little farm. I've saved the money, and I'm going to put that little girl beyond want, s'help me, if I don't. Good-by, fellers."

The Nipsic was put under repairs without going out of commission, and preparations for shipping a new crew were in operation when, one evening after 9 o'clock, a man limped up to the sentry at the York-street gate and demanded admittance. He was battered and bruised, a nondescript suit of ragged overalls clothed him, and he spoke in a taling, rambling way as if his mind was affected. "Want to ship," he whispered. "Got a big discharge and a ratin' of chief quartermaster. Got a little girl, too. Maybe I'll buy a farm fur her some day. We talked it over, and — say, want to go aboard the guardo and sign in. Had a terrible time 'shore and want to get back in service again. Lemme in, will you?"

"It's Bill Calkins," said the watchman to the marine. "The sharks got him after all. I heard he was paid off with a wad as big as your right leg. No use in talking, there are strings on the rum over in the Bowery, and you can't nohow resist 'em."

Bill was escorted to the receiving ship and permitted to sleep upon an old hammock mattress spread on the forward berthdeck. About eight bells (midnight) the sergeant of the guard and the mate, acting as the officer of the deck, attempted to rouse him. "Here's a telegram, Calkins," exclaimed the officer. "It's from your home and it says that your little girl is dead. Brace up, man. You must go at once."

"We talked it over, Millie and me," mumbled the form on the mattress. "It was a farm we decided on. I was to be cap'n and Millie was to be first luff. And we was going to raise—to raise garden truck and—"

When the Vandell was paid off after a cruise in the later '80's, a wiry little Irishman named Duffy, a fireman on board, left the ship with a cool \$300 in his "monk bag." He was ashore for a good time and he went to the Bowery to find it. That night he was found in a hallway, stripped of every cent, drugged and beaten. A policeman paid his car fare to the yard and he shipped at once. A week later, after he had rested up and recovered some of his usual good spirits, Duffy asked for his liberty, but it was denied him because he was in debt for his new outfit.

Shortly after midnight he slipped over the side to the dock by way of a mooring hawser and made his escape from the yard through the "swamp," as the land north of the marine barracks was called. There was just a touch of gray in the east when Duffy, hilarious and lurching, appeared on the dock again. He saluted the astonished sentry with a wave of his hand, staggered up the gangway and, as he stepped on board, his foot slipped and he fell prostrate on the edge of the quarterdeck. There was a loud jingling of coin and a vast number of dimes, nickels, quarters and half dollars fell from Duffy's pockets and rolled haphazard over the deck.

"Gather thim oop, me l'yes," he shouted proudly to the harbor watch which had hastened to his assistance. "It's all money av that haste av a thafe, Murphy, who kapes the gin mill

fornist the Bowery. Whoop! It's mel-silf as is square wid him." He subsided into a peaceful sleep in the "brig" and the mystery remained unsolved until the morning papers appeared with a scare-head article announcing that the saloon of one Michael Murphy on the Bowery had been entered during the night; that the cash drawer had been robbed of its contents, that Murphy himself had been set upon by the burglars and beaten insensible and that a sailor's knife lanyard had been found on the premises. A few detectives prowled around the yard for several days, but Duffy was kept under cover by his admiring shipmates, and the affair was finally forgotten.

If there is any excuse for roystering, the naval sailor has it. He is condemned to pass the greater part of his time on board a vessel much too small and cramped for the crew occupying it. He can seldom secure two consecutive days ashore, and if he should overstay his leave by so much as an hour he is punished by restriction. His life is monotonous enough in very truth, and when his country is at war, Jack is subject to a blockade duty that keeps him between the bulwarks for months and months. Small wonder that his moral balance tips over the scale.

One night recently, a man living on one of the side streets of New York, was awakened by a prodigious ringing of his front door bell. Glancing from a window, he saw the shadowy outlines of a man on the stoop working vigorously at the knob. "Hey, there, what's the matter?" called out the citizen. The figure swayed unsteadily, then in a husky voice muttered: "Get up, you ol' lubber! I've been (hic!) six months on board ship."

"What in the name of all that's wonderful do I care?"

"Thought I'd tell (hic!) ye. Humph! ye ain't got much interest in a Santiago hero."

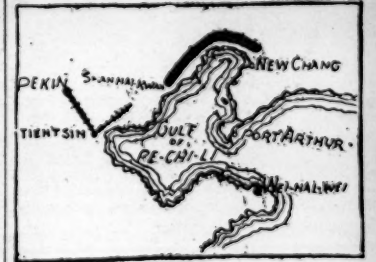
The sailor lurched up the next stoop and rang the bell. As the first citizen returned to bed he heard the Jack's voice proclaiming, "Whoop! been aboard ship for six (hic!) months. Rouse up there, ye stay-at-homes!"

Jack is a queer fish.

What the Trouble is About.

[Chicago News:] The heavy black line shows the route of the proposed railroad from Nieu-Chwang to Shanhai-Kwan, which British subjects have a concession from China to build, and which Russia says they shall not build. This line is a most important part of the railroad system now projected and developing in China.

At Nieu-Chwang the line will connect with the Manchurian Railroad, which is to connect China with the Trans-Siberian Railroad. At Shanhai-Kwan



It will be connected with Tien-Tsin by the railroad now building, as shown on the map. Contracts are now letting and material is being purchased for the railroad that is to join Tien-Tsin with the great valley of the Yangtze River. The disputed railroad is, therefore, a link in the great system that is to unite Siberia with the rich valley which is the chief field of China's productivity, and both Russia and England are bent upon having the exclusive control of this connecting link.

Statues of Mr. Gladstone.

There seems little likelihood that the national memorial to Mr. Gladstone will afford much opportunity to sculptors to show their power. The Parliamentary statue has been, not unreasonably, entrusted to Mr. Brock, and he is not likely to produce anything out of keeping with the other bronze figures of statesmen which adorn Parliament Square. The decision of the committee on the national memorial points also to statues which are to be erected in the capitals of England, Scotland and Ireland; while a fourth will be placed near the deceased statesman's old home. The question naturally arises, Is each of the four statues to be a replica of one selected by the committee, or is each city to have a word in the selection of the sculptor? In view of the unity of history, the former plan will be the least perplexing to future biographers. On the other hand, it would be a fine opportunity of obtaining an English, a Scotch, an Irish, and even a Welsh rendering of the statesman who labored so strenuously for each nationality; and it would be a graceful recognition of other than Academic claims to select sculptors of the country in which the statue is to be erected.

"Truthful James and the Klondiker" is the title of a new piece of verse which Bret Harte has just completed. Herbert Stone & Co. announce "In the Cage," a story of a telephone girl in London, by Henry James, who, it is stated, has treated his subject in a manner that will be a complete surprise to Mr. James's admirers.

CZAR NICHOLAS, THE PEACEMAKER

AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS AND HIS DREAM OF PEACE.

By a Special Contributor.

A SILENT, grave-faced young man of less than thirty years is the person who has just startled all the statesmen of Europe and America, too, with his remarkable project of realizing what people hitherto have been disposed to consider an eminently desirable thing, of course, but equally of course an idyllic and impossible dream—the disarmament of the civilized world; the formal institution of a universal and lasting peace. The name of Russia scarcely suggests peace and quiet to the rest of the

cepting at the call of absolute necessity. There his eldest son Nicholas lived the carefully-secluded, rigidly-directed life that monarchies at present require for the uprearing of rulers. The children of royalty are in general pretty well brought up. So, like his royal cousins at other courts of Europe, Nicholas had tutors in his own tongue, tutors in French, tutors in German, tutors in English, and learned to speak all four languages with equal facility. Latin and Greek they did not bother much about, but in modern science they gave him a good deal of drilling, and in the history of modern Europe he was carefully taught. He

dare to be proclaimed absolute lord in Russia.

The education of the young heir went on quietly, however. He read the "Lady of the Lake," with his other English reading, and read there how King James rode out from his castle amidst the shouts of nobles and commoners, all adoring him and all crying long life to him. And he flushed, it is told, and said after a minute, "I should like to be like that."

His father talked to him continually, and to the other children, about the horrors of war, and told them what terrible things he had seen in the campaign at Bulgaria, and said over and over, to impress it upon them, that war was horrible, beastly, that he prayed they might be "kept from ever seeing it, or ever drawing a sword." And so many things filled his mind that do not enter into the thoughts of most boys when they are growing up, along with many other things that are quite commonplace and universal.

When he was 18 he took his place in the army in the Preobrajensky regiment, which is the first regiment of Imperial Guards, and the military training school of every Tsarevitch in his turn. The tallest and handsomest men to be found always make up the first company of its first battalion, which is the Emperor's company, and there the Tsarevitch serves until he becomes commander of the regiment. Nicholas II made a good officer there, although he never showed a genius for arms, especially, not a strange thing when one considers the opinion of warfare that his father always did his utmost to instill into him. Still, he made himself thoroughly a master of military affairs, so that he was able at the recent review of his troops that Gen. Miles witnessed to look at every movement with thorough comprehension. "If a regiment pleased him," Gen. Miles says, "he called out in a strong voice: 'Well done, my men,' and immediately the troops to whom the remark was addressed answered, as if in one voice: 'We are glad to do our best for Your Majesty.'"

In 1891 the Tsarevitch, with four companies, undertook an Asiatic tour, partly that he might acquaint himself with that part of the world, so interesting in European politics, and partly in the hope of bettering his health. He visited India, China and Japan, and went home through his own vast territory of Siberia. In Japan he was attacked one afternoon by a policeman, a Japanese hater of foreigners, who did not wish him any harm personally, or object to his being the Tsarevitch, but recognized him as a foreigner merely, and tried to kill him for that. But for-

tunately Prince George of Greece, one of his traveling companions, was with him, and was able to deal the fanatic policeman such a mighty blow in turn that "he fell down fainting, and the Tsarevitch escaped any worse hurt than a couple of cuts on the head that went to the skull, but didn't go deeper, and didn't make him faint or lose his courage, or even lose his good spirits for an instant," says Prince George, writing of the matter in a letter to his father.

The eastern journey did what Alexander had hoped from it for the Tsarevitch Nicholas. It made him very much stronger physically, and beside that it gave him a great and personal interest in eastern politics, and in Siberia.

When he came home—he was 23 then—he began to take more share in public affairs than he ever had before. It was his father's wish that he should. The famine came, and a famine commission was appointed, with Nicholas as its president. That introduced him intimately, and painfully, too, to some of the problems of his realm, and brought him into close relations with some of its best and strongest men. He did his work well at that time, with earnestness, perseverance and wisdom. In the course of it he made visits to various European capitals, Berlin and Paris among them, and came home full of admiration for the wise administration of things in Germany, a sentiment that he expressed freely, much shocking his French-loving and German-hating Russian officers.

It is not quite four years since the young Emperor came to his throne. A few months before the death of Alexander a marriage was planned for Nicholas, with his second cousin, the Princess Alix of Darmstadt, like himself, one of the grand children of Queen Victoria. It is said that he did not take kindly to the suggestion at first, rather objecting to being disposed of in the arbitrary fashion that courts impose upon eldest sons. But he went to Germany dutifully, and to England, where the chosen Princess lived nearly as much of her time as at home in Germany. And presently, as he realized the grace and charm and beauty the Princess Alexandra Feodorovna, he began to think it was not likeable at all to be an obedient Prince, but an extremely desirable thing.

Obstacles appeared, however. The Princess was not of the orthodox church. The bigoted among those high in authority demanded that she should not only renounce, but anathematize her own religion, and that she could not consent to do. To renounce it she was willing; to be received into the



THE CZAR AS A BOY.

world. Nevertheless it is true that however that country has been embroiled during the last two reigns, its rulers have steadily worshiped peace, worked for it, given their voices for it, and firmly maintained it in Europe, so that perhaps it came to be a part of the family character to desire it. This was born in Nicholas II, and developed in him with the rest of his princely rearing. It is an interesting thing to remember just now, certain words spoken by Alexander II, the grandfather of the present Czar, just after the Crimean war had been ended, and the treaty of Paris signed.

"Russia had the ability to defend itself with energy for years, and I am convinced that whatever forces should be raised against it, it would be invincible on its own territory."

And the deputies of the national aristocracy, to whom he was speaking, held up their heads and were well pleased, for the national aristocracy delighted in war, then as now, finding in it more opportunity for proud advancement and gain than civil life yields, and objected, then as now, to having peace made. But Alexander spoke further:

"War," he said, "is an exceptional state of affairs, and the greatest results gained from it scarcely balance the evils which it brings in its train. It has interrupted the trade of the kingdom with the majority of the nations of Europe. Even on the supposition that fortune had remained as steadfastly on our side as it did in Asia, still the empire would have exhausted its resources by maintaining considerable armies at different places, and at the same time the greater part of the soldiers would have been withdrawn from agriculture and manufactures. Even in the government of Moscow, mills, machine shops, and factories had closed their doors. I prefer the actual prosperity of the arts of peace to the idle glory of battles."

While Alexander II reigned, his son, who was to be Alexander III, lived with his wife and his children in the very closest retirement in his own palace, scarcely going beyond its gates, ex-

read in the literature of all his four languages, and had his favorites in them all, Jules Verne and Robert Louis Stevenson, it is said, especially delighted him; in the French he read Victor Hugo and Lamartine, with perhaps the greatest pleasure, and of Englishmen he admired Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens the most.

He was a handsome, somewhat grave-looking boy then, bright, intelligent, manly in his bearing, most affectionate toward his family, and especially his mother, somewhat in awe of his father, frank and friendly in his manner, and of fun-loving spirits. But he was not robust in health, and they feared sometimes that he would not be equal physically to supporting the great strain that the rulership of a kingdom must be.

It was when he was 13 that there came the first tremendous event into his life. Alexander the Second was assassinated. Alexander the Third reigned over the Russias, and Nicholas, heir to the throne, probably began to realize in a terrible way one of the things it means to be Czar in Russia.

That grim realization it was not permitted him to forget during the fourteen years of his father's reign. The judgment of the world has been very far from unanimous concerning the character of Alexander II, and the things he did, and wished to do for his country, and the feelings of his own people for him were of just as widely varying kinds. Many worshiped him as the father of holy Russia, the head of her church, and therefore most holy in the eyes of all believers. Many saw in him only a bigot, trying by pitiless measures to kill other men's faiths, and compel them at whatever cost of lives and suffering, to the acceptance of his. Many appreciated his patient, toilsome devotion to duty, his honesty, his absolute truthfulness, his freedom from mere personal vanity, his real desire for the good of his realm, his firm stand through all of fourteen years for peace in Europe.

Many saw that he was the autocratic ruler of millions of men, and they hated him, and never allowed him to forget, that they killed his father, and wished to kill him, and wished to kill every person after him who should



NICHOLAS II, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

bosom of the orthodox Greek church she was ready, but anathematize it she could not.

Then came the illness of Alexander III. All Europe watched with anxiety. The man who had made himself known as the "Peacekeeper of Europe" was sick and near death at Livadia, in the Crimea. A young man of but 25 years was near the throne. Europe scarcely hoped that he, being young, perhaps hot-headed, probably not wise, would keep to his father's policy of peace. Even if he himself sympathized with it, he might not have the firmness to hold his Russian nobles to it, men of years and ambition.

One of the last official acts of Alexander III was to express his sympathy with a movement just then started in England for reducing the armaments of the world. Now, Europe thought, what Russia might do for that would be lost, and the whole movement would be thrown back years, for the loss of the autocratic lover of peace.

Russia watched with the deepest concern. The loyal sent up prayers, fervid with religious devotion, for the life of the father of Holy Russia. The Anarchists trembled and hoped for his death. Outside the borders of Russia, expatriated Nihilists held services of public thanksgiving, because a tyrant was about to go from the earth. Alexander, knowing that he was not to live longer, sent messages to the Princess Alix urging her with all the solemnity and force the moment could give, to yield to the demands of the Greek church. But instead its demands yielded. A settlement was reached, and without anathematizing her former faith, she was permitted to renounce it merely, and with that compliance be approved and accepted by the orthodox Greek church of Russia.

Meanwhile Nicholas changed from a boy, gay, care-free, laughing, joking, talking freely with other youngsters, to a man, grave, silent, thoughtful, conscious that upon him henceforth was the welfare of millions and millions of men. It is a thing that has changed many a boy to a man, to know that his father is dying, and to him is to come the care of his father's people, and the administration of his father's property. But when the people are 123,000,000, instead of one houseful, and the property is half Europe, and beyond the mountains a vast strip across Asia, and even to the shores of the Pacific, then there is sufficient reason why a boy should turn grave at the outlook, and think deep thoughts.

On a day in October of 1894, it ended, and began. Alexander III was dead, Nicholas II was Emperor and autocrat of all the Russias.

The manifestoes Nicholas issued at once gave evidence that he, too, would stand for peace. And they indicated, too, that he was disposed to govern himself and his realm by a policy more liberal than his father's. When his proclamation to the Finns displeased them in one particular he made haste to withdraw it, and modify it till it won their satisfaction. He has worked to improve the condition of the peasants of his vast country. He is trying to spread education among them. The great project of the Siberian Railway, of which he is president, interests him deeply. He seems to have entered earnestly upon a career of advancement and peaceful uplifting of his country.

Most of his doings since his accession have been rather quiet, however. Scarcely a month after his father died he was married, with the pomp and glitter that all the press of all the world described gorgeously. In May of 1896 there was a pageant still surpassing that, surpassing in magnificence anything the century has seen, when he and his beautiful young consort were crowned Emperor and Empress of all the Russias. Between those two great festival days, his first child was born, the heir to his dozen titles. In the months following his coronation he made a tour through Europe, visiting the several courts, saying little, but speaking with princely dignity and intelligence, manly appreciation. But the thing he has just done, in summoning the governments of the world to a peace conference, is the most important move he has yet made, the most suggestive, the most promising. For the man who has such plans in his mind when he is 30, and has reigned four years, can be expected to accomplish things worth while, if he lives to be 60, or 70, or 80, and has power for all that length of years.

When Nicholas II was in France, during his European tour two years ago, one visit he made was to the tomb of Napoleon. He went attended by his guards, but left them and went and stood alone by that simple and solemn tomb, with arms folded, quite motionless. And when he left it, and returned to his guards, he said no word of what he had been thinking. Perhaps it is destined that there shall be another Napoleon, who shall also make mighty conquests, and be remembered by the nations of the world, and perhaps his conquests shall be the victories of peace, subjugating the world to the dominion of that. But some people say it is utopian.

GERTRUDE HENDERSON.

It is said there are only five artists in the world who have succeeded in drawing good pictures of cats. They are the Japanese Hokusai, the Swiss Maud, the English Burbank, the French Lambert and the Dutch Mme. Renner. "Yellow Beauty," a cat story published by Laird & Lee, Chicago, is illustrated from pictures by Mme. Renner. The new edition is said to be most delightful as a gift book for children.

ENCOUNTER WITH URSA MAJOR.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN ONE OF THE SIERRA MADRE CANYONS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE bear is an animal for which I have always entertained a most profound respect, not exactly on account of his moral or intellectual characteristics, but because of his intensely interesting and impressive personality. Even when I see him in captivity behind the bars of a menagerie cage, I feel inclined to lift my hat to the royal brute and thank Providence that he has accorded us no closer acquaintance than that of a passing recognition at a safe distance, and with insurmountable obstacles between us which seem to whisper reassuringly "so near and yet so far."

Therefore when I took a week's lay-off and went hunting for the inoffensive denizens of Arastra Cañon a short time ago, it can well be imagined that, to use the language of the poet, "I had lost no bar," or at least, if I had lost one my transient ambition to pose as a nimrod had nothing to do with any anxiety to find him again. I must confess that as I traversed what seemed to me to be the hitherto unexplored recesses of that yawning rift in the rotundity of the earth's surface, I critically surveyed each tree and drew mental comparisons as to which would afford the best avenue of escape in case of an unexpected and perhaps impassioned interview with one of those monarchs of the mountains, and, although I had the repeated assurance from some of the residents in that "patch 'o woods" that no bears had been seen in the locality for several years, I felt that no prudent general should ignore the chances for a safe retreat in case of an unexpected surprise, and therefore prudently planned out my line of campaign in accordance with its possibilities if not its probabilities.

For a couple of days my partner and myself succeeded in exemplifying the uncertainty of life to numbers of the tree squirrels, rabbits and other unfortunately diminutive members of the animal creation, which find a precarious subsistence in that neighborhood, until the slaughter became monotonous. Stimulated by numerous deer tracks, whose clearly defined imprints appeared around the springs each morning, we made up our minds to extend our conquests to larger and nobler game, and accordingly on one bright, moonshiny morning we found ourselves stealing through the shadows of the mountains with that peculiar stealthiness of step and acuteness of sight and hearing, which a man naturally acquires from reading "The Last of the Mohicans" and other equally veracious treatises on the subject of deer-stalking.

For the first half mile our trip was comparatively uneventful, the deer having evidently postponed their morning draught until we had passed to a distance which would guarantee them a proper immunity from interruption. And I may say, by way of explanation, that the fact of the deer realizing our proximity was not attributable to any fault or want of precaution on our part, for beyond the cracking of dead underbrush which tripped us up in the most unexpected places, and the occasional clattering of a derelict gun which had parted company from its owner in a rapid and undignified descent over some invisible precipice, accompanied by a series of "cuss words" not loud but deep, which apparently issued from some cavernous orifice far down in the earth's anatomy our progress was as still as death.

The very catamounts and mountain lions refused to offer us the gaze of battle. In fact, we had already become imbued with that proud feeling of reassurance which is the natural offspring of a concatenation of bloodless victories, and which swells the bosom of the conqueror with the exalting feeling that he is "monarch of

all he surveys," when, on rounding a huge bluff that projected far into the cañon, we witnessed a sight that caused our hearts to beat with trip-hammer force and our hair to stand up with the stubborn rigidity of the prongs on a barbed-wire fence. There, "half-revealed and half-concealed" by the moonlight shining through the interstices in the foliage, we saw a huge bear, a giant of his species. He was sitting with his back toward us, but from the peculiar set of his ears, partially visible in the semi-obscurity, we felt that he was looking over his shoulder at us.

My valorous friend declared that he could hear the preliminary smacking of his chops in the possible anticipation of a delectable fricassee of guns pistols, hunting knives and frightened humanity, and as he had no particular ambition to become one of the leading elements in such a meal he hurriedly suggested that he should run for it. But where could we run to? Some parts of the cañon were as dark as hades, and it was full of rocks, pitfalls and underbrush, where his ursine majesty could easily overtake us and dine off us at his lordly leisure. The theory of retreat seemed to me to be entirely unfeasible, and with the inwardly-uttered prayer of "Good Lord, if you don't help me, don't help the bear!" I arrived at the desperate resolution to fight him to a finish on the comparatively open ground where we first observed him. In coming to this determination I do not wish to lay claim to any particular bravery, for I must admit that I was very far from being animated by that warlike feeling which stimulates the hero to plant his colors on the ramparts of his country's foe. On the contrary, it was merely a manifestation of that spirit which urges the hunted animal to turn on his pursuers and accept the issue of battle as its last chance for escape. And I will not attempt to delineate the feeling of trepidation with which I raised my double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot and advanced toward the ghoul-like-looking opponent who leisurely observed me from under the shadows of that live-oak tree.

"For God's sake, don't shoot!" croaked my companion in a voice almost inaudible with emotion, "the buckshot will only tickle him and make him feel like eatin' us without salt." But by that time I had taken my last look at "sun (or moon,) and tree and plain," and I seemed to be conscious only of the presence of two individuals on earth, the bear and myself, some one of which I realized had to "go under." The mountains had resolved themselves into impassable barriers, while the trees that I had favored with my observation had dwindled into mere saplings, which would only require a shake of the ursine paw to cause me to drop into the mouth of the beast like a ripe plum. In a spirit of deadly desperation I whispered:

"Hit him with a stone, John, and make him move so that I can give him both barrels behind the foreleg."

I will now do my partner the justice to say that at the critical moment he took heart of grace, although the uncertain wobbling of his gun barrels in my rear made it a matter of speculation as to who would be the ultimate recipient of their contents, and seeing that it was a clear case of "truce farewell and ruth begone," he did as directed. The next instant a gleaming piece of quartz, impelled with the nervous energy of a desperate arm, landed squarely in the center of the grewsome-looking object in front of us. But the monster never stirred. He just sat glaring at us with the same stolid indifference with which he had regarded our previous movements. His actions were directly contrary to the traditions of his forefathers. We had never heard or read of a bear deporting itself in such a manner under similar conditions, and as we cautiously closed in on him, we felt that he must surely be sick or out of training.

Desperately, doggedly, determinedly, we descended on him with weapons ex-

tended and eyes and ears on the alert. At intervals we stopped to "size up" the beast and relieve our eyes from their ferocious straining over the gun barrels until, when almost touching it, we simultaneously burst into a shout of wild laughter. It was not an ordinary ebullition of mirthfulness, but a hoarse, enthusiastic howl of relief whose unearthly resonance will, I have no doubt, preclude the possibility of shooting deer in that vicinity for some time to come. After all our deadly excitement and the tremendous strain on our nervous energies, the confounded thing resolved itself into an old dilapidated pine-tree stump, and waving all the eclat consequent upon a victory over a genuine bear, I will candidly admit that there was no trace of any other emotion in our breasts than that of self-congratulation when we made the discovery. We went through every motion and experienced every sensation of a bear fight, except the running and the climbing of the trees; and I may say to any inexperienced sportsman or any parlor bear fighter that he can have his nerve thoroughly tested in a similar manner by shouldering his gun on some moonlight night and betaking himself to the wilds of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

JOHN WILSON.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

When the history of the Spanish-American war is written the name of Helen Gould will stand by that of Clara Barton.

Frau Dannenberg, a talented portrait painter, has committed suicide in Berlin because, it is said, she could get no news of her son, who fought with the American army in Cuba.

Mrs. McFie is known throughout New Mexico for her public spirit. She removed thither from St. Louis in 1884 and is the wife of John R. McFie, who is now one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the Territory.

Now that Hawaii has been annexed, the Queen Dowager Kapiolani is suing her two nephews for property in Honolulu worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, which she had previously deeded to them, while another report is to the effect that the ex-Queen is going back to the islands to live.

For the first time in the American army, a woman was appointed a member of the medical staff. Dr. Anita Newcombe McGee, wife of Prof. W. J. McGee of Washington, D. C., and a daughter of Prof. Simon Newcombe, formerly of the naval observatory. She was regularly sworn in as an acting assistant surgeon. This, according to Secretary Alger's general order, would entitle her to the uniform of a second lieutenant, without designation of rank. It is not likely, however, that Dr. McGee will avail herself of this privilege. The appointment, while a novelty from a technical standpoint, is not the beginning of Dr. McGee's service with the War Department. Throughout the war she has been in charge of the selection of the women nurses and of 700 or more now in the field most of them have passed muster at her hands.

Wichita, Kan., has the distinction of having as a citizen a dressmaker who is a cousin of Admiral Camara, and Wichita is proud of her, too. She is Mrs. Henrietta Victoria Isabella Wilhelmna Marty Boyle Campbell. Wichita is also very proud of her name, because, as a rule, people in Wichita don't have many names. Mrs. Campbell's mother was a sister of Admiral Camara's father. Her father was of Scotch descent and was named Campbell. She was born at Granada, Spain, where the best-known members of the Camara family live. Mrs. Campbell's father had large interests in America, and she was educated here. Her father died when she was quite young, and her mother had arranged for her to marry a Spanish cousin, but she eloped with a young Pennsylvanian. Her mother disinherited her, and very soon her young husband died. She married again, but obtained a divorce and the restoration of her maiden name. Her mother has never communicated with her since their separation, and lives in Spain with her Spanish relatives. The daughter is described as handsome, a first-class dressmaker, and a thorough-going American.

Schilling's Best

baking powder saves money.

Schilling's Best coffee does not;

but it is delicious coffee.

SECRET OF THE PAINTED CAVE.

HOW THREE BOYS TESTED THE LEGEND OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

By a Special Contributor.

THREE boys lay at full length on the warm sand. Sometimes they watched the *marqueses* careening against the blue of the sky; sometimes the great black ravens wheeling aloft, but oftener the round, dog-like heads of the seals in the breakers.

One week of delight had passed; another lay before them of idling and fishing and exploring among the natural wonders of the island shore.

Dick Allen raised to his elbow, and rubbed the sand from his red hair. "I move we go fishing," he said suddenly.

"I move we don't go fishing," yawned Kingsley Wood, pulling his sombrero down over his peeling nose.

"That's it, King! Go to sleep. Have a nice little nappy. No! He needn't go fishing if he doesn't want to," drawled Dick.

King hurled a handful of wet sand into his mouth.

Pedro Cuesta turned his great Spanish eyes upon the two meditatively. "I thought we were going to the Painted Cave Friday. This is Friday," he said.

Dick sprang to his feet. "Jolly rat, tlesnakes! So it is!" He at once kicked King up. "Quarter to 10. Time yet," With a whoop that sent the gulls and seals out to sea, and the ravens, caw-cawing over the cliff, he disappeared into the tent, which was pitched in a big beach cave, in search of torches and fishing tackle. In ten minutes they were rowing through the grand rock archway that led from the cave to the open channel.

"There's some sea yarn about the Painted Cave," said King, catching up a pink jellyfish in his hand from the water.

"I don't know about its being a sailor's story; but there is a Spanish legend about it," said Pedro with an air of mystery.

"Let's have it. The Spanish legend—the Castilian ghost story! Señor Cuesta has the floor—what there is," clamored Dick, with a flourish that nearly upset the boat.

Pedro hesitated. Dick's absurdities always startled him. "The story is something like this," he began slowly. "The Spanish ships, under Cabrillo, in cruising about these waters in 1542, landed first on Santa Cruz. The navigator was delighted with the beauty of the shore, and the simple hospitality of the natives. The sea caves especially interested him. He was so deeply impressed with the grandeur of the Painted Cave, that he requested to be buried there, as the native Indians were, in the great, dark chambers of the cavern."

"Queer old chap to want to be buried like a savage," said Dick, a tell-tale twinkle in his eye.

"Sh—," warned King.

"The Spaniards afterward visited all the islands of the group, and strangely enough, while on San Miguel, Cabrillo was wounded in an encounter with a sea lion, while trying to trap him, and afterward died from the injury. True to their commander's request his men brought his body to Santa Cruz and with his sword in his hand, he was buried in the Painted Cave." Pedro paused with his eyes fixed on the horizon.

"That's great, Pedro! Is that all?"

"Well—except there is a story that the old navigator's ghost wanders about the cave, and when the seals come far into hidden galleries, once a year, to rear their young, he takes his sword and goes forth to slay all he can lay hands on, in vengeance for the one that caused his death."

Just then the boat shot suddenly into a narrow passage between two great jawlike projections of rock, and a wave of cold air struck their faces—the echoing roar of seal-lions sounded from the distance, and the next moment they came out at the mouth of an immense cave. They were silent a moment before the majesty of the great entrance.

"Is this it?" said King, under his breath.

"Must be," said Pedro. Dick pulled up the torches and examined his match box.

"Feels like ghosts already," King shivered visibly, and hugged himself.

"Oh, you are such a scarey wretch, King," said Dick with his usual spirit. "Three cheers for the Painted Cave and a tiger for Cabrillo's ghost!" he shouted wildly.

"Be still! Caramba! You will scare up the seals." Pedro clutched at him and shook him fiercely.

The boat glided under a succession of lofty arches like those of a vast gothic cathedral. The entire visible interior was brilliant with natural frescoes in lovely reds and yellows and greens. The water under the boat was amber-hued and startlingly clear.

The bellowing suddenly became louder and big black heads popped up about the boat. A dark object fell into the water almost upon them.

"Jupiter! boys! Look up!" cried King.

The rocks were alive with seals lying stretched on the deep shelf-like projections directly overhead.

"Come on! Let's get out of this," said King, appealingly.

"Turn tail! Not much!" cried Dick firmly. "The seals are all right."

"Might swamp the boat," wavered Pedro.

"Oh, go on; make for the next arch. Quick!"

But the decision was not left to them, for just then two or three big seals swam under the boat in their mad rush for the low arch ahead, and it was swept with terrific violence against the rocks.

Dick fell headlong from the boat and struggled blindly in the black water, jostled by the soft bodies of the seals. When he came to the surface he found he had cleared the arch, and by a dim ray of light hundreds of feet above he saw that he was in a little bay, filled with rocky inlets and walled in by sheer precipices. He climbed to the nearest rock and tried to listen, but the barking and roaring of the seals deafened him. Presently he thought he heard voices.

"Hello, Dick! Oh, Dick! Hello there!"

"Hello!" I'm all right," he called back. "How about you?"

"We're here; come on out."

"Can't do it; too many seals." The terrified creatures were now swimming wildly out through the arch again. "It's great in here. I have a scheme. You go out and wait till low tide, then come back for me. I'll just take a look around. Maybe I'll locate Cabrillo."

"Sure you're all right?" shouted Pedro.

"Yes, go on. Be low tide in four or five hours. Don't forget to come back."

"We'll be here sure. Good-by. Good-by."

The cave echoed and reechoed "good-by," and Dick shuddered a little in spite of himself.

Looking carefully about, he saw, in the faint light, two openings at the other side of the semi-circle. Picking his way around he found them to lead away into separate vast galleries. One was filled with dark churning water, the other was dry, and there seemed no sound whatever to come from it. He stooped down and crawled through the jagged entrance. As in the other cave, there was a dim nebular light, high up and far ahead.

Presently the footing began to rise, and became quite steep. Dick soon became accustomed to the rough footing, and clambered in with no thought of the rocks below. All of a sudden his feet flew from under him, and he fell out onto a shiny moist slab of rock with neither hand nor foothold, and in an instant he was dashing down it, spread flat on his back. In an instant more he plunged with a mighty splash into deep salt water. He rose to the surface dazed and faint, and had not blinked the water from his eyes when a pealing burst of sound came from an unseen spot near by. It was the roar of the seals. He found he was in a great pool, and he swam frantically for a ledge on one side at the base of a sheer wall of rock, and scrambled up.

He sat there, trying to think. In a few moments he imagined he heard another sound than the roar of the seals; a faint tink-tink of metal, striking against rock. It certainly was coming nearer. All at once Pedro's legend flashed through his brain. "Cabrillo rose and with his sword went forth to slay the seals in vengeance of his death." Tink-tink-tink came the unearthly noise. Dick's hair began to rise. He could feel it. A suffocating sensation came over him. The dreadful gloom of the place seemed to be crushing him down like a weight. He sprang behind a boulder, straining every nerve to listen. Suddenly, through a rift in the rock his eyes caught a red gleam, and he saw—not a ghastly shape with a sword, but the bent form of an old Chinaman with a lantern, gliding along in his noiseless shoes, the long bar in his hand striking the rock as he picked his way.

Over his shoulder he carried a cluster of small dark bundles which bobbed as he walked.

"Opium! Opium smugglers! Holy snakes!" gasped Dick scarcely breathing.

"Better'n ghosts, a little bit, but don't know's I relish being corked up in here with a heathen Chinese, either!" Still the old fellow crept on and seemed to be coming straight for Dick's boulder. The lantern glared up in the wizen face, and made it ghastly and hideous. All at once he stopped, not twenty feet away, and put down his bundles, and to Dick's amazement he pushed, with apparent ease, a great stone from the smooth wall of rock. The light showed a small room-like space beyond, with dozens of the round dingy looking bundles piled about.

The old man entered and began carefully rearranging the rolls. Dick's eyes followed every move with breath-

less fascination. A new thought whirled in his brain.

Only lately he had seen in the San Francisco Index a notice of \$500 reward for the capture of Chinese smugglers on the southern coast. That this man was one of the gang he had no doubt.

Could he watch his chance and roll back the stone, and trap him? The old fellow dropped to his knees, and began crawling back into the hole, and almost disappeared.

Dick's mind was made up. He crept out, and with a desperate effort he shoved the stone toward the entrance. It grated harshly, and the man scrambled to his feet with a sharp cry. One last frantic push and the boulder crashed against the black wall. In another instant the Chinaman threw his weight against it from the inside and began pushing with superhuman strength, wailing and shrieking like one possessed.

It was not simply a question of endurance. Dick was young and the Chinaman was old. That was the only thing in Dick's favor, for he soon found the man was a full match for him.

For what seemed hours, the struggle went on. At last Dick thought the pressure seemed less, and gradually the cries changed to a low, fierce mumbling, and then ceased.

He waited a few moments, then with mad haste began piling loose stones against the boulder. With another howl of terror the Chinaman began anew the furious beating of his prison wall, but it did not yield.

Pulling out his watch, Dick found that it was already past 2 o'clock. It was time for the boys to come back. Hurrying along, he came all at once to a rope, hanging down. He found it led to a small opening far above, and he decided to pull himself up, and locate the spot before going further. He came out almost at the brink of a high cliff, on the shore, and the breakers seemed to thunder directly beneath him. A scrub oak stood near the opening, the only tree for miles around. A great raven bent a wrathful yellow eye upon him from the branches, and went flapping off. The sound startled Dick and he fell back on the rope and hastily descended to the cave again.

He retraced his steps quite rapidly and soon he could hear the welcome rush and back flow of the surf at the low arch.

King and Pedro sat perched on the rocks, waiting, in the semi-darkness. They motioned him to be still, so as not to arouse the seals. He jumped into the boat with the wildest gesticulations and grimaces—and during the time they rowed in silence out through the darkness of the main cave, and on to the bright sea, he nearly burst with holding in his secret.

But when it was all told at last, the others sat and glared at him in rankest disbelief.

"Quite a pretty little story," said King sweetly. "It's the ghost! Holy Saints! He'll be on your track now, Dick," said Pedro, solemnly. "It's plain you're cracked," resumed King placidly, with peeling nose uplifted. Dick's face blazed.

"See here! What you giving us! Pretty way to act, when a fellow's been through the infernal regions, and come back to the bosom of his family! Next time I go hunting up your musty old Spanish spooks you'll know it!" His words fairly popped from him.

"O come on Dick!" said King in a changed tone. "Don't fire up. You are a plucky kid. Nobody's said you weren't. What I want to know is, what you're going to do with your big game. But there's a whole nest of 'em round here." He glanced about uneasily. Dick's face beamed again.

"Course! The woods are full of 'em! When we get ashore my idea is to cut across the hills to the ranch-house and get some men to help us bring the old scamp out. Hurrah for smugglers!" he yelled.

"Sh—; be still. Some of them might hear," whispered King.

"Put him out of the boat, King" laughed Pedro.

When the three boys came up to the little settlement of ranch buildings, even miles from their camp, John Fergis, the foreman, came out to meet them. "I'm blowed if ye ain't a plucky one! Ye'll do!" he said, approvingly, bringing his big hand down with a slap on Dick's back, when he had heard their story. "I'll have the men saddle up and we'll fish the old China devil out before dark." With a loud laugh he turned toward the barns to order the horses. In ten minutes they were all mounted, three Mexican vaqueros following, with an extra horse for the Chinaman. The sun was almost down, and the evening was crisp and clear. The mustangs were fresh, and "loped" over the rough trails with unerring speed.

Little groups of sheep grazed here and there, and scattered in fright as they passed, and now and then a horse or a steer bounded out of sight. Once a wild boar started up from a rock and plunged ahead of them for quite a distance.

In an incredibly short time they passed the camp and came in sight of the solitary oak on the cliff at the opening of the cave.

Hurrying eagerly ahead, Dick found the rope was gone.

"Guess they've got the best of us after all," he said, crestfallen, as the others came up. King began to laugh. "What you young scots mean, draggin' me off here for nothin'?" cried John Fergis, angrily. "Don't get mad!" said Dick,

warmly. "I'm going down. Hand me that rope, please."

A Mexican untied a long rope from the extra saddle, and Dick hastily fastened it to the tree trunk. "Here, Ken, take this along," said the foreman, softening, as he handed him a pistol from his own belt. A small lantern was also untied and passed to him.

"I'm going down after you," said Pedro as Dick let himself off into the hole.

The big pool looked frightfully deep and black in the glare of the lantern, and Dick's knees shook in spite of him as he touched the rock. Very cautiously he peered ahead.

Both the boulder and the loose stones were dragged from the entrance of the opium trap.

Dick held the light inside. There, apparently dead, lay the old Chinaman, and not one of the round bundles was to be seen. Pedro came up feeling his way along.

"Sainted Mary!" he cried, "The old heathen's dead!" King peered in.

"Don't think much of his friends. Might at least have dropped him into the water. Where's the opium?" he said. But Dick did not hear. He stood gazing in horror at the motionless form. What if he had killed this man. Smothered him! Murdered him! The thought dazed him. "Maybe whisky would wake him up," Pedro said. Dick roused suddenly and overcome a feeling of revulsion, bent close over the man for a moment.

"He's alive! Thank God!" The words rang and echoed through the cave. The others came down, but even the fiery contents of John Fergis's whisky flask did not rouse the old smuggler, and after an hour's watching it was decided to take him to the camp. The poor limp figure was pulled to the bank, and then mounted before one of the vaqueros, and the strange procession wound down the cove. "You ken keep a couple of the men here over night," said John Fergis. "Might come in handy in case more of these chaps is foolin' round."

"How about our horses?" said Dick. "O you better tie 'em up to the rocks. If the old party comes to, you ken pack him up and bring him over to the house. We'll board him till a steamer's in."

Spurring his horse he rode up the hill, followed by the other vaquero.

A big fire was built and the Chinaman placed near it on the sand. All night the boys took turns watching.

Near daybreak, at the sound of the awakening seals, the old man opened his wild, bleary eyes and gasped in terror. As he revived more he was almost beside himself with anger and fear.

"You letty me go! You letty me go! Me go topside boat! You no letty go me heap killy you!"

He threw his arms weakly out on the sand, and raved on in his own weird tongue.

"You go San Francisco bimeby. Heap good boat. Nobody hurt you. You go San Francisco heap good boat."

Dick repeated the soothing assurance again and again and presently the wild eyes closed in a deep sleep.

There was great excitement in San Francisco over the capture of a smuggler on Santa Cruz Island. The Index appeared with large pictures of the three heroes, and long articles of lavish praise.

The old Chinaman was induced to divulge many valuable secrets which led to the arrest of the whole gang, and the reward was promptly paid to Dick Allen. But in his presence King and Pedro always allude to the smuggler as Cabrillo's ghost.

ISABEL M. AUSTIN.

The London Library, an exceedingly prosperous institution, has a rare and noble distinction in assisting the work of scholars. Any literary man who subscribes \$15 a year may borrow ten standard works at one time for two months of private study at home, and this privilege includes books of great cost and rarity.

IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

God of the Battle, in whose sight
The soldier dies to guard the Right,
Or faces death, and still survives
To learn the day's dread sacrifice;
Lord of the living and the dead,
By Thee alone are victors led.

Crowned with the laurel wreath today,
Our heroes watch on shore and bay,
The battle fought, the battle won,
The warrior's rest at set of sun.
Lord of the living and the dead,
By Thee alone are victors led.

Glory and praise attend the hour
Illumined by a Nation's power,
And each brave deed, in life creates
A nobler fellowship of States.
Lord of the living and the dead,
By Thee alone are victors led.

God of the Past, the work approve,
As onward all earth's forces move;
Through life, through death, make clear the plan
That brings to pass Thy will for man,
Lord of the living and the dead,
By Thee alone are victors led.

The cannon and the sword thrust cease,
Comrades in arms will find release,
But conflict cannot end 'till we
Stand in the larger light with Thee.
Father, in memory of the dead,
This light upon Thy people shed.

MARY M. ADAMS.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Collected for The Times.

1h: Judge's Luck.

AN AMUSING story, in which the tables were cleverly turned, dates from the war between the North and South. The hero of it was the late Judge Kilgore. While serving in the army he was ordered home to assist in the capture of some deserters. One evening he was pursuing his search in the country, suffering from weariness and hunger—especially hunger.

About dusk he stopped at a house by the wayside in time to see a woman removing from the fire a nicely-broiled chicken. The smell of the food joined forces with his hunger, and he drew from his pocket a Mexican dollar with which he was loath to part. It looked as if he would not have to part with it now, for the woman refused to sell the fowl, declaring it to be for a sick friend.

"I'll jump you for it, though," she said.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the officer.

"I mean that we will see who can jump the farthest in time to see a woman removing from the fire a nicely-broiled chicken. The smell of the food joined forces with his hunger, and he drew from his pocket a Mexican dollar with which he was loath to part. It looked as if he would not have to part with it now, for the woman refused to sell the fowl, declaring it to be for a sick friend."

The hungry officer agreed. The dollar was placed on the dish with the chicken, the gun rested against the wall near the door and the stranger swung his arms and made a tremendous leap.

He recovered himself with difficulty and turned to see the woman standing in the doorway, his gun cocked in her hands with its butt against her shoulder. Her finger was on the trigger.

"Now, you just flit the gravel down that road, young man, or I'll make buzzards' food of you," she ejaculated.

There was a determination in her eye, and ball in the gun. The soldier obeyed her commands with impotent rage in his heart.

Darkness had fallen in the mean time. The soldier spied a gin-house over in a field, and made for it. He was tired out, and was thankful to climb into the loft and sleep. Presently he was awakened by voices below. One, a female voice, was telling a story of a disappointed soldier and a long jump. In that voice the officer recognized his acquaintance of the evening. As she told of his discomfiture peal after peal of laughter bore witness to the humorous character of the story.

The pair below were much engrossed in each other. The soldier peered down through a hole in the floor, and beheld the chicken and the Mexican dollar full in view. The tallow dip that lighted the interior showed him his gun also.

Just as the man below drew the dish toward him to partake of the chicken a big object tumbled through the hole in the floor, and before the pair could recover from their astonishment the soldier had recovered his gun. Now the tables were turned. Bringing the gun into position he addressed the woman. "Madame," he said, "you flit the gravel back home. As for this gentleman, he and I will flit the gravel to the office of the provost marshal, for he is the deserter after whom I have been searching for a week."

Resistance was useless. The woman went home. The soldier recovered his dollar, ate the chicken and delivered his prisoner to the provost marshal.—[Youth's Companion.]

Social Equality.

A DELEGATE from the far West to the recent educational convention told an incident that happened to him some years ago, when he was making a trip on a pioneer stage. All one-half the first day he sat beside the driver and endeavored to engage him in conversation. The driver was not to be engaged. He was not exactly surly, but he was cold. He was distant; he wouldn't talk, and he evidently didn't care to be talked to. The stage stopped for dinner at a little eating-house, and when it rolled away again the driver seemed like another man. He talked, he told stories, he was the soul of affability. Later he explained the matter to the teacher. "I didn't take a shine to you nchow this morning," he said, "I thought you was one of these here psalm-singing gospel fellows, and I ain't got no use for that kind. But when I see you setting there and a-eating pie with a fork I changed my mind. I knowed right away you was a gambler."—[New York Tribune.]

Good One on "Teddy."

THE colonel of the Rough Riders once attempted to teach a class in Sunday-school in the Episcopal church. He was not proficient in all the details of the form of worship, and his shortcomings attracted the attention of the superintendent. After the school had been dismissed the superintendent spoke to Teacher Roosevelt about his failure to make the proper responses to certain portions of the service.

"You should bow the head when the

name of the Lord is read aloud! That is very important," said the superintendent.

"Is that a part of the service?" Roosevelt asked.

"It is."

"All right, I'll try to do anything required in the service. I'll stand on my head if you say I ought to."

The superintendent was so shocked by such language that he reported the matter to the sessions, and on the following Sunday Roosevelt's class had a new teacher.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Curly-haired Jurors not Liked.

IT IS not generally known that there is a prejudice against curly-haired men when it comes to choosing a jury to try criminal cases. The prejudice, when it is manifested, comes from the defense. When asked to explain the objection to curly-haired men, a prominent barrister recently said:

"When I was just starting my legal mentor inculcated that idea in me. He said that curly-haired men had almost invariably been the pampered darlings of their parents, and in their youth had been so used to having their own way that they had come to believe that everybody on earth was wrong except themselves."

"In this way the seeds of opposition are sown, and when they grow older they make it a point to disagree with everybody and everything. If everybody else on the jury votes for acquittal, they vote for conviction, as a matter of course. They are as stubborn as the days are long."

"A curly-haired man never gets on the jury when I am defending a man if I can see him in time."—[Pearson's Weekly.]

Schley's Unfought Battle.

HERE is an incident which shows more clearly than anything else just what the navy is ready to do and how delicately balanced is the chip on the shoulders of our sea fighters. When Schley had enriched our history on July 3 and every ship in these waters under the royal banner of Castile had been shattered, he was sailing east to resume station before Santiago. Word came to him that the Pelayo, pride of the Spanish navy, had reached the Caribbean, and he was directed to engage her as soon as found. To naval experts the suggestion that a cruiser fight a battleship is insanity gone mad, but nevertheless the Brooklyn started on her errand.

Near Santiago a battleship was sighted, heavily armored and turreted, but at such a distance that her colors could not be distinguished under the glass. Toward her the Brooklyn started. Commander Schley and Capt. Cook stood on the forward bridge as the big cruiser fairly leaped forward to give battle.

"She is white—an unusual thing in war time," said the commodore, watching the stranger through his glass. "I don't believe she is Spanish," he remarked a moment later, and then, consulting the picture of a sister ship to the Pelayo, suddenly exclaimed: "By jove! It is the Pelayo, after all!"

"On the signal bridge!" shouted Capt. Cook. "Can you make out her colors?" "Not yet, sir," came the answer, followed a moment after by: "We have raised her colors, sir, and she is Spanish."

"Send your men to quarters, Cook," said the commodore, "and start an eight-inch shell for her when I give the word."

On went the Brooklyn, fast closing the distance between herself and the stranger—a big battleship of modern type and with her flag at two stripes of red on each side of yellow, as it appeared, and the crown in proper place.

The bugle sung "To quarters!" and the men, although they had been fighting all morning, rushed to their guns with a cheer. For a moment the commodore hesitated. "On the signal bridge!" he called. "Are you certain the stranger is a Spaniard?"

"Certainly, sir," was the reply. "I can see her colors distinctly."

The commodore had his glasses on the battleship. Turning to the captain of his ship he said: "Cook, that fellow is not at quarters. His guns are turned away from us. He is not up to snuff. Watch him closely, and the moment he sends his men to quarters or moves a turret, let drive. Give him everything you have. We will sink him in twenty minutes, unless he gets a shot under our belt."

Just then the officer on the bridge reported that the battleship was signaling with the international code, and soon translated the message: "This is an Austrian battleship."

Half an hour later the commander of the Maria Theresa (Austrian) was seated in Commodore Schley's cabin.

"If you had sent your men to quarters or moved a turret I should have raked you; it was a narrow escape," said the commodore, during the conversation. "Your flag is so like Spain's, saving that you have a white stripe

where she had a yellow, that it is hard to tell them apart at any considerable distance, and I came very near letting drive at you."

"We know that," returned the Austrian, "and we were very much worried. We signalled long before you answered. We had no wish to be troubled. We have seen the wrecks along the coast. But," he inquired as he rose to leave, "do you send cruisers to meet battleships?"

The commodore smiled as he answered: "We always make a fight with the first ship we have at hand. We never wait because we are outrated. We try to win with what we have."

"You Americans are very remarkable," said the Austrian, as he went over the side to his boat.—[Henry Barratt Chamberlin in Chicago Record.]

How He Resented.

"LOOKY YERE," said the old colored man, as he stepped inside the door, "do dat oldest boy er mine wuck foh you?"

"Is that oldest boy of yours named Hannibal?" asked the man who was working in his shirt sleeves.

"Yessuh. De people whah my wife wuh wuckin' named 'im aftuh whut I un'stan's is a vey fine family er white folks."

"Well, he's been employed here."

"Does I un'stan' him correctly when he says dat dis aftuhnoon you don call 'im a donkey?"

"I believe I said something of the kind."

"I hopes dat in de light o' second thought you isn' gwinstan stan' by dat ar comparison."

"I don't see why it makes much difference."

"Dah is limits ter patience. An' I ain' gwinter hab no slander goin' around whah I's interested. You musn't call dat boy no donkey. I's got er donkey. He doesn't chew terbacker ner drink blackberry an' gin, ner go ter sleep when he orter be workin'. An' when de watermillions is missin' 'um somebody's patch in de neighborhood, dey doesn't come aroun' dat donkey's manger lookin' foh rinds. He doesn't complain 'bout de vittles ner make fun er folks dat's older an' mo' sensible dan he is. An' when you want 'im, you knows whah ter find 'im, an' you doesn't nebbber lay awake o' nights skyah't foh fear 'is name'll be in de mornin' paper. I's de father of de boy, an' de owner of de donkey, an' I's hyuh ter see dat justice is did. Don't you call dat boy no donkey."

Wonderful "Experience."

CITIZENS of Oak Park have been quite stirred up lately by a mysterious legend that appeared on the barn of John Farson, one of its millionaire residents. The barn is one of the new circular buildings of modern pattern, such as might be expected as a companion piece to a new house of great elegance, and the writing on the wall took the shape of this announcement:

The Home of
Experience.

"Who was Experience?" was the question that exercised the curiosity of everybody who read that sign. At last a delegation of citizens waited on Mr. Farson, and after delicately feeling their way, informed him of their mission and flatly propounded the conundrum, "Who is Experience?"

There was a god laugh all around when Mr. Farson answered in his customary genial way:

"Experience? Why, she's our cow."—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

Jealous of a Seal.

A NAVAL officer has made President Faure, since he went to stay at Havre, a present of a seal. It had been caught young, and was taught to say "papa," "mamma" and other words rich in labiales. The President's eldest grandchild paid the seal the compliment of calling it Nicholas, after his grandfather's best friend. He found in the seal a playmate. But there is a baby grandchild in the Presidential family. Nicholas became furiously jealous of it, and behaved so badly that he was tried, convicted and sent back to sea, notwithstanding his unequal accomplishments, imperial name and the high company he kept. He was delighted to find himself again in salt water. Young Berge refused to be comforted until a promise was made to take him to see the other Nicholas in his capital.

Quaker Dialect.

A GENTLEMAN who was traveling recently near Chester, Pa., came across a farmer whom he took to be a Quaker, and determined to please him by talking to him in the Quaker dialect. As he told the story afterward, this is how he succeeded:

"How do thee do, sir? Is—that is—are thee meditating?" If he was delighted he controlled his emotion admirably. All he did was to gape and inquire: "Hey?"

"The fields, the birds, the flowers," I pleasantly pursued, "are enough to bring thou dreams—I mean dreams to thou."

"He was looking at me now, and critically. I felt that my syntax had

been idiotic instead of idiomatic; so, wiping the sweat from my brow and hat, I eyed him calmly and observed: "Those cows, are they thy's—or thee's—that is, thou's—durn't I mean thine's?"

"It was unfortunate. He crawled down from the fence, nibbled at a plug of tobacco, and as he ambled away, muttered indignantly: 'Go to Bedlam! I'm a farmer, but, thank heaven, I'm not a loonatic.'"

In Desperation.

"I WANT a horse and buggy for a funeral. Can you let me have them?" inquired the young man in the loud check suit of the cautious liveryman, whose stock occupies the same place in his affections that a wife and family should.

"Well, I guess so, if you're careful," replied the cautious liveryman, slowly. The rig was at last ready, and while the young man in the loud check suit was arranging himself in his seat the liveryman patted the horse, an especial favorite, tried the buckles of the harness, shook the shafts and performed all the usual ceremonies due upon such an occasion. Then, as he handed up the reins he added, absently-mindedly: "He's very willing and speedy. Be careful not to drive too fast."

The young man regarded him in surprise for a moment, and then asserted: "Well, by thunder, I'm going to keep up with the funeral if it kills him!"—[New York Journal.]

BOONE'S SLIGHT OF HAND.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Like every man of force, Daniel Boone knew how to turn all his gifts to active account; his coolness and self-possession are proverbial, and he also had a sense of humor which gave him fortunate inspirations at times. It is told that he was once resting in the woods with a small company of followers, when a small company of Indians came suddenly upon them and halted—neither party having discovered the other until they came in contact. The whites were eating, and the Indians with the ready tact for which they are famous, sat down with perfect composure and commenced eating, also. It was obvious that they meant to lull the suspicions of the white men and seize a favorable opportunity for rushing on them. Boone affected a careless inattention; but in an undertone admonish his men to keep their hands upon their rifles. He then strolled toward the Indians, unarmed, and leisurely picking the meat from a bone; the Indian leader, who was similarly employed, rose to meet him. Boone saluted him, and then requested to look at the knife with which the Indian was cutting his meat. The chief handed it to him without hesitation and our pioneer, who, with his other accomplishments, possessed considerable expertness at sleight of hand, deliberately opened his mouth and affected to swallow the long knife, which at the same instant he threw adroitly down his sleeve. The Indians were astonished, and Boone rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and pronounced the mouthful to be very good. Having enjoyed the surprise of his spectators for a few moments, he made another contortion, and, drawing forth the knife, as they supposed, from his body, returned it to the chief. The latter took the point cautiously between his thumb and finger, as of fearful of being contaminated by touching it, and threw it from him into the bushes. The pioneers sauntered back to his party, and the Indians, instantly dispatching their meal, marched off, desiring no further intercourse with a man who could swallow a scalping knife.

Bull and Sentry.

[London Telegraph.] Yesterday morning we had an amateur bull fight here. It appears that a bull went mad, and, rushing to the sea, plunged in. This evidently did not agree with the animal, for he quickly emerged, and the first object meeting his gaze was Mr. "Thomas Atkins" of the Manchesters, restfully standing at ease on sentry go, whom he thoughtlessly charged, utterly forgetting the fact that "Tommy" was not defenseless, being armed with no less formidable a weapon than a rifle, mounted with a bayonet. The thundering charge of the enraged bull did not disconcert "Tommy." He scorned to seek the shelter of the fried sentry box close by, but immediately, regardless of consequences, brought his bayonet to the charge, awaiting results. The bull—a plucky fellow—gallantly went for the bayonet, which, in the stanch and tight grasp of Mr. Atkins, was driven up to the hilt for a second or two, but at the same time the concussion sent the unfortunate sentry reeling and partially stunned him. The bull, though fatally wounded, had still strength enough left to again charge at his now disabled and defenseless enemy, and doubtless this would have been the end of "poor Tommy Atkins," but for the timely arrival of the guard, who succeeded in driving off the beast, which soon after expired. Tommy is now quite a hero in his way, and has been dubbed by his chums "the matador," though I must relate that, like most amateurs, in his confusion and ignorance he neglected to claim and appropriate the usual insignia of victory, namely, the bull's ear.

The Development of the Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL,
ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

A Big Ranch.

ONE of the largest unsubdivided ranches in Southern California is the San Joaquin ranch, in Orange county, belonging to the Irvine estate. It covers an area of 107,000 acres, the longest line on the ranch extending twenty-five miles, from a point two miles west of Newport, to the Santa Ana River, near Riverside county. There are about 25,000 acres on the ranch under cultivation. Until four years ago, the crop was almost entirely confined to barley, with a little corn. Since then there has been more diversity of crops, including wheat, chevalier barley and beets. Some sugar beets have been shipped to the China factory. The land is mostly leased for a part of the crop. The Southern California Railroad runs through the ranch a distance of nine miles, with two stations on the property. The line from Santa Ana to Newport runs along the western side of the ranch, and Tustin station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, is near the western edge. There have been planted on the ranch 160 acres of walnuts and 160 acres of olives. A ditch was constructed in 1893 from Santiago Creek, a distance of six miles, to the ranch house. Litigation has interfered with the development of this irrigation work.

In an average year the output of grain from this great estate amounts to 500,000 sacks. The company owns the largest cleaner and grader in Southern California. Last season several combined harvesters were used on the ranch, the first time that such machines have been used so near the coast.

Cattle are raised, and a few horses. There is a gypsum mine, a coal mine and some quicksilver. Last year the Irvine Company donated to the public for a park 160 acres, near the mouth of Santiago Cañon, which is a most picturesque site, and has been used for many years by picnic parties from the surrounding country.

Laguna Ranch.

AMONG the attractive seaside resorts of Southern California, of which little is known to outsiders, is Laguna Beach, in Orange county. This pretty little resort has been used as a camping ground by residents of the surrounding country for a number of years, but it is only lately that people have begun to come from a distance to enjoy a vacation there.

Laguna Beach is reached by a stage journey of nine miles from El Toro station, on the Southern California Railroad, the second station east of Santa Ana. The latter part of the drive is down a picturesque cañon, with mountains on each side, studded with forest trees, and here and there a clearing along the bottom, where fruit trees are planted. At the mouth of the cañon is a wide open somewhat, and here, in an amphitheater of hills, is Laguna Beach. There is a hotel, store, postoffice and about a score of cottages, also a short wharf. The hotel has been recently enlarged during the past year, and now contains from fifty to sixty rooms. There are wide, shady verandas, and altogether it is a very pleasant place to spend a few weeks, especially by those who are run down by the cares of city life. The hotel is run by Joseph Yoch, who owns a ranch adjoining that of Mme. Modjeska, back from El Toro. There is a hall, where dances are held every evening during the summer, with an occasional concert, and religious services on Sunday. With a little effort, Laguna Beach might be made one of the popular resorts of California, but those who are interested in the place are not anxious to attract a miscellaneous crowd of pleasure-seekers, preferring to keep it as a quiet family resort.

California Sardines.

THE best season of the year is approaching in the sardine business. For September on this Coast always sees a host of unwary little fish snared in a purse seine.

The sardine of these southern waters has been called by good authorities the only genuine sardine found about the United States. A variety of herring in Maine pretends to be what he is not, and passes basely as a "sardine à l'huile." But the article canned at San Pedro is as delicious as a Mediterranean sardine, and far more convenient to use.

The little green Alpha sets sail from San Pedro and travels up and down the coast from Santa Monica to Newport after the fish. The largest hauls have been made at Avalon, but sardines have been scarcer there this year, it being difficult to obtain them even for bait. An immense purse

seine is used, the same style in which mackerel are caught in on the Atlantic Coast.

When the sardines are brought in to the cannery, they are first put on tables, where boys cut off their heads and clean them. They are washed in three or four waters, and spread on wire screens to dry. The next step is frying. This is done in cottonseed oil. They are drained and fried again in wire baskets, then packed in olive oil, which is brought from Hill's wholesale house in Los Angeles—another home industry.

Before being shipped, the sardines are cooked in their cans, for the purpose of testing the cans, softening the bones, and preserving the fish. They are cooked by steam.

Eighty employees are kept busy in the San Pedro cannery, including men, women and children. Women are found efficient in the packing process. The cans are made and lacquered in the establishment.

There are over fifteen brands of sardines sent out. A favorite style has split olives and onion pickles preserved with the fish. The firm claims that age improves all the brands. The cans vary in size from quarter-pound to two-pound, according to the size of the fish when sorted.

The factory can handle forty-five tons per month. A ton of sardines means twenty-five cases, and each case 100 cans.

The fish are shipped to all parts, and are almost the only sardines sold in the towns about here. They are as delicate in flavor as any imported sardines, and retail at only 10 cents.

Fruit Extracts.

THE Excelsior Bottling and Extract Company is a modest enterprise which employs six people and keeps them so busy that they hardly have time to breathe San Diego climate. Among the bottled goods turned out are washing ammonia, blueing and cosmetics. A specialty is made of fruit extracts. For three years past the business has been growing in the most encouraging way, and large amounts of goods have been shipped to Arizona, the northern part of California, and even to Honolulu, while the local trade steadily increases. Chicago has proved a good market for grape juice, and New York has already tasted it and wants some more. The unfermented fruit juices include raspberry, strawberry, orange, pineapple and banana, and are used for sherbets. The output for the past year has amounted to \$6000 worth of the fruit extracts alone.

Coal.

COAL is a scarce product in California, there being only a few coal mines in the State, and in those the coal is not of first-class quality. In Santiago Cañon, twelve miles from Santa Ana, is a coal mine belonging to the Santiago Coal Company, consisting of the Irvine estate and Joseph Yoch. The mine was first discovered about twenty years ago. There is a tunnel about 200 feet long in the side of a hill. The vein is from 18 inches to 2 feet in width. The coal is a lignite, resembling the Mt. Diablo coal. It is good for steam purposes, and is also used in households. The mine is at present leased on a royalty. From six to eight men are employed regularly, the output at present being only from fifty to sixty tons a month. The coal is taken by the local trade, people calling and hauling it away in wagons. Some of it is also hauled to Santa Ana and sold there. The price paid for the coal is from \$4 to \$5 a ton.

Mention has recently been made in the local press of a coal discovery in San Bernardino county. The San Bernardino Times-Index has the following in regard to this strike:

"One by one the vast and yet untold mineral resources of San Bernardino county are being exploited showing as they are brought to light some sign of the illimitable wealth yet hidden in the earth. Philip Hanf, who owns a store and ranch at Cosy Dell, in Calton Pass, called at the Times-Index office this morning and exhibited some samples of what appeared to be excellent coal. Mr. Hanf says that two men from Los Angeles, Messrs. Cramer and Schultz, while exploring for gold in the pass discovered a well-defined and compact body of coal about a third of a mile from the railroad track. They found it at a depth of twelve feet, and the ledge at the point of discovery was 6½ feet in width, with indications of broadening as it went down. Some distance over the hill they afterward found an outcropping of the same width, and then went to work and traced the ledge for a distance of 1500 feet. This fortunate discovery has brought to light a very rich and almost completely, leaving only a small percentage of red ash. Leading Santa

Fé Railway officials have examined the new fuel, and, according to Mr. Hanf's statement, said to the discoverers: 'You go ahead and see how much of this coal you can develop, and we will make you an offer for it.'

"Samples of the coal will be placed in the county exhibit in this city, and in the mean time the work of development on the property will be pushed along as rapidly as possible."

Barley.

THE Ventura Independent says: "Joe Lewis on Friday last threshed for Domick McGrath on his farm near El Rio, between 5:30 a.m. and 6:30 p.m., 2800 sacks of barley averaging 115 pounds. How is this for a dry year? It was one of the best runs ever made in the county. Jim Kelly has a record of 2600 sacks threshed on the Simi a few years ago. Barley beats beets in a dry year. The Colonio Rancho always has had the barley record."

The Arroyo Grande Herald has the following in regard to a heavy yield of barley in that county:

"Frank P. Silva, who is farming the Forsting place down the valley, has just finished harvesting his barley crop of seventy acres. The yield was sixty sacks to the acre of an average weight of 116 pounds per sack. He has sold the stubble for \$3.50, and dairy cattle will be placed thereon. Mr. Forsting, the owner of the field, rents for a portion of the crop and nets \$33 per acre rental this year, the gross proceeds of the ranch being over \$100 per acre. The crop was raised without irrigation and we challenge the State to present one more valuable."

Training Children.

THE San Diego Progress says, in regard to a worthy enterprise conducted by ladies in that city:

"Every Saturday at 2 p.m. a school is held at Second and F streets to teach children industrial pursuits. Mrs. Cary is the president and she has as helper Mrs. Robinson of the Red Cross Society. Miss Stone and Mrs. South and almost a host of others, teachers and helpers, and every Saturday some one of the good souls in San Diego county brings oranges or some delicious fruit to give each child at the close of the school. 'The sewing of the little people is fine, and at the Red Cross fair in Unity Hall on Sixth street, Thursday afternoon, one booth will be devoted to the handwork of the industrial school. 'It is to be hoped San Diegans' generous hearts will stop at this booth, look over the work done by this school and not alone breathe a prayer and thanks for their well doing, but purchase the things which little hands and patient teachers have toiled so hard to make."

Colton Cannery.

THE Colton Chronicle gives the following particulars in regard to operations of the Colton cannery:

"On June 22 the Colton cannery commenced business. It has packed to date, 7500 cases of cots, 7750 of peaches, 3800 of pears and 3600 of plums, making a total of 22,650 cases of twenty-four 2½ pound cans each. The peach season is about two-thirds through, and will continue for about two weeks longer. The pear season will continue for about three weeks. Other varieties practically are finished. Tomato packing will begin about September 1, and continue about a month, possibly till October 15. Likely pack 12,500 cases tomatoes of twenty-four 2½ pound cans each. Total pack will approximate 45,000 to 50,000 cases. Expenditure for fruit and vegetables for the season will approximate \$24,000, and for labor \$18,000. Additional expenditures for cases and other material purchased in Southern California will bring up the total expenditure here to nearly \$50,000. It was the intention to turn out fully double the quantity of both fruit and vegetables now in sight, and it has been a very serious matter to both cannery and grower that the fruit crop and poor quality have caused a diminished output. Prices for fruit were nearly double those paid in previous years without a corresponding margin of profit to canner as the distributing trade has failed to respond readily to the advance."

A Modern Creamery.

THE following description of the Star Creamery, at Norwalk, in this county, is furnished by a correspondent to the California Cultivator: After reading Mr. Smith's interesting paper on an "Up-to-Date Creamery," the writer wondered somewhat if conditions such as he described existed at the Star Creamery at Norwalk, which is owned and operated by him. So, boarding a Southern Pacific train one sultry morning, Norwalk was soon reached, and a minute's walk brought us to our destination where we were met by Mr. Smith.

Believing many of our readers would be interested in following the process of making butter in the "end of the century" style, we in imagination went in

with the milk and came out with the finished product.

Early in the morning, 5:30, the machinery is started so as to be in readiness when the patrons begin to bring in the milk, which commences at about 6:30 and lasts till 9. During that time the average amount of milk received daily, according to the books of the creamery for the past year, is 14,000 pounds.

As the milk is received it is weighed, sample taken for testing and strained into the receiving vat from which it flows to the separators, three in number. These are operated, as is the rest of the machinery, by a ten-horse-power engine. After the cream is separated from the milk, the skim milk is returned to the patrons (this is in addition to the full price paid for the milk) and the cream flows over a cooler to the cream vat in the refrigerating room. Mr. Smith makes his own ice, having had a complete refrigerating plant for the past year. This obviates the danger of using ice made from impure water. Here it is ripened and held at a temperature of 58 deg. Fahr. until churning time, twenty-four hours after the skimming.

The churns, two in number, one 200 gallons, the other 300, stand in the churning room, which is between the skimming and refrigerating rooms. In these the cream is put and churned until the butter assumes the "granular" form. It is worked and salted by machinery and is marketed in its purest form, no coloring or preserving matter being used. After being worked and salted the butter is cut into one and two-pound squares, wrapped and put into the butter boxes. It is now ready for shipment to the consumer, and when we say that the Star Creamery butter is found on the tables of the most fastidious users it speaks volumes for it.

In addition to the already described machinery, Mr. Smith has a complete cheese-making plant and a Pasteurizing vat, so is prepared to supply the demand for anything in these lines.

The Star Creamery was built by Mr. Smith some eight years ago, and has been in constant operation. During that time there has been paid to farmers for milk about \$400,000. This in a radius of eight miles. The average number of patrons has been 100, so that a little figuring will show what a creamery means in a neighborhood.

Mr. Smith has always shown a keen interest in all matters connected with dairying, and is one of the most active workers in the Dairymen's Association, of which he has been treasurer ever since its organization. He personally supervises every operation in the creamery and also looks after the marketing of the finished product. Strict attention to business and a rigid adherence to high quality of butter produced have brought the Star Creamery to the very front and Mr. Smith proposes to keep it right there.

Peat Lands.

PROBABLY there is no land under cultivation anywhere that will pay better this year for the money invested than some of the peat lands west of Santa Ana. An Orange county exchange says:

"In a conversation with D. E. Smeltzer Monday evening he reported that on his 160 acres of celery farm near Westminster he cut a crop of barley hay in June of about 500 tons. Since the first of July he has had the ground plowed, harrowed and thoroughly irrigated, then plowed again, and has just finished setting the whole 160 acres to celery."

"He reports the acreage set to celery in his neighborhood to be almost a third less than last year, but that which is planted is put in rows wider apart than heretofore. The growers have learned by last year's experience not to set too close as they could not get dirt enough to properly bank it to save it from freezing."

"Mr. Smeltzer is now preparing to build a packing-house 100x140 feet; he purchased the lumber Monday."

A Big Oil Tank.

THE San Bernardino Times-Index of August 24 says: "The work on the big tank is completed except for a few finishing touches of the calkers, and San Bernardino can now boast of having an oil tank not exceeded in size by any in the United States, although there are two others of the same size, both located in Los Angeles. "The construction has occupied a few days over four weeks, though nearly a week of that time has been spent in waiting for material, a shipment of the steel plates being delayed in Los Angeles."

"Only twenty-eight men have been employed during that time, and to any one who is acquainted with the amount of work to be done it seemed impossible that it could be accomplished."

"All that remains to be done now is the calking. This in itself seems like a great undertaking, and when it is considered that nothing is put in the seams between the huge steel plates, it seems like a hopeless task to undertake to make the tank hold oil."

"The calking is done by battering the edges of the plates down over the

seams made by riveting. This is done with two different tools, every inch being gone over with each. First the edges are battered down for a few inches, then it is gone over with a finishing tool which smooths the work down and closes every sign of a hole where oil might escape. This work is done both on the inside and outside of the tank. The caking will be finished in a day or two, when the tank will be ready for the 38,700 gallons of oil it is to hold.

"The tank crew will go from here to San Diego, where another tank is to be constructed, though, as Mr. Smalley, the foreman, said, it will be a small one, only 36 feet in diameter."

Grapes.

M. E. POST, whose vineyard at Cucamonga produced last year a crop worth over \$14,000, has a large crop of grapes this season, and is employing a force of about forty people to handle the crop.

Oranges and Lemons.

THE Ontario Fruit Exchange has shipped, during the past season, 600 carloads of oranges and lemons. This fruit has been sold at satisfactory prices, navel oranges of all grades having netted the growers \$1.27 per box.

As mentioned recently in The Times, the total sales of the Southern California Fruit Exchange for the past season aggregated in value \$2,000,000, of which only the insignificant amount of \$333 was lost. This is certainly an excellent showing for the exchange.

The Redlands Facts has the following in regard to some fine lemons cured in that place:

"Last evening J. W. Doran was showing to his friends some especially fine lemons, and interest was awakened as to how they were brought to such perfection. Mr. Doran said that there was no trick connected with it. The lemons were simply gathered early in November, nearly ten months ago, before there was any frost and while they were yet green. They were handled without bruising and packed in two ways. One lot had each lemon wrapped separately in a piece of newspaper, and these were packed closely in a box and the box nailed up. The other lot were placed in bulk in a tin box and covered with sacks. In this lot the top layer were dried and decayed. But nearly all the fruit in both lots were perfectly sound, highly colored, full of juice, heavy, of excellent quality and with the skin soft and pliable as a piece of dressed kid. The acid of the juice was strong, sprightly and fresh."

Regarding the lemons of the Cahuenga Valley, the Santa Monica Outlook says:

"This is a harvest time with the lemon-growers. Not before for years have lemons brought so good a price. And the price keeps up. It is likely to remain high during all the fall months. The Cahuenga Exchange at Colegrove is shipping its products to the East as fast as possible. The last few carloads have paid well, and another shipment is nearly ready. The lemon-growers of Cahuenga are fortunate in their facilities for reaching the market. They do not have to team their product at all after reaching and depositing it at the exchange. The electric road has a switch at the great exchange building, and the lemons, all packed ready for market, are loaded in the flat cars of that company and run down to Santa Monica, to the side of a fruit car of either the Southern Pacific or Santa Fé Railroad Company, where the boxes are transferred for the overland trip. They go to their destination in some eastern city without further handling. The Cahuenga lemons have acquired a most excellent reputation in the eastern markets, none better. The lemons of that locality are doubtless as good as any in the world, and great pains are taken in the exchange to put them up in the very best style. All are wrapped in paper and packed one by one with care. Three grades of them are shipped, but no culls. Every lemon that is not perfect and suitable in size for one or another of the grades is thrown out. The association, which comprises all the lemon-growers of the valley, have been determined to keep up the reputation of their product and they have succeeded well. The three grades are properly marked and labeled as, 'Fancy,' 'Choice' and 'Standard.' They vary a little in price, the Fancies bringing the highest rate."

San Diego Waterworks.

THE San Diego Tribune has the following in regard to the pumping plant of the San Diego Flume Company:

"The pumping plant and system of wells that have been established by the flume company at the Monte are as good as money can make them. Everything about this new system is substantial and it was a surprise to see so much permanent work done. The pump is a compound duplex Dow pump, the best pump on the market, and its foundation, and in fact everything about it is permanent. The company had thirty-seven wells connected when I was there, furnishing over a million gallons of water a day, and twenty-five more were almost ready to bring into service as soon as needed."

I consider the plant a 1 in every particular, and the company is deserving of great credit for the work—it would be impossible to improve upon it."

Lober Canning.

ANOTHER canning industry was recently added to those already existing in San Pedro. The San Pedro News recently gave the following account of this industry:

"Yesterday the News scribe visited the works of the Catalina Canning Company, recently established in San Pedro. The company is composed mainly of San Francisco gentlemen, the only local representatives being S. W. Waring and W. A. Ready, president and secretary-treasurer respectively. Its purpose is to prepare for the market the palatable lobster abounding so plentifully along the coast of our offshore islands. The establishment is equipped with all the latest and most improved machinery, has a capacity of about five tons per week, and when complete in working order will give employment to a large number of persons. On arrival at the company's works the lobsters are thrown alive into tanks of boiling water, each tank having a capacity of about 1000 pounds. They then come under the manipulation of a machine which yields a large knife, and the crustacean comes out of this conflict minus his coat of mail and all other appurtenances except the pure white meat. They then take a plunge in a large tank filled with clean water and are polished off with a scrubbing brush, especially designed for that purpose. They are then packed into cans of following capacity: 1 pound, tall, 1 pound flat, picnic tall, and ½ pound flat, each being first lined with parchment paper to avoid contact with the tin. A liquid (the composition of which the scribe did not ascertain) was then poured over Mr. Lobster and the cans soldered up and transferred to steaming tanks. When taken out each can is tapped to let the steam out and the tap is immediately closed. The cans are then labeled and ready for market. The cans are manufactured at the establishment; the tin employed being purchased in large sheets. We are informed that a San Francisco house has control of all the goods they produce."

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

Hemp.

THE Yuma Sun says: "The Colorado River bottom south of Yuma—that portion which overflows—is annually covered for miles and miles with wild hemp, which has been demonstrated by recent tests and experiments to be of first-class quality. That these vast fields have not been sooner utilized has often been a source of wonderment, but the expected has finally become an assured fact."

"N. B. Comstock, representing a syndicate of St. Louis capitalists, is making rapid and extensive preparations for the development of the enterprise and the erection of works for the treatment of the fibre plant. About fifteen men are now employed cleaning roads and a site for the plant, which for the present will have a capacity of four tons per day, to be increased later on."

"The company also owns about 30,000 acres of land below the line, which it is expected will be utilized when the enterprise has grown to sufficient dimensions."

"Ample means and experience are possessed by the gentlemen backing and pushing the matter and the Colorado Valley has much to hope for as the result of their efforts."

"A more extended account of the operations being conducted and proposed will be published later on."

Mining in Lower California.

THE San Diego Union says: "J. B. Eldridge, a mining man, and Alexander Benham, a capitalist of San Francisco, have returned to this city from a trip of inspection to Harry Canno's gold mine at San José, a few miles back from the Camalu landing, north of San Quintin. The mine was found to be very rich and a sale will probably result, in the event of which machinery will be taken to the mine and the landing place at Camalu improved."

"The steamer St. Denis which arrived yesterday from Lower California points, brought a lot of rich samples of gold ore from Calmali to Ensenada, one of the pieces which weighed only six ounces being fully half gold. The ore is from the mines of Don Emiliano Ibarra, at Calmali, but not from the mines of the Calmali Gold Mining Company, formerly owned by Señor Ibarra. He is developing new mines in the district, which promise to turn out far richer than the old claims, which are celebrated for their richness. Señor Ibarra's energy and good fortune have not only placed him upon a good financial footing, but have done much to attract the attention of mining men in the West to the mineral richness of the peninsula."

"O. O. Howard, Jr., son of Gen. O. O. Howard, U.S.A., retired, is back from Lower California, where he went with R. F. Harrison to look at the Vismaga mine in the Mexican gulch section, near Alamo. It is stated that Mr.

Howard may become interested in the property."

"J. M. Thompson, representing several Denver capitalists, is developing several quartz claims at Alamo."

"R. G. Brown, manager of the Bodie Consolidated Mining Company, and C. W. Parsons, his assistant, have been inspecting new gold discoveries at La Huerta, east of San Rafael Valley, in Lower California. Charles Bennett of Ensenada is interested in the claims."

Natural Cement.

FOLLOWING is from a San Louis Obispo dispatch to the San Francisco Examiner:

"While the Union Beet Sugar Company was building its factory at Beteravia, in Santa Barbara county, a number of persons began looking for a lime deposit in order to provide the large quantity of lime called for by the sugar company. W. S. Cook of Santa Maria discovered what he at first thought was a lime deposit near Zaca Lake. It turned out to be an immense deposit of natural cement. He is now putting in a plant capable of burning one hundred barrels per day. There is something about the find which makes it a very interesting one. A hundred years ago the padres of the missions constructed the missions of Santa Ynez and Santa Barbara, also the famous old Ventura dam. In the building of these structures a peculiar natural lime was used. The place of the deposit from which it came was never revealed. The great value of this cement, as shown by the extreme solidity of these structures has long been known and for the last fifty years, at least, there has been a search for the cement. "After removing the brush which overgrew the place Cook found the kiln in which the cement was burned. The cement shows all the peculiar qualities of that in the missions."

A Lively Mining Camp.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Riverside Enterprise sends the following in regard to a prospective boom in the Globe section of Arizona:

"Thinking a few lines on this section of Arizona from a Riverside who has been in the Territory about three months and taken observations might not be uninteresting, I, with your permission, will burden your columns."

"It is expected the Gila Valley, Globe and Northern Railroad will be completed to Globe in October. At least, so says President Garland, who is individually superintending its construction and is pushing the work as rapidly as men, money and teams can do it. This road branches off from the Southern Pacific at Bowie, 125 miles distant. It runs along the Gila Valley from north of Bowie a few miles to the junction of the San Carlos and Gila Rivers, a distance of ninety-three miles, and in doing so passes through thousands of acres of as fertile land as that in the Riverside Valley, the soil being similar. That is, the land would be as productive with as much water upon it, and the water is in the Gila River. It could be placed upon the lands at a nominal expense in comparison with the cost of the Riverside irrigation system, from the fact that the fall of the stream is sufficient to allow of placing the water without any great amount of ditching. The valley is from a mile to two miles wide. The possibilities of the productiveness of the land is demonstrated from where the railroad touches the valley—a few miles north of Bowie—to where it enters the Indian Reservation upon which the noble (?) Apache makes his abode while not off foraging in other localities. This stretch of the valley is in the possession of a Mormon colony. It was refreshing to the eyes of even a Riverside to look upon the beautiful fields of growing grain and alfalfa and orchards of deciduous fruits. No citrus fruits grow here. These Mormons must have been, judging from the growth of the trees planted out by them, and in the absence of the exact data, located here for fifteen or more years. They have availed themselves of the water of the Gila River by constructing ditches, rude in comparison with the fine ditches of the Riverside Water Company and the Gage Canal. The thrifty and comfortable homes remind one of localities in the Eastern States. The cattle and horses, and they are many, are sleek and in good condition, and the hogs grunt lazily around in their rolling fatness."

"But what a change when the road enters the Indian reservation. It is a desert waste with thousands of inches of water flowing by, save occasionally a little patch of land where some Indian more industrious than his numerous lazy and shiftless neighbors, has brought water onto the land and is raising a little grain, a few vegetables and possibly a few head of cattle. These Indians draw more or less support from the government, and so long as they do they will continue in their shiftlessness. These lands should be open to the white man. They are simply valueless while held as a reservation for these vagabonds."

"From the junction of the San Carlos and Gila rivers to within a few miles of Globe the line of the railroad passes through as fine land as that from Bowie down. Or rather its possibilities of productiveness are as great with water upon it. Much water is obtainable from the San Carlos River, along which the road runs for fifteen miles. But from a point where the road leaves this valley and enters another on to Globe there is a wide expanse of arable

land upon which water can be had on the high storage reservoirs. This portion will have to be turned over to George H. Maxwell and his system of proposed government reservoirs. There are many portions of Arizona, as there are New Mexico and Southern California, where thousands of acres could be made 'blossom as the rose' under such an irrigation system as Mr. Maxwell proposes, which will otherwise remain unproductive for generations to come. cannot be accomplished by private capital."

"Globe is expected to be the liveliest mining camp in all Arizona when the railroad is completed. It is understood that the Old Dominion copper mine will open up with 600 or 700 men. The only reason they are not now being worked is that coke cannot be hauled rapidly enough by freight trains. Keep the large smelters running. The Buffalo mines, which are owned and controlled by the same company that owns and operates the Copper Queen mines at Bisbee, now running short-handed, will increase the force of miners to fully 600 or 700. Other mine prospects—mostly copper—will be developed. It is estimated that not less than 2000 people will be added to the population of the town before snow flies, and snow flies here in the winter and the thermometer goes below where Riverside oranges would stand and remain marketable. Globe is entirely supported by the mines. There are many prospects for valuable gold mines within a distance of from eight to twenty miles from the town which will quickened into development and productivity by the completion of the railroad to this point. The miners are, in fact, nearly all the manual laborers about them, are paid \$2 per day. Real estate—niches in the rocky banks—building residences upon has gone 200 per cent. within the past six months. "All water is obtained by sinking wells and reaching the water which comes from the mountains, twelve miles away. Fifteen-cent luncheon counters are not numerous. About cents is the least for a meal, but excellent at that figure."

"It is apparent that much interest being awakened in mining matters this portion of Arizona and considerable capital is being invested. The copper mines mentioned here are considered very valuable properties."

STUCK TO WHAT HE HAD SAID

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

Much as we hear about the free and equal spirit of society in more primitive days, the fact of the matter is the old-fashioned people stood rather more in awe of those in authority than we do today. The following story, printed many years ago in the Vermont Recorder illustrates this statement on the principle that the exception proves the rule:

In the early settlement of Vermont there lived in Chelsea a respectable farmer, familiarly known as "Uncle Mike." He was very earnest and positive in his assertions, and a little inclined to stammer when he was excited. One day in spring, when the snow was soft and slumpy, he was traveling with his oxen and sled upon a road which was a mere causeway built through a complete quagmire, and hardly wide enough for a single team. There drove up behind him a man with a sleigh and a span of horses, evidently ignorant of the peculiar condition of the road, who began to rein on to one side in order to pass. "Friend, friend," exclaimed Uncle Mike, "you can't get by; hold on till we get them bars, then I'll turn out." The stranger persisted in turning out, and his horses at once sunk to their girths in the soft snow and mire; nor was without difficulty that they were extricated. But soon again he became impatient of Uncle Mike's slow progress, and attempted to pass on the other side, and again the old man remonstrated: "Stranger, I tell ye ye c-can't get by. It ain't possible. Jis wait a minute." Once more his advice was disregarded, and this time he was not able to regain the road without the old man's assistance. And yet another time did the eager traveler attempt to pass—the old man's cautions were disregarded, and the horses plunged into the mire. When Uncle Mike reached the bars where he was to turn off, he stopped his team and inquired of the traveler: "Do you live in this State?" "Yes," was the reply. "What town do you live in?" asked Uncle Mike. "I Williston," the stranger answered. "Well," said the old man as his long suppressed indignation began to vent itself, "the selectmen of the town are to blame for letting you go away from home without somebody to take care of you, you d-d-don't know anything d-d-didn't I tell you you couldn't get by? Here the stranger good-humoredly interrupted him with the question: "Do you know who you are talking to?" "Know!" thundered the old man, "no I d-d-don't know and I d-d-don't care whoever ye be, you had ought to have a g-g-garden?" "Why," said the traveler, "my name is Thomas Crittenden." "I-I-I declare," stammered Uncle Mike astonished to find he had been repeating the Governor of the State, "I'd known w-w-who you was, shouldn't have s-s-said exactly what I did, but—" the old man thought a minute—"but I can't in conscience take a word back."

Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, who is in the service of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, goes about Dawson City in regulation buckskin shirt, bloomers and leather leggings. She has grown fond of frontier life.

A MARINE CAMPAIGN ASHORE.

HOW THE SOLDIERS OF THE NAVY FIGHT
AND BUILD THEIR FORTS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE return of the marine corps of the United States navy from Guantanamo marks the completion of another step in the history of the progress of the world, upon which the monogram of the corps should be emblazoned. As has been the case since the corps was organized, it has fallen to the lot of its officers and men to do the hardest sort of work, stand

accurate description of either place since my return from Santiago. I imagine that others, like myself, whose duty it was to chronicle the news from day to day, had to hustle too hard to keep up with the band wagon to note the wondrous field of descriptive matter.

The opening leading from the sea to the bay is perhaps two-thirds of a mile wide. On the eastward side a long point of land makes out into the water

nearest neighbors on both sides. To a force without artillery these houses are well-nigh impregnable. They are all built in the same manner. The excavation in which the tower is to stand is perfectly square, and is always on an eminence commanding at least the extreme range of rifle fire on all sides. A pit five feet deep is dug and the earth banked up around the excavation, upon the level ground; inside this is constructed an old-fashioned log blockhouse, of squared hewn timbers, too thick to leave much of an element of danger to those inside. Loopholes for firing are left on all sides, and a six-inch aperture, running almost all the way around the house on a level with the earth embankment, affords means for volley firing, of which the Spaniards are so fond. One of these houses, as stated, had been built upon the hill overlooking the harbor, and this was the first problem given the Marine Corps to solve. There had been issued to this arm of the service a light field-

of the warship rounded the inner point and in another couple of seconds, there wasn't any block house there. Up the sides of the hill the marines swarmed like a lot of ants. A wriggling single column of them off to the right, under Lieut. Neville, was an easy mark for a body of Spaniards five times their number. At least, the enemy figured it out that way. But Neville and his men fought like demons more than like human beings, and they went through the mass of Spaniards, leaving a swath of dead men to mark the course they had taken. Other bodies of the human ants had reached the top; the crude intrenchments offered but slight resistance to these men who can run up a hill and shoot with deadly accuracy at the same time. They were in the hollow square in another moment, and the enemy scattered and spattered over the sides like drops of water from a still pool when a brick is tossed in. The ceaseless clatter of the Krag-Jorgensen's, mingled with the shriller note of the Mausers, sounded like a myriad of parlor matches going off at once, but while the former were finding billets for their bullets only six of the latter snuffed out human lives. It was all over almost before the smoke from the big guns of the ships had been wafted ashore by the lazy breeze. The Spaniards were out in the cold world, hiding in the woods. A force of less than one-fifth of their number occupied their intrenched positions on the hill and under it. Not only that, but the smell of fresh earth. A long, brown line of embankment had grown up magically all around their hill-top retreat and the fox terriers of the navy were almost invisible behind a breastwork which they had apparently brought with them. They burrowed into the earth so quickly that the Spaniards could not imagine how it was done. A raining fire of small arms poured into their position for more than an hour, but the men were so safely hidden that not one was killed; yet, with every crack of a Mauser in the bushes a dozen bullets were sent in return with now and then a shrapnel, which effectually silenced any group of the enemy that became particularly obnoxious.

Something was going on in one corner of the square. The Spaniards could see men throwing up shovels full of earth. That is, they could see the earth come up, but the men were out of sight behind the bank they had created. They could not imagine what was going on, and a party of them, numbering about forty men, all guerrilleros, advanced to a point within eight hundred yards to watch.

"You see," said Capt. Harrington



INSIDE THE INTRENCHMENTS ON THE HILL AT GUANTANAMO BAY

the longest and most tiresome watches in isolated posts, surrounded by an enemy in overwhelming numbers, and fight with a desperation that is inconceivable, when hard fighting has to be done. All the pioneer work upon and that has been carried on under the Stars and Stripes in foreign lands, has been inaugurated by this corps. In Africa, in Tripoli, in various islands of the Pacific, and upon the Asiatic coast, at all times when it has been necessary to make a show of armed force, or when an actual campaign has been under way, it has been the marines who have first been landed.

It is not the purpose of this article at this time, however, to go into the history of this able and honorable body of men, for their noble work has been fully reported during the Cuban campaign. But civilians at home would perhaps like to know what sort of a nest these birds of passage build for themselves when they alight in a strange land, and how it is that their small force is able to withstand the repeated onslaughts of overwhelming numbers. How do they fortify themselves so quickly? How do they live in their little forts when they have them completed? What comforts do they have? What is their routine work, etc., etc.?

As the rabbit has his burrow and the fox his secret and safe cleft in some inaccessible place, so the men of the marine corps seem to have a way of making themselves comparatively safe in the enemy's country in a little more time than it takes a gopher to burrow out of sight. Unlike this little rodent, however, he who starts to dig out the marine will find a "varmint" that is all teeth and claws, when he gets to the end of his burrow.

Playa del Este, from the fact that so many cablegrams were dated from there, and Guantanamo Bay, from the fact that it was the scene of the first fight between United States regulars and Spaniards, as well as the site of the first American occupation of the island of Cuba, have become household words. I have not seen an

and forms one of the protecting arms of the outer bay. This land, which all along the water line is a precipitous though not high bluff, gradually rises as it is followed toward the east, until a mile from the sea point it is perhaps 200 feet in altitude. At the foot of the hill, which is so abrupt as to make climbing laborious, there was a little cable house. There were also two or three Cuban shacks of stone and adobe, until the day of the original bombardment. A low line of fortifications extended for fifty yards toward the southward from the old cable house, and behind these were three Spanish howitzers, served by a garrison which out-

piece of 3-inch bore, adaptable for the use of shrapnel and steel shell. Unlike the 3.2-inch field pieces of the army, it was short, light, had a small carriage, and weighed less than half as much as its army brother. It has a range for effective work up to two and a half miles, and as the land soldiers of the navy had not had a chance to try their new artillery upon anything livelier than an inanimate target, they were anxious to see what it would do to the Morrell tower. The enfilade so successfully accomplished immediately after their landing, the indiscriminate slaughter of guerrilleros and regulars, the ferocity of the marines' fire, and



SOUTH FACADE OF CAMP M'CALLA, WHERE SPANIARDS MADE THEIR UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

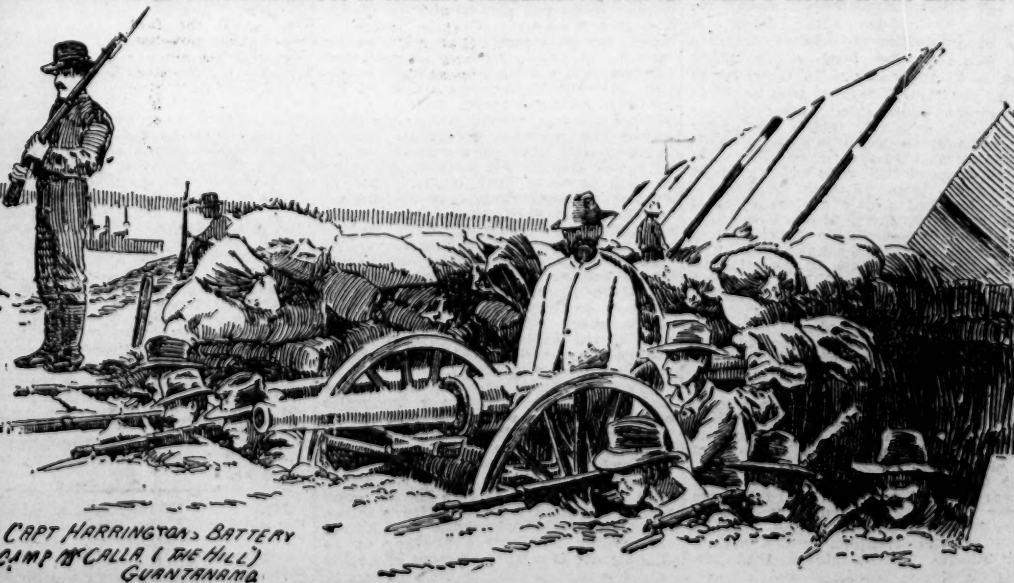
numbered the entire marine corps five to one.

How the fleet sailed into the harbor early in June, and how the Spanish battery was blown off the earth are matters of history that have been repeatedly told. But on top of the hill, half a mile in the rear of this old position, the Spaniards had hastily constructed a Morrell tower, or blockhouse. These houses obtain throughout the entire island of Cuba from the east to the west ends, and follow the line of the coast at regular intervals. They are usually within sight of one another, so that the garrison in one may be in constant communication with its

their marvelous marksmanship had so disconcerted the Spaniards that for the time being they imagined, as they afterward admitted, that the landing force was at least 4000 men; whereas there were only 625 men and officers in the entire corps. The warships in the harbor were now turning their attention to the tower on the hill, after covering the landing of the marines, and had just about found the range when Capt. Harrington's battery, with the new navy field guns, dropped a couple of shrapnel fairly on top of the block house. The 5-inch guns of the Marblehead also found the range within a second or two after the nose

one day when telling me how the emplacement for one of his guns had been made all from the inside and the opening or embrasure for the piece made last, when they were all ready to fire—"you see, those fellows thought we were only digging a pit for the men. Do you see that sloping side of the hill yonder? Well, that's just 1300 yards, and the little bare spot down toward the right, where Neville had such a tough fight, is 880 yards from this gun. We had all the ranges by triangulation, before we had been here ten minutes. Those fellows were watching the dirt go up and were awaiting a chance to pour in a volley with their rifles when a human head should show itself. They must have been astonished, when the bank of earth was completed, to see long handled shovels digging it down in the middle as if to destroy it. Then they saw something black run out into the tiny embrasure; then there was a flash of fire and a crash of artillery which must have surprised them not a little, for of course the shrapnel were shrieking about their ears before they heard the crack of the gun. Say, old man, it was comical to see those fellows tumble! Those who were not hit, fell over those who were in their frantic efforts to get away. Of course we couldn't see much of it, for that little clear spot was all the open ground they had to cross. But the shrapnel kept cracking away in the bushes all over the side of that hill for a minute or two and it was certainly very warm in there. Away up on the top of the ridge, 2700 yards away, we caught sight of another bunch. The Spaniards were tumbled off their perch so quickly on this hill that they didn't have time to take with them a very excellent telescope. With this instrument we located them off there on the ridge. The shrapnel did the rest and the fight for that day was over. They don't know yet how it all happened."

Capt. Harrington then conducted me through the fortifications upon the hill



CAPT HARRINGTON'S BATTERY CAMP M'CALLA (THE HILL) GUANTANAMO

and showed me what an immense amount of work had been accomplished almost in no time. Around the four sides of the hollow square, which was large enough to give room to all the Marine Corps, an embankment of earth had been thrown up to a height of three or four feet. All the earth had been thrown to the outer line of the pits, and upon it was piled innumerable gunny sacks, filled with dirt, sand and small gravel. Over these, again, loose earth had been packed wherever practicable, until a breastwork impervious to rifle fire had been completed. But the nicest of all the work was at the south side of the square. A line of fascine work, constructed of brush and twigs as deftly as a basket weaver could have done it, marked the entire side of the fortification. There was but one place to cross it, and that was at the center, where a bridge of planking had been constructed for the use of the sentries going and coming. The brush work is well illustrated in the photograph sent herewith. It was about three feet thick and as many high, banked up on the outside with earth, which sloped off gradually to the plain on the hilltop. The surface of the fascine work would not bear the weight of a man, and any one who tried to run across it would be apt to become entangled and fall. Others would pile up by stumbling over him and in less time than it takes to tell it there would be a panic and confusion, which would not be materially lessened by a withering fire poured in, by the fighting marines inside. The emplacements for the artillery at the four corners of the hollow square were all similar to the one shown in the photograph. There was room for a dozen men around and under the guns in the rifle pits, and

mainly under the watchful eye of the men-of-war—the first and most substantial fortified position occupied and equipped by American soldiers in a foreign land. It had more to do in the rapid making of history than almost any other position maintained by our forces, and in importance should be ranked with that terrible San Juan hill and El Caney. The reminiscences that cling about it would afford an interesting volume and perhaps at some future time some of them will find their way into print. W. J. ROUSE.

BUNKER'S ELECTRIC KITE.

HOW HE TRIED FISHING BY THE LIGHTNING PROCESS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Speakin' about Ben Franklin goin' fishin' fer lightnin' with a lightnin' rod fastened to a kite always reminds me of Job Bunker," spoke up "Uncle Joe" Perkins, during a temporary lull in the proceedings at the regular Saturday evening session of the Cranberry Club. "Why, what did Job Bunker do?" inquired Deacon Jiggins, as he leaned back in his arm-chair and gazed contentedly at his feet, which were resting comfortably on the top of the cracker barrel.

"In the fust place, p'raps ye'll be so obleegin' as to tell us who Job Bunker might be. There hain't no Job Bunker around these diggins that I know of," chipped in Wiggins from his seat on a nail keg.

"Didn't say there was," went on Uncle Joe, imperturbably. "If you'd

per end of the kite an' leadin' down to the kite-string, which was a good stout cord, equal to most any strain on it; an' then the next time a thunderstorm come up, Job hustled out to the lake with his kite, sent it sailin' up into the lower alge of a cloud, anchorin' the end of the kite-string out in the water a ways with a big stone tied to it to hold it down.

"Well, Job had hardly got back to the shore when the fust streak of lightnin' come slidin' down that kite-string an' zipped into the water, folloed by a noise as if somebody was tearin' the roof off the sky. A passel of fish, little an' big, come floatin' to the surface all around where the kite-string was anchored, an', of course, Job waded out into the water an' begun pickin' up the fish an' tossin' 'em ashore; an', jest about this time, when Job was workin' away like a naller, scoopin' in the fish, or, rather, scoopin' 'em out, along comes another good-sized streak of lightnin' slidin' down that air kite-string, an' when it struck the water, Job said afterward, he thought for a minute Old Nick himself had him by the legs.

"He give a screech, Job did, doubled up like a jackknife an' rolled over in the water, an' he probably would have been drowned then an' there if the game constable hadn't happened along in the nick of time, an' hauled him out of the water, an' marched him off under arrest for ketchin' fish in a manner contrary to the statutes in the case made an' pervided.

"Well, Job was hauled up before a justice of the peace an' fined \$25, an' before he got back to the lake somebody cut the kite-string an' let his kite sail away, an' stole all his fish; an' take it altogether, Job was so clean disgusted

surprised and annoyed she was because her son didn't get the provisions. But the young fellow she was talking to didn't seem to see the joke. He listened with the gravest face imaginable, as she told how, when she heard the boy had taken typhoid fever, she had left home to come and see him. The nurse asked him that morning whom he would rather see than any one else in the world, and he had answered 'you.' 'Isn't there any one you would rather see more than me?' she asked, and he said 'No; no one that there is any hope of seeing,' and then turned his head over on his pillow, as if he was tired of being questioned. But the nurse said, 'Wouldn't you like to see your mother?' and he turned. And when he turned to look at her his eyes were full of tears, and in a minute more his mother was hugging him and he was feeling happier and stronger than he had felt in weeks. And I'm blest if the excitement of it all didn't make her plum forget what hotel she was stopping at. And that young fellow didn't appreciate it at all. He sat there and named all the hotels he could think of over, because she said she thought she would remember the name if she heard it. The idea of her coming to a strange town and forgetting what hotel she lived at didn't strike him the way it did me the minute I realized what had happened. He didn't have any sense of humor whatever."

One on Gen. Shafter.

[Cleveland Leader:] "Once when I was a boy at school," said the doughty general, "I wasn't more than 10 or 11 years old at the time our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until some one could give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in the various studies that we had.

"How much are 13 and 9 and 8?" the teacher asked.

"While one after another of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering apparently to himself but loud enough for me to hear, 'twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine.'"

"Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn.

"Well, Willie," said the teacher, 'let's see if you know the answer. Come, now, be prompt.'

"I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had 'fallen down' on the problem, and said so that everybody in the schoolroom could hear me: 'Twenty-nine!'

"Next, how many are 13 and 9 and 8?"

"Aw!" said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, 'thirty!'

"That was what I had figured it to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct,' I wanted to fight.

"I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it, I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how 'that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class.'"

MEN OF NOTE.

Rear-Admiral Schley is not noticeably tall, but his legs are wondrously long, and it is said that he could run like a deer in his younger days, but has long ago forgotten how.

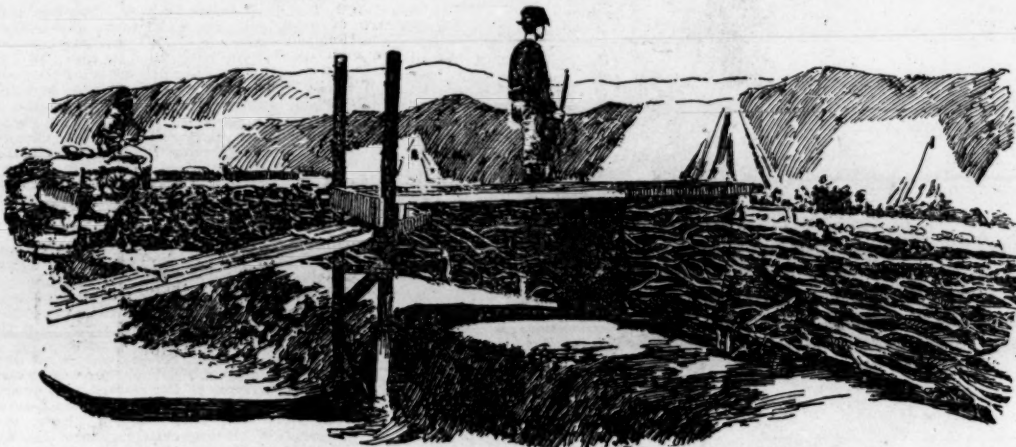
Gen. Cassius Marcus Clay has purchased a farm near Pinkard, Ky., for his child-wife, Dora Richardson, who still refuses to live with him. He declares he will provide for her as long as she lives.

It is interesting to recall the fact that Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was one of the first Englishmen to speak up in favor of the United States annexing Cuba. This he did thirty-eight years ago.

W. A. Poynter, fusion candidate for Governor of Nebraska, settled in that State in 1879, saying to friends who tried to persuade him to remain at home: "If I stay here I will always be the son of my father. If I go out there I will be known as W. A. Poynter."

C. A. Parsons, whose turbine engines have created a great sensation in the realm of steam engineering, is a son of Lord Ross, who made the great six-foot reflecting telescope. The latter gentleman, before he was elected to the peerage, was known as William Parsons, and the famous Ross telescope was erected at Parsonstown, Ireland.

Andrew Cranegie, after much going to and fro and many complimentary addresses in Scottish towns, has fixed upon an abiding place and is to become the "Laird" of Skibo Castle. Evan Sutherland, the owner, from whom Mr. Cranegie has had a lease of the place, has finally consented to sell it outright, having hesitated for some time on account of the offices of vice-lieutenant and magistrate for Sutherlandshire, which he holds as owner of the estate.



FASCINE WORK, FORTIFICATIONS AT CAMP M'CALLA.

there was room behind these for guns' crew. The top of the wall was level, and until one got within a step or two of the fascine work it would not be detected. The wall, outside, was strewn with branches and twigs, which concealed the nature of the breastworks' construction.

The ruined site of the blockhouse, of which nothing was left but the dirt embankment, remained almost on the center of the marines' fort. A canvas awning was stretched over it and a garrison was always on watch there, for it was the highest point on the hilltop. Inside the square were the quarters of the officers and staff, and of some of the men. After the third fight, which was the last the little force had to withstand, the Spaniards retreated for good and gave up all hope of being able to retake from the 625 men a position that their own 3000 had been unable to hold. In front of the ruined tower was the double awning of the commanding officer, which marked the site of headquarters on the hill. Tent walls were not needed, for even there it was stifling hot. A shelter from the sun and rain was necessary and this was the best the officers could get. Here the colonel conducted his official business; here he dined with his staff and brother officers and here the newspaper men were entertained. Ten feet off toward the rude parapets of the Spanish blockhouse the shelter of a squad of men was seen. And at the head of their tent, just where their comrades had to walk, for it was a spot where room was cramped, were the graves of three of the brave fellows who fell in the three days' fight. Assistant Surgeon John B. Gibbs and Privates William Dumphy and J. Colgan sleep there the sleep that knows no waking, while just outside the walls in that zone where hostile bullet and shrieking shell so often crossed, are the graves of three others who gave up their lives at the same time. Here, too, rests the body of poor Charlie Ellis, chief yeoman of the Brooklyn, who was the only man killed by Cervera's fierce fire. A little further down the slope and more in the direction of the bay, were the cook tents. The supply steamers of the navy brought fresh meats and vegetables to the forces at Guantanamo Bay, and they lived well. There was no dearth of substantial food, well cooked and served well, for camp. Camp McCalla was a pretty place and in its lower levels, particularly in the main street of the camp below the hill where the officers' mess was located, there was a shady grove of magnificent trees that gave the place the air of a picnic retreat. It is abandoned now, yet it re-

waited a minute you'd found out all about it.

"Joe Bunker, as I started to tell you, was one of the most enterprisin' citizens of Basswood Flats, an' he was always thinkin' up some scheme for makin' money, not on a big scale, you understand, but in an easy, jog-trot sort of way. Job was a powerful hand to trade horses, fer one thing. He could start out Monday morning with a \$40 nag, trade horses every day an' sometimes twice, durin' the week, an' come back home Saturday night with a better plug than he had on the start, an' with anywhere from \$25 to \$50 boot money in his pocket. Job could have made a good livin' jest a-tradin' horses if he had devoted all his time to it, but he didn't. Horse tradin' was only a sort of side issue with Job. His main business was peddlin' fish, clams, ice, patent rat traps, an' so forth in the summer; an' huntin' foxes, sellin' skates, storin' up ice for next summer, takin' subscriptions for the magazines an' newspapers, et cetera, an' so forth in the winter. Between 'em all, Job managed to keep pretty middlin' busy the most of the time."

"I sh'd imagine he might," commented Wiggins, dryly. "Looks reasonable enough, that does; but what's all them occupations of Joe Bunker's got to do with Ben Franklin coaxin' lightnin' down from the clouds on a kitestring, an' why in thunder-seelin' that thunder an' lightnin' go together—didn't you finish tellin' what the squire said when you asked him fer Mahala?"

"I'm gittin' around to it as fas as I kin," grumbled Uncle Joe. "Seems to me you e'd give a feller a chance to tell a story in his own way. I wanted to show you the sort of a hustler Joe was fust before I brung in about his goin' into partnership with the lightnin'."

"In partnership?"

"Yes; I reckon that's the shortest way to describe it. You see, one day Job got hold of the yarn about Ben Franklin an' his kite, an' it struck him right off that if he c'd bring down lightnin' in that way it might be of considerable assistance to him in the fishin' business. You know a streak of electricity passin' through a body of water will kill all the fish fer rods around, an' Job's idea was to ketch the lightnin' same as Ben did an' lead it down into the lake an' knock over as many fish in three seconds as he c'd yank out with his hooks an' lines in three days."

"Well, Job built his kite, makin' the frame good an' strong, an' coverin' it with oiled silk, so it'd shed rain; then he rigged up a sharp-pinted wire projectin' out a foot or so beyond the up-

an' discouraged that he never tried to do any more fishing by the lightnin' process method after that."

"Through with yer story?" queried Wiggins, as Uncle Joe paused and began to show symptoms of starting for home.

"I kalkilate I am," said Uncle Joe, rising to his feet; "I sot out to tell you about Job Bunker's Ben Franklin kite an' I reckon I've narrated all there is to it, so I might as well be shufflin' along to'ards home."

W. S. GIDLEY.

His Sense of Humor.

[Washington Star:] It is a much-abused quantity, this phrase "a sense of humor."

"The trouble with most people," said the young man with wide, wavy ears and a voice like a lawn mower, "is that they haven't a faculty for seeing the amusing side of life. They've got to have something labeled 'this is funny' before they will understand that it's time to laugh. They miss lots of chances to enjoy themselves simply because of their own carelessness and stupidity."

Then he gave a loud, discordant "haw haw," which made everybody in the vicinity dislike him.

"Don't you think there are occasions on which our sympathies are so strongly appealed to that hilarity is impossible?" inquired the quiet, elderly man.

"Not if you have the gift of seeing the funny side of things. There's no excuse for giving in to dull care and melancholy. I saw an incident the other day which goes to prove what I say. There was a young man sitting in front of me on the car. A lady sat next him, and I could see by her fidgety manner that anybody with a sense of humor would be able to get something worth laughing at if he would keep his eyes open. In a few minutes she slid along the seat next close beside him and said, 'Are you familiar with the names of the hotels in this city?' I felt sorry for that young fellow. He didn't have any sense of humor at all. He simply said that he knew most of the hotels, and then she told him all about the case. She had come from somewhere up in New York State. Her son had enlisted against his parents' will, and I guess they had had some rather hard words before he left home to be a soldier. But just the same she kept on ending him boxes full of all sorts of things to relieve the monotony of soldier fare, most of which, for some reason, he never got. I could hardly keep from snickering when I saw how

AT THE THEATERS.

A NEW YORK correspondent of The Times sends the following encouraging report of the season's outlook for grand opera:

The season of grand opera promised for this winter will be one of the most brilliant America has ever known. While it is too early to announce the novelties that may go toward making it memorable in the annals of the Metropolitan opera-house, yet enough is known to excite the interest of music lovers throughout the country. For New York will, before the winter ends, share its great company with Boston and Philadelphia, and probably with Chicago and St. Louis.

It is definitely settled that Herr Schalk will conduct the Wagnerian operas, filling the place made vacant by Anton Seidl's death. It was very difficult to secure a conductor to succeed a man so eminent as Seidl, but it is believed that Herr Schalk will prove himself in every way a worthy successor. Until recently Herr Schalk has been the assistant conductor at Berlin. Summoned in haste to London, where, contrary to his expectations, he was called upon to lead "Lohengrin," when he had supposed "Tristan" would be the opera given, he conducted the difficult piece without sufficient rehearsal, but to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Grau, the audience, and the London critics. He made a deep and very favorable impression. New York will await with considerable interest the first Wagnerian opera, the presentation of which will introduce Herr Schalk to America.

The appearance of Mme. Sembrich on the great stage of the Metropolitan is another event of importance to the lovers of grand opera. Mme. Sembrich is not only one of the highest priced singers in the world, but she is really one of the world's greatest artists. Her coming will be most distinctly an event, and her appearance in opera a treat of the rarest sort. The beautiful quality of her voice and the perfection of her method commanded the admiration of all when she appeared in concert last winter in New York, but as Mme. Sembrich has an essentially dramatic temperament, which needs the situations and illusions of grand opera to give it scope, it is anticipated that her work in the French and Italian operas, and as Elsa in "Lohengrin"—which part she has added to her extensive repertoire—will display qualities not suggested in her concert work. Mme. Sembrich will have to bear comparison with such great lyric artists as Mme. Melba, Mme. Eames, Mme. Nordica, and Mme. Calve—who have also signed contracts with Mr. Grau to appear at the Metropolitan during the coming season. It is believed, however, that she will take a very high rank among these favorites, even if the first place is not accorded to her.

Frau Schumann-Heink has never been heard in America, but she is considered to be the greatest contralto now appearing in opera. She, too, has been engaged for the coming season at the Metropolitan, and her debut here is awaited by those who love Wagner's music with as much interest as lovers of Italian opera attach to Mme. Sembrich's appearance.

Jean Schumann-Heink has just repeated in London the triumphs she achieved in Hamburg and Berlin. In 1896 she appeared at Bayreuth, where she sang Erda in Siegfried and Waltraute in Goetterdaemmerung, creating a very deep impression; indeed, her wonderful singing was considered by many of the musical pilgrims gathered at Bayreuth as the chief event of the festival.

It is a satisfaction to be sure that the De Reszkes are coming back to us. Despite the rumors to the contrary, Jean de Reszke will sing in several Wagnerian roles. He is certain to be heard in "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," and, probably, "Tristan and Isolde." He will also delight his legion of admirers with his glorious "Faust" and "Roméo," and others of the standard operas. The disquieting reports that have come from England of failing voice are discredited. What lovers of grand opera would do if Jean de Reszke ceased to sing, it is difficult to imagine. He is so identified with the great roles that it would almost seem that they could be heard no more when his voice becomes silent. He has been so long the popular idol that the whole temple of music would seem to totter if he fell.

Edouard de Reszke is as well loved as his brother, and his absence would be as serious a loss. The patrons of grand opera uttered a gentle sigh of relief when it was announced that he, too, would return. The famous brothers will not be separated until next summer, when Edouard will sing at Concert Garden, London, while Jean rests at his Polish estates prior to his appearance at Bayreuth in June. It will be a pleasure to hear the "big" De Reszke again. One never wearies of his superb performances. His work as Mephistopheles in "Faust" once seen can never be forgotten. It is in every sense notable and fine, nothing more imposingly diabolical, more magnificently

evil, more grimly humorous, was ever seen upon the stage.

Mme. Melba's return is always an event. One hopes that she will always come back to us with the winter season. Mme. Melba may lack Calve's dramatic genius, but her voice is flawless in its exquisite beauty, and her personality is charming. It is not yet announced that she will appear in any new roles, but this is not essential, as the old repertoire serves for the display of her matchless tones.

Mme. Eames has had the good fortune, or distinction, or whatever it may be, to sing in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," before the Queen at Windsor Castle recently. She is the first prima donna to appear as Juliette before the Queen in Windsor Castle. The performance took place on a temporary stage erected in the celebrated "Waterloo Chamber."

The Romeo of the occasion was Sallega, who is also to be a member of the Metropolitan Company this winter. The entire event is described as having been most successful. Mme. Eames will be accompanied to America by her husband, Julian Storey, the son of the famous sculptor, and himself a painter of note.

Mme. Calve will, of course, be heard in "Carmen." We are sorry that the genial Sig. Ancona is not coming over to sing the Torredore's part. Mme. Calve will be heard as Marguerite in "Mephistopheles," and perhaps in a new

to lose a syllable or a gesture during some particularly fine scene upon the stage.

Every bleating innocent either sleeps like Rip Van Winkle or peacefully absorbs comfort from its thumb during knockabout turns or musical travesties, when the arrival in the theater of a freight train or a Salvation Army band would make no particular difference, but once let an artist appear on the boards and a chorus of shrill yelps that would put to flight a pack of coyotes, arises from every corner of the house.

Last Wednesday's matinee at the Orpheum was a glittering example of this species of torture, and the fact that it was mixed with several other kinds hardly tended to lessen the annoyance. Children were out in force, for each fond mother who wanted to see the show was morally certain that her own little darling would make no disturbance, whatever might be done by other people's children. So she secured a seat well to the front, and if her baby happened to be under two years old, she chose the very middle of the row, where she could be snugly wedged in on either side by a nice long line of people with knees to stumble over, and vision to block if she should attempt to reach the aisle.

The children behaved like cherubs through the deafening cacophony of cornet and trombone that forms the climax to that "musical" turn, but no sooner had the curtain rung up on "The Old Musician" than pandemonium broke loose. The imp of noisy restlessness appeared to gain possession of every youngster in the house—with the honorable exception of the gallery gods, who behaved like gentlemen and connoisseurs. Down stairs the older children whispered, giggled and squeaked, the rusty springs of their seats; the peanut and popcorn

gratification of the few ought not to prevail against the sharp annoyance of a thousand. "Babies Not Admitted" ought to follow the high hat announcement on every theatrical programme, if people have not sense enough of themselves to keep their babies at home.

First of the actresses from The legitimate to produce in vaudeville, sketches that appealed solely to intelligence in an audience, and depended alone for their success on artistic merit in play and player, Miss Lillian Burkhart deserves a meed of praise which eastern critics have generously given.

With no flourish of trumpets, or talk of "elevating vaudeville" this plucky girl quietly bought from Grant Stewart the comedy "Dropping a Hint," rehearsed it, engaged support, and asked for a trial in a Philadelphia vaudeville house. As the wife of Charles Dickson, she was known to be clever, but—would a vaudeville audience take kindly to comedy with neither song, dance, gags, horseplay, lightning changes or jugglery as sauce? Verily it was a risk, but the venture was made, Miss Burkhart succeeded, and for four years has been a "headliner," as the professional jargon has it, in the large vaudeville houses of the east.

These are the tactics by which Miss Burkhart has won her success. Having taken for granted brilliant talent in the actress, add the hardest sort of work in the preparation of a sketch and its consequent production, and then include a constant search for new dramatic material, the choicest the market affords. And the result? Miss Burkhart has a repertoire of eight successful comedies, and wins hearty commendation from critics for the unceasing attempts to improve and give the public the best in herself and her sketches.

Grant Stewart, whose sketches have contributed not a little to Miss Burkhart's success, now possesses a renown which promises to blossom into fame. An indifferent actor, five years ago Stewart turned to play-writing. From sketch-writing he has come to dramatic work of high order, manifest in his play with which Charles Dickson is to open his season, and the commission he has just received from E. A. Sothern to write a comedy, the scenario of which the famous actor had warmly approved.

The last week of the Webster-Bacon Company at the Burbank Theater closes with this evening's performance of "Capt. Swift," a play which has been admirably handled by this company. The organization goes at once upon the road with a repertoire consisting of the plays so successfully produced during its engagement in Los Angeles. The personnel of the company remains unchanged. Edith Lemmer and George Webster will play leading parts, and Frank W. Bacon will continue his excellent work as comedian. The other members of the company are John Nicholson, Stanley Ross, Violet Dale, Mignon Marechal and Miss Rue. The management will be under the charge of Louis Jenness.

After this evening the Burbank will be dark for some weeks, undergoing thorough renovation and repairs before it begins the new epoch in its varied career. Messrs. Shaw and Petrich take formal possession of the theater tomorrow, and work will begin at once.

Any incident that occurs in the managerial career of either one of the two Jake Rosenthals usually finds its way to the appreciative ear of the other. The manager of that name who is at present keeping the vaudeville pot bubbling at the Orpheum is now chuckling over a little joke on his Chicago namesake and fellow-hustler, as told in the Chicago Chronicle:

"Jake Rosenthal, the largest theatrical hustler on earth, and one of the best; St. Goodfriend, as slick as they make advance agents, and Joseph J. Buckley, the busiest manager in the bunch, are all in Chicago promoting the interests of various actors. They make a hot trio, and the temperature in their vicinity is several degrees warmer than anywhere else in town. Rosenthal and Goodfriend, in particular, are always 'joshing' each other. Earlier in the summer Rosenthal promised to give Goodfriend a suit of clothes if he would get up a newspaper controversy about 'Why Smith Left Home.' This was in New York. Goodfriend did procure the publication of one letter and then got tired. When he met Rosenthal here, however, the first thing he asked was: 'Where's that suit of clothes?' Do I get 'em?"

"All you get is a pair of pants," said Jake.

But Goodfriend got even the next time he met Rosenthal.

"Look here, Goodfriend," said Rosenthal, "are there any vacancies in the Kelcey-Shannon company? I know a clever little actress I'd like to place, but the Broadway companies are all filled."

"I'm sorry," replied Goodfriend, "but all our people are engaged—that is, all but the four architects."

"Architects!" exclaimed Rosenthal. "What on earth do you want with four architects?"

"Why, to draw good houses!" replied Goodfriend meekly. He may get his suit yet."

Miss Lillian Burkhart, the charming comedienne, whose reception at the Orpheum the past week has been so cordial, is an artist in more ways than



MARIE BASTA TAVARY.
The Renowned Russian Prima Donna.

role. But if she sang nothing but Carmen she would still be very welcome.

Mme. Nordica will be heard again as Elsa. Her success in Wagnerian roles is very gratifying to her friends. Year by year her position in the ranks of the great prima donnas becomes more impregnable. She is destined to take a very high rank among the world's famous singers of the time. It is a relief to every one who reads the papers to know that she has amicably settled her old quarrel with Jean de Reszke.

Van Dyck, Campanari, Bispham and Van Rooy have also been secured for the Metropolitan, and Marie Engle and Suzanne Adams will be members of Mr. Grau's great company, and the omni-present well-beloved Mme. Bauermeister is sure to put in her appearance before the curtain rises.

Municipal legislation, backed by the pressure of public opinion, has succeeded in ridding all first-class theaters of the high-hat nuisance but the crying evil still remains. In this case it is literally a crying evil, and it is likely to remain just as long as babies are allowed in public places of entertainment. Nothing can be said against babies as an abstract proposition. They certainly have their use in the scheme of creation, and in the privacy of the home circle they are usually considered both useful and ornamental. In the theater or concert hall, though, babies are decidedly outside of their sphere of usefulness. In fact, they are usually an intolerable nuisance. Following the promptings of innate perversity, the average baby can be depended upon to set up an ear-splitting yowl at the precise moment when the whole house is as still as death, trying not

boys scurried about, intent on doing a stroke of business out of the legitimate time; scraps of loud conversation floated in through the open doors from the foyer, where a few grown-up children whose souls do not rise above knockabout turns were loitering between beers; and the babies—Ye gods! how those babies did yell! During the exquisite monologue of Mr. Morris, when every inflection carries its own shade of meaning, a shrimp apparently under a month old, set up a pin-pointed yelp, and was dandled conspicuously by the anxious mamma, thereby effectively detracting everybody's attention from the stage. Later, right at the beautiful, pathetic climax of the story, at least fourteen babies set up protesting wails and had to be hurriedly borne outside.

When Mme. Tavary appeared, they had all come back, ripe for another disturbance. The whole thing was repeated, even unto the elimination of the interesting infants, but the effect of the prima donna's most liquid cadenzas was ruined by the impromptu accompaniment of the knife-edged chorus. Once, irritated past endurance, Director Frankenstein turned sharply around with a menacing glare at the storm center and the majority of the audience with difficulty repressed a desire to applaud the pre-emptory action.

As long as noisy variety turns ruled the world of vaudeville extraneous, noise did not so much matter, but artists deserve at least the respect of undisturbed attention, and the appreciative part of the audience has a right to demand of every theatrical manager that, as far as possible, quiet shall be enforced. It may be rough on a few mothers, but it is a case of the survival of the fittest. The selfish

FRESH LITERATURE.

Reviews by The Times Reviewer.

Discussion of the True Church.
GUIDE TO TRUE RELIGION. By Rev. P. Woods. [Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.]

CONSIDERING the characteristics of the "true church," the Rev. Wood opens the way for his argument in favor of the Catholic faith by a survey of the various religious faiths which are held by their followers, in each case, to be the only true belief. Mr. Wood presents many familiar arguments, supported by copious scriptural quotations, and ventures the prediction that in some future time the religion of the Catholic church shall be the prevailing one on the continent of America, "absorbing, if not all, at least the majority of all others."

"The Ways of Love."

THE SHRINE OF LOVE AND OTHER POEMS. By Lucien V. Rule. [Chicago: Herbert Stone & Co.]

A series of very delightful love songs by Lucien V. Rule have been arranged by him under consecutive heads to form a little love history, any portion of which, however, is complete in itself. The shattering of a false ideal, the realization of all that the higher love means and the joy it brings, even though also bringing pain, is the poet's theme. A number of patriotic verses follow these songs of sentiment, the last of which, "Why Should She Now be Spared?" is excellent in both form and sentiment.

Magazines of the Month.

CHIEF interest among Harper's September articles is James Bryce's discussion of "The Policy of the United States." Mr. Bryce's faculty for dispassionate observation is well exemplified in this consideration of the new problems now confronting our country. He points out the impossibility of drawing deductions for the case of the United States from the examples of European countries since the conditions which render a colonial policy advisable in some nations of Europe do not obtain in any degree in America. Mr. Bryce considers the whole question one which the peculiar form of our government will render it difficult to cope with. Another timely paper is that of Worthington C. Ford, late chief of the Bureau of Statistics, on "The New Fiscal Policy of the United States." Julian Ralph's story, "An Angel in a Web," begins in this number and Sidney Whitman has a most intelligent article on "The Turk at Home."

The first chapters of Prince Khopotkin's striking autobiography appear as promised in the September Atlantic and are preceded by a brief outline of the career of the Prince by Robert Erskine Ely. The very unusual history of the brilliant but unfortunate reformer and scientist makes a narrative of striking interest, especially in the autobiographical form. These early chapters deal with the influences surrounding the young Prince in his childhood days, the pomp and dignity forming a part of his daily routine and designed to shape his career, but resulting only in engendering an entire dislike for all official pursuits. A number of unpublished letters of Carlyle, collected and arranged by Charles Townsend Copeland give a glimpse of the softer side of the grim philosopher, and there is a paper on Sir Edward Burne-Jones by William Sharp and one on Bismarck by William Roscoe Thayer.

Though the war is practically ended, the material which it offers for narrative and discussion is still unexhausted, and, apparently, inexhaustible. McClure's prints this month two accounts of the destruction of Cervera's fleet by George E. Graham and W. A. M. Gorde who were, respectively, eyewitnesses from the decks of the Brooklyn and the New York. George B. Waldron discusses "The Commercial Promise of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines," and Ray Stannard Baker tells "How the News of War is Reported." The stories are by Robert Barr, Octave Thanet, John A. Hill and Cy Warman, with a graphic account of Gen. Custer's last fight as related by Two Moon, who told his story to Hamlin Garland.

A mystery story of early colonial times is Lippincott's long story for September. Shorter stories are by Anna Vernon Dorsey, Henry Holcomb Bennett and James Raymond Perry. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood recalls New York as it was in the seventies and there are various other short articles of interest.

Carlyle Smith, who is apparently in a position to know "The Red Mark Twain," writes interestingly on that topic in the current Pail Mail. Mr. Clemens has undoubtedly suffered the penalty of his humor many times over in the course of his sixty-four years, and the persistent refusal of the public to take him seriously on any topic, is something which the graver side of his nature bitterly resents. Marcus Dods, describing a day of life at Cambridge, tells of a routine of diversions, among which scholastic pursuits seem to have almost no share at all. In a subsequent number, a day at the American

Cambridge will be described by a Harvard undergraduate. There is the usual amount of fiction among which S. R. Crockett's "Silver Skull" is by far the most striking.

Clever verses and pictures are more than usually plentiful in St. Nicholas for September, and the more strictly instructive articles are excellently adapted to the use of the sensible young persons who take pleasure in St. Nicholas. Tudor Jenks tells of that exciting voyage of the Oregon, which so recently kept us unstrung with nervous anticipation of possible disaster. Another notable article is on "Photography; Its Marvels," by Elizabeth Flint Wade. Some particularly beautiful illustrations accompanying the article are witnesses of what photography can do.

The Ladies' Home Journal has for its leading feature this month, a sketch of Wilhelmina, who will be crowned Queen of the Netherlands this month. The struggles of Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans to obtain a modest livelihood in this country and his aspirations toward the hand of the daughter of an American gentleman, make material for a sketch which Camillus Phillips uses to advantage. Sarah Barnwell Elliott tells of the curious people of Kentucky and Tennessee who are known as "Covites," from their life among the caves and ravines of the mountain regions. Among the fiction is one of Miss Goodloe's college stories and there are stories, also, by Julia Truitt Bishop and Will N. Harben.

The Woman's Home Companion also has a sketch of Holland's girl Queen, and John Kendrick Bangs leads off the number with a characteristic story.

Literary Comment.

The Stevenson Home.

AMERICAN admirers of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, particularly of the fervid class, whose admiration extends to and embraces those whose good fortune it was to be related to him, may like to know that his widow and her married children, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne, and Mrs. Isobel Strong, recently made a visit to Edinburgh, where they were interviewed by a representative of the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch. One of the first questions propounded to the Stevenson-Osbourne-Strong group was, "What about the old house at Samoa?" To which Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne replied: "Well, of course, my mother has it still on her hands. We would like to sell it; and, as a matter of fact, we have got numerous offers for it. But we don't want to throw it away; and if a suitable price is not obtained, why we will just let it stand. But I think it is very likely we shall part with it soon."

Clement K. Shorter suggested recently in the Illustrated News that the Stevenson house should be removed from Samoa to Edinburgh, a proposal which one of his fellow journalists regarded as a joke. "For the benefit, however, of those who are disposed to take the suggestion seriously," this journalist adds, "we have been informed by one who has stayed at Vallima, and knows it well, that such removal, if attempted, would be fraught with considerable difficulty. The following array of facts will sufficiently explain why: The house cost, in timber alone—the finest California redwood—about £3000, and the dining-room is 50 feet long, 25 broad and 15 high, and is capable of seating a considerable dining club. It will thus be seen that the Edinburgh ground rent involved would speedily swallow the funds already subscribed toward the Stevenson memorial."

The Heroine of Adam Bede.

[Gentleman's Magazine:] Dinah Morris is described in the novel as earning her living in the Snowfield Mills; another anachronism, inasmuch as there are no mills at Wirksworth, yet true in point of fact, because Dinah at one time did work in the Nottingham lace mills. The earlier portion of her life is not connected with Wirksworth. Elizabeth Tomlinson (her real name) was born at Newbold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in 1775, and after living at Derby in domestic service she removed to Nottingham, being then 21 years of age. At Nottingham she joined the Methodists. Six years after this the notable event which subsequently became known in George Eliot's circle as "My Aunt's Story" occurred. A girl named Mary Boce was convicted of child murder at Nottingham Assizes. Miss Tomlinson and a Miss Richards made it their pious duty to attend to the spiritual needs of the culprit, and the poor creature, broke down in the presence of their disinterested attentions, and, like Hetty Sorrel, confessed her crime. Unlike Hetty, however, she did not obtain a reprieve, and on the day of execution she was drawn to the gallows in a cart with a rope around her neck, her two devoted girl friends accompanying her.

Down to this period, and for some years afterward, Elizabeth Tomlinson had not commenced public preaching;

she long and anxiously debated the "to be, or not to be" with her own conscience, before finally deciding that her mission lay in that direction. When at last she did begin the work she quitted Nottingham and returned to Derby, drawing large crowds wherever she preached. Afterward she moved to Ashbourne, and there it was that Samuel Evans (Seth Bede) first saw his future wife. It was then and afterward, from time to time, that the "Hayslope" preachings were held, and here the details of the novel coincide generally with the actual facts.

There is no suggestion in the book that Seth Bede owed his conversion to Dinah; his admiration for her is quite independent of his religious fervor. His prototype, in the same way, was already a Methodist from conviction when Miss Tomlinson first came to Ashbourne. Long before this time Samuel Evans had been influenced by the sermons of a Mr. Hicks, a "round preacher" or circuit minister, who came to do duty in the neighborhood, and as a result he joined the class of Mr. Beresford, a farmer of Snelston. This Mr. Beresford on his deathbed nominated Samuel to be his successor as class-leader.

Fifteen years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Evans came to live at Wirksworth, the intervening period having been spent at Derby and elsewhere. The reiterated assurances of Seth Bede that marriage should not interfere with Dinah's spiritual occupations were fully redeemed by Samuel, for at Derby the public labors of Mrs. Evans were so prominent as to attract the attention and elicit the encouragement of Elizabeth Fry, and later on, when her home was at Wirksworth, the wide country side was her parish, and on Sundays she would range from village to village, preaching in the open air or in the chapel, according to circumstances.

Prejudices of Mrs. Lynn Linton.

[New York Times:] In the British Weekly there are some reminiscences of Mrs. Lynn Linton. As the lady was known to Landon intimately, there would some idea entertained that she would write his life, but the task fell to Forster, and the writer in the British Weekly says "that Mrs. Linton hated Forster, whom she regarded as pompous, heavy, ungenial, saturnine, and cynical, and one of the most jealous of men. She regarded Forster's 'Life of men' as treacherous and disloyal, and took great delight in thinking of her terrible review of it—one of the most pungent pieces of criticism ever written." Mrs. Lynn Linton knew Dickens. Guildhall had belonged to her father, and was sold to Dickens. The fault she found in Dickens "was the strain of hardness in his nature." Thackeray she liked better than Dickens. "She regarded him as generous, indolent, loving, tender-hearted, very flexible. She knew the secret history of both these eminent men as few did, but never would put it into print. Both men, she said, could and did love deeply, passionately, madly, and the secret history of their lives has yet to be written. It will never be written now, and it is best that it should not be." We should be rather inclined to deny any mystery in Thackeray's life. George Eliot was just such a person as to incur the somewhat irascible Mrs. Lynn Linton's dislike. She thought George Eliot "unbred, provincial, badly dressed, unwashed, (Oh! Oh!) unbrushed, (Oh! Oh!) unkempt, and conceited," and "success and adulation spoiled her and destroyed all simplicity and all sincerity of character. She never threw aside the trappings or the airs of the benign Sibyl." Certainly George Eliot was the antithesis of Mrs. Lynn Linton, and the author of "Romola" she never could have understood. Mrs. Lynn Linton's feathers were prone to rustle, and especially when she was thrown in contact with one of her own sex. Then there were peculiarities about George Eliot which nobody yet has quite fathomed.

A Bit of Inside History.

[Washington Times:] There is another little story connected with Mr. Davis's zeal for realism, which has never been printed. It has to do with one of his earlier stories, in which he introduces a young maiden, who, disappointed in a love affair, tries to soothe her wounded feelings in the orthodox way by going to work in a mission settlement. Coming home one night from a charitable expedition, she is attacked by young toughs, and rescued by Mr. Van Bibber. The story ends in her complete and abject surrender to the lover whom she has mistakenly dismissed earlier in the game. The inside history of this tale is as follows: There was a young lady in New York society who found it desirable to snub Mr. Davis rather pointedly, and he took his revenge by writing this story about her, and using her real name. The young lady naturally did not like to see herself talked of by name in the fiction department of a leading magazine, but she did not argue the question. But vengeance descended upon the young man from another quarter. The mission settlement had also been described by name, and Mr. Davis had given the impression that it was dangerous for girls to work there, which was very far from the truth. Such an adventure as he described could no more have happened in the locality which he described than in a New York drawing room. The mission workers found that this piece of fiction was causing much worry to the people who allowed their daughters to work in the mission. Two of them happened to have some in-

fluence with Mr. Davis's publishers, and they went and told the whole story, with the result that the youthful romance was summarily "called down," and it is not thought that he has ever put a heroine's real name into a study of New York life since that time.

Mr. Gladstone's Estimate of Renan.

Since the death of Gladstone innumerable stories of him have come to light and many of them have to do with his literary tastes. As everyone knows the bookish side of his character was quite as prominent during his whole life as his statesmanship; and the bookman in him was emphatically a religious man. This is illustrated by a story which is told of him in connection with Renan:

"We were once discussing Renan. 'His 'Vie de Jesus' is a dull book," said Mr. Gladstone. The remark fairly astounded those who heard it. Of all the criticisms on that book, none like this had ever before been known. It may be anything else—irreligious, infidel, impious, what you will—but the man who could find it dull must be a man to whom all literature is dull, and Mr. Gladstone is certainly not that man. But he declared that he had tried to read it and could not. The same thought came into the minds of us all. He dared not finish it. He shrank from the chance of finding fixed beliefs unsettled—religious beliefs perhaps historical beliefs certain. But he saw he had gone too far. In conversation, as in oratory, he expected to carry his audience with him, and he could measure the effect of his words just as accurately about a dinner table as from a platform. He took one of those sharp curves which long practice made easy to him.

"I don't mean to say that Renan is always dull, or that he has not great merits. His works on the Semitic philology have a high value."

"We kept as grave faces as we could. Mr. Gladstone's sense of humor was never very strong. But even Mr. Gladstone, had anybody himself said it, might have been expected to perceive an incongruity in the view to which the 'Life of Jesus' was dull, and the 'Historie Generale des Langues Semitiques' and entertaining volume."

Literary Notes.

THERE was sold in London the other day a manuscript in the autograph of William Cowper, comprising the variations made from the first edition of his translation of the Iliad.

A new book just completed by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is entitled "A Daughter of the Vine."

The late Aubrey Beardsley left a number of illustrations for Ben Johnstone's "Volpone," and an edition with these decorations will soon be issued in London.

The story of the life of the Empress of China from childhood is told in "Tuen, Slave and Empress," a book which E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish.

An interesting series of letters of Mr. Gladstone, some twenty-two in all, written while at Eton and soon after leaving the university is to be sold in London.

The Macmillans will soon publish in the fall a collection of the short stories of Rolf Boldrewood, which have already appeared in various periodicals during the last few years.

One of the most atrocious examples of the feminization of words is quoted by "Notes and Queries" from Thomas Nugent, translator of "Hist. of Fair Gerund." "She was not a common woman," wrote this gentleman, "but a genius and an elegant writrix."

It will probably be of interest to the numerous admirers of Edmund Clarence Steadman to know that the August number of the English periodical, Great Thoughts, devotes some space to a critical estimate of him, contributed by the editor.

A lyrical play by Maurice Hewlitt, entitled "Pan and the Young Shepherd," will be published by John Lane: "The Bodley Head," in September. Mr. Hewlitt's more recent work, "The Forest Lovers," is still meeting with unqualified success.

Mr. Quiller-Couch seems to be meeting with unexpected success in his new venture, "The Cornish Magazine," considering that it is a purely local production and can appeal only to the western counties. According to English authorities, it has already secured a circulation of upward of 15,000 copies.

The Academy says that Oxford men to whom the Bodleian is open every day, send to the London Library for books. All the costly new books are promptly bought and lent out, and this system is rendered the more possible by the fact that the committee does not undertake to buy ephemeral or inferior books.

A translation of "The Life of Alphonse Daudet," by his son, Léon Daudet, has been made by Charles de Kay, and will be published in America by Little, Brown & Co. Mr. de Kay knew the distinguished French novelist personally, and corresponded with him. A translation could hardly come from a better pen under the circumstances.

The chief awards in the Black Cat prize competition were made as follows: H. J. W. Dam, London, Eng., \$1500 for "The Tax on Mustaches"; Walter Wellman, Washington, D. C., \$500 for his "Glen Echo Mystery," and Frank B. Chase, Boston, \$500 for his "White Brick," the second prize of \$1000 being equally divided on account of evenness of merit. There were nine other prizes paid May 24.

OUR MORNING SERMON.

THE COMING ARISTOCRACY.

A LABOR-DAY DISCOURSE.

By Rev. Albert C. Grier, D.D.,

Chu ch of the Good Shepherd, Universa 1st, Racine, Wis.

We are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.—(Romans viii: 16, 17.)

WHEN our forefathers wrote in the Declaration of Independence that all men are born free and equal, they uttered the wish of their hearts, rather than the philosophic thought of their brains.

Men are born equal in no sense of the term; neither in wealth nor intelligence; neither in strength nor opportunity. If our fathers had said that men ought to be recognized as equals before the law, and no condition of birth, color or other extraneous thing should permit a privilege to be granted one or a right denied another, they would have said what they meant.

Some there have always been, some there will always be, superior to others. And this condition of supremacy is a necessary one, for if all were exactly equal in anything, all the value of diversity would be lost. In the struggle toward an ideal there must be different conditions along the way. It is all exactly equal or an advantage for some one. Nor is this true of single qualities only; not only does this man excel that one in ability to rule, but in quickness of intellect, in power of arm and in nobility of soul.

As long as man has lived upon the earth there has been an aristocracy; there have been those who ruled, and those who were ruled; some few who showed that they could not only tame the forces of nature, but employ the same process upon their fellow-men. Nor has this all been evil. It was no rule or the rule of the few. The mass was not capable of ruling together, and so the most fit must do it. And the mass as a general thing has been content with this arrangement. Even in America the people sometimes prefer, it would seem, to have corrupt rule rather than attend to it themselves. But it is not always so, nor is it necessarily a sign of barbarism when the people revolt against their rulers. It may be an evidence of their awakening sense of personal rights, and an awakening ability to share the burden of government.

But there is not only a ruling few; there is also a class which centers around these few. They are the real aristocracy, for they come in closer contact with the people, and it is with their lot that the masses compare their condition. Society is a very complex thing, as it is the outworking of a most wonderful and complicated mechanism, the human mind. It is a wheel within a wheel. And so we find an aristocracy in every circle.

We look with saddened eyes over the history of once great nations. We read of their rise through seas of material difficulties, see how they have shone in their grandeur, and then sunk to rise no more. Then, looking around on our own beautiful history, we see the struggles of our forefathers, show they conquered the wilderness and its savage inhabitants, doing heroic pioneer work, making character to be shown in their sons, and preparing the way for them to work. And then in the present we see ourselves the richest, and in many respects, the most powerful nation in the world.

So, in two steps, at least, ours resembles the history of all of the once great nations. What is there to hinder us taking the third great step, the fall? What reason have we to expect an immunity from the fatality of history that has come to these other peoples? We have arisen faster; may we expect a more rapid decline? Unless there are conservative elements in our society that the fallen nations knew not of this must be.

We believe that these conservative elements do exist, and that through them there is large hope for our future. Let us work and pray that they may "have free course and be glorified." Yet, glancing into the real heart of the present, we do see dangers. Of but two can we speak at length, passing by intemperance, race hatred, the increase of divorce, the passion for gain, the influx of the worst elements of all the world, the longing after titles and all sorts of aristocratic paraphernalia.

The aristocracy of America will never be on the basis of blood. Our education is all against it, and our experience has led in another direction. Blood never was and never will be the shibboleth of American society. We may for a moment ape England, but our native qualities will crop out and money will be on top every time. And it is to this king that we are making our obeisance. The possession of wealth is the passport into society, and wealth is the aristocracy of today. Nor is this simply an incident—it is a necessary outcome of the wonderful riches of the New World, of the spirit of adventure of our fathers, the mechanical and scientific developments of the age, and the materializing tendencies of our times. "Seek ye first the kingdom of Mammon," is the aphorism of today.

This spirit presents not only a spir-

itual danger, but a material one. The creation of wealth, unless there is a just and somewhat equal distribution, is the very thing that will stop its production. Production cannot go on unless there is exchange, and how can there be exchange when both the thing produced and the purchasing power are both on the same side of the house?

Mark Twain laughs at the old kings and priests, who built vast cathedrals while the worshippers were clothed in rags. But what king was as rich as Vanderbilt? And what one age could have as costly a house of worship as some of the homes on Fifth avenue? There are seventy estates in the United States whose average value is \$35,000,000; 10,000 people own one-half of this vast country, which was given by God for the blessing of all his people, while the other half is divided among the seventy odd millions that make up the balance; 100 men own practically all of England; 20 men own nearly all of Scotland, while 770 possess all of value of the Emerald Isle. Thomas G. Shearman says that if the present rate is continued, the billionaire will be with us in forty years; but Mr. Shearman believes the danger will be seen ere that, and the billionaire's coming be prevented.

The chief danger lies in the use that these owners would make of their wealth. Is it not natural that they should use it in securing material pleasure, in eating and drinking, in gambling and other licentious ways? What but these things were the causes of the fall of Greece and Rome? They are signs of a decaying nation.

Is it not time then, friends, that we as champions of a grand future, ideal in its beauty, but practical in its workings, if we can only find men, is it not time that we should do what we can to dethrone the king, Money, and place on the throne a more worthy occupant? Let us refuse to worship it for itself; let not its glamor blind our eyes to its true unworthiness. Let us not look for our church members on the ground of wealth; let us not value a man more because it comes from one who possesses a few more pounds than we of a metal which he can neither eat nor wear. Nor will money be so valuable in that day, in the day of our dream, when its possession is only of value as it has been nobly attained, when simply its possession does not admit one to the charmed circle of the aristocrats.

And the day of a new aristocracy approaches—the aristocracy of learning.

Welcome the day when education shall mean more than an ability to read and write; welcome the day when the public will not demand that schools, too, shall be a materializing agency, when teachers whose duty is higher shall not have to teach children simply how to earn bread and butter; welcome the day when a grand preparation is required of every one who would play on that wonderful organ, the human mind, and when he who stands high in thoughts is not pitied or scorned because he has not made the dollars. I have a dozen friends whose combined outfit would not pay one year's salary of a railroad president, yet whose being is worth more to the world than the whole banking capital of the State of New York.

Oh, knowledge is a wonderful thing—true knowledge; not simply knowledge of how to make money, how to get a lien on a newly-discovered gold mine, but that knowledge which is "thinking again the thoughts of God," which is "living again the life of the past." It is that aristocracy which is now incoming.

But even here we have not the true aristocracy. Knowledge is but food, and unless digested is of no value. It may perhaps help one to earn a living, but what is such a living worth? If living is not to develop a noble character, which is to endure, what meaning has life? Knowledge may result in educated rascals; it can be applied as well to the creation of a tool to open a safe as to a means of locking it securely.

We have seen the gradual rise from brutism to intellectualism, shadowed at least, and the next and most significant step is toward true worth of soul. This last step is pregnant with meaning to him who is looking for proof of a future life. It puts a meaning in the struggles of the past, for we have seen humanity "rise on stepping stones of its dead self to higher things." We see how senseless were the old fights with winds and waves and lower stages of civilization without this completing step. First, triumphs in matter, then in mind, and now in spiritual life. The results of this conflict must endure, even beyond the grave, for all else was for this.

We may not live to see the day when society is governed by those principles, which we believe to be the true and lasting ones, but there is one corner of this earth that may be ruled by them, if we so will it. That corner is our own heart. The aristocracy of the future will come in only as we are prepared for it, as we make it to come in

by our living its life. It is the kingdom of which Christ taught us, it is the realm of the poets' dreams, for which philosophers have hoped and reformers have prayed.

Of the G.A.R. organization it is said: "No child can be born into it; no proclamation of President or ukase of Czar can command admission; no university can issue a diploma of fellowship; no act of Congress or Parliament secures recognition; the wealth of Vanderbilt cannot purchase membership."

This is, too, a description of the new aristocracy which is coming in with the kingdom of Christ, which is the kingdom of Christ; only a soul which has borne the heat and burden of the day, which has been valiant in the fight against the wrong, can enter the charmed circle of the coming aristocracy. "There is one great society on earth, the noble living and the noble dead."

Tells the Speed of Trains.

[Pearson's Weekly:] An ingenious form of speed-recording apparatus has been recently devised for use in some German railway experiments. While simple in design, it proved exceedingly effective, and showed, moreover, not only the speed at any particular moment, but the time in which stops were made, speed around curves, up grades, etc.

Electrical connections were made on the axle of the carriage in such a manner that a dash and a space were marked off at each revolution on a paper strip moved by clockwork. By marking the length of the ribbon corresponding to one minute of time and counting the number of dashes contained therein, the number of revolutions is given at once, and from the diameter of the wheel the speed can readily be computed.

In the experiments referred to the paper ribbon was ruled so that one second of time was represented by one millimeter of space, and by a subsequent arrangement of curves a graphic record of speeds under various conditions was attained.

RILEY'S RIVAL.

A LOS ANGELES "POET" WHO IS HUNTING FOR JAMES.

Among the many contributions which find their way to The Times is occasionally one of such unintentional piquancy as to deserve publication verbatim et literatim. Such gems as the following letter and poem are too precious to perish in the waste basket:

LOS ANGLUS Cal aug 25, 1898.

to the editor of the Los Anglus times respected Sir

I send you in this letter a poem for your consideration I live about five miles out but I git My mail in the city I rote this poem last winter after I had got home from a trip east the other day I set on My poarch and a man drov up good morning he sed do you tak the Los Anglus times no sed I why not sed he gust then I hapend to think of my poem be you a noospaper man sed i yes sed he well sed i you wate i want too show you something so i got My poem an shode it to him he Red it then he sed where did you git this i wrote it sed i he luffed an sed you ot to be with Jim Rily i thot he was makin fun of me an sed whose Jim Rily i thot it must hev bin sum of his relashions from the way he spook no i sed i write poetry considerable as menny a Album in the neighborhood can testify Well he sed why dont you send this to the times they will print it fur you o sed i its to hot wether never mind that sed he you let me take your subscriphun an you will see it in the paper So i sed all rite the neighbors have bin tryin to hav me send it to the paper i have allus wrote poetry more or less fur some time i have got another peace to send you perviding this one is printed i hav red the times an consider it a very valubul paper but i got hard up an had to stop it but i giv this Man a subscriphun fur a month an hope you can use my poem in it sumwhere i am going to the city tomorrow and will mail you this letter i well know my uneducation an there may be sum words whot are not

spele i rite in my poem wich the same i trost you will correck i remain ever your true frend

BENJAMIN CANTLE.

p.s. can you tel me who is Jim Rily an whare in Los Anglus dos he liv CALIFORNIA PHILOSOFY.

no 1
You kin talk about yer eastern states thare stiddy growth an size
An brag about your cilties with thare bliness enturprise
You kin blow about tall bildings running clean up to the clouds
An gass about yer gralded streets an chin about yer crowds
But how about yer snow banks an yer blizzards an yer rain
With the wether down to zero an es likely to remane
An you keep a roarin fire whitch the same will make you frown
When you look an see the way in whitch yer coal pile dwindle down.

no 2
You shiver in the mornin when you crawl frum out yer bed
You shiver ore the reguster an sie an shake yer hed
An wish twas sumwhat warmer an sware youll never stay
Whare thays 20 kinds of wether in sumtimes a single day
An as you go down celar an with coal the ternace fill
An then go out to do the chors you keep on shiverin still
You freeze yer fingers toes an ears an when you go to bed
You gest lie thare an shiver frum yer heels clean to yer hed

no 3
An then wen zero wethers gone you git the derty mud
You track it on the carpit an it gits on evry dud
Yer wife she gaws an scolds an sez she cant keep nothin neat
When home you come with muddy shoes an dont wipe off yer feet
An later on along in june its gest ez like ez not
The wetherll chalgne the atmosfere an make it pipin hot
An then youll lay awake of nites an kick an pant an swet
An sware each day a hotter one than eny youve seen yet

no 4
Q you who live away back east you dont know wot you miss
By stayin in that meesly clime without the joy an bliss
Of knowin wot the wether is frum one day to the next
Its meby this i hope its that er sum such like preter
Yer wimmen start to mak a call an gase up at the sky
Perhaps ez clear without a cloud nowhare in site on high
An forthayre half done visitin down coms the rain pell mell
An thare thay be ketchid without no rubbers er umbrel.

no 5
Come out to callforny an you shortly will disdane
To think of goin visitin an gittin soaked with rain
Whare flowers bloom the hull year round the sky is allus bright
The sun shines leven months out of twelv without a cloud in sight
An were you go to bed at nite you needent lay an shake
An shiver with the freezin cold gest fur old jack frost saks
Youd never pine fur eastern climes thays no denyin that
Fur wen you want a heaven on earth Los anglus stans pat.

YOUNG AS SHE LOOKS

And a healthy skin, with good, fresh color, makes one look so young. Lola Montez Creme, the great skin food and tissue builder, by nourishing and building up the tissues, gives that healthy, youthful freshness essential to beauty, that every woman craves. 75c a jar, lasts 3 months. All Druggists.

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EXCELSIOR MILLS,
COR. THIRD STREET AND CENTRAL AVENUE

WOMAN AND HOME.

AUTUMN WRAPS.

COATS AND CAPES AND OTHER PRETTY GARMENTS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—We are already beginning to think seriously of the wherewithal we shall be protected against the sharp white teeth of the first autumn frost. As long ago as April we sang a requiem over, recalled the good works and virtues of and tenderly buried the cape, and lo and behold! it is swinging just as jauntily as you please from the shoulders of women whose taste is above suspicion. There is no getting about the fact that women like the cape and have of their own will resuscitated it, but a more bungling, aimless sort of a garment was never seen, unless one admit the straight jacket.

If you are going on a September vacation to the mountains to see the leaves turn, or you have been asked to coach through some particularly nice bit of country, you can't pretend to be decently equipped unless you do carry a cape. But not your comfortable old golf cape. The smart thing to do is to buy a big imported Scotch blanket fringed at both ends and one side woven in bright plaid streaks. You take this to your tailor and have him cut it up and sew it down in a wrap that hugs your shoulders and pins your arms tight to your sides. It must have a

For, now that the duty on furs is so high, cloth wraps lined with skins procured in the States, will be the refuge of the economical. Tailors and furriers are going to make the experiment of lining cloth coats with these light and inexpensive skins, and in the use of them follows an eccentric Paris fashion. Over in that city of whims they have learned to dye cheap furs the most lovely shades of red, green, blue, lilac, purple and yellow, which fashion promises to create an autumn sensation.

Over in Paris, also, the tale-bearers tell us they are making the most adorable short velvet coats and incrusting them in jewel beads. That is, beads made to resemble jewels. Combining the colors of these in Indian, Persian and floral patterns on velvet, sinking the sparkling bits of glass deep in the pile, and bringing out the high lights with steel and gold beads, they get a result that is nothing short of magnificent.

Not a word can yet be truthfully said about fur wraps, but cloth coats are being taken very seriously, and the law concerning their shape and ornamentation can be safely proclaimed. All the familiar weaves of cloth, from the doughty beaver to satin-faced melton; that is as soft as a peach's skin, and well-nigh as fragile, are on the market, and the colors show not even a strange shading.

These are long, loose coats and short, tight coats, but mighty few belted in with pendant fronts. Evidently we have got over that epidemic. In its

made. For coldest weather is showed a goods called felt cloth, that is so sturdy of weave it makes up without a lining, and its revers will turn back, in many instances, from vests of fur.

Here and there the official autumn novelties are seen. Four-button walking gloves, of heavy dressed kid, that, however, boast no glaze, colored slate, gray and leaf brown, and relieved by the broadest of deep cream silk stitchings. Handsome black gant de suede are stitched prettily in dark green and brown, and are adopted by the best dressed women. The glove buttons of pearl or metal exactly match the kid in color.

In these well-gloved hands are carried pretty purses, made exactly on the pattern of the waterproof leather tobacco pouches that the inveterate smoker lays such store by. New handkerchiefs show a band of drawn work running about the four sides, just inside the hem, and drawn work initials, helped out by a few stitches of embroidery, are in the best taste. From the finest silk mull, in ivory white, the most charming of the small handkerchiefs, for very full dress occasions, are made. A pretty conceit in decorating these with white embroidery does not demand the initial, but a tiny wreath of that flower, which is significant of the owner's name. She who is called Margaret buys a handkerchief embroidered in field daisies, Rhoda, roses; Viola, violets; Mary, bittersweet; Sarah, gentians, and Elizabeth, lilies.

That "old reliable," the theater waist, has bobbed up serenely again and in lovely guise. It comes low-necked and short-sleeved, or very high in the throat and long in the sleeve, but, as ever, to be worn with some serviceable dark skirt. One of the prettiest seen this early was a dinner

pinned down and the other drawn through a Louis Quinze buckle, sheared off on the bias end, with stout gold pins, fastened down upon the first end. Undoubtedly, by this device a more suave line is described about the waist, and short-bodied, stout women gain grace and length of line by the maneuver. In the rear a bar pin, set with a stone, fastens one edge of the ribbon to the waist.

Coats for September and October are set forth in the accompanying sketches, along with a stone-brown cape of rich Venetian cloth. Strapped seams and stitchings with a full ruche of green taffeta silk bordering the fronts, supply the only ornamentation needed for this long, easy wrap.

Of the coats displayed two are for rather momentous occasions and one a street wrap. This last is bright blue coachman's melton, having its outside pockets set in a frame of stitchery and the seams everywhere broadly overlaid. Within black silk serge is used as lining. One of the companion coats, of satiny French melton in a warm shade of green, illustrates the extent to which revers abound. Here the under revers are of ivory satin, the buttons on the shield like melton front are imitation cabochon emeralds set in gun metal and the girdle of black satin. The neck is set off with a black satin collar and a rear ruche of ostrich tips. The third coat is black cloth caught diagonally across the bust by three big-jetted buttons and over the chest unfolded two wide leaf-shaped revers faced with satin of a bright coppery burnish. Satin of the same tone faces the inside of the tall collar.

There is some gossip going about concerning the shoes we are to wear in the coming winter, and in substantiation of the rumors the three styles are given. The high, soft dongola boot is the newest thing designed for those who wish to appear to wear button boots and yet profit by the safety of tightly-drawn leather over weak ankles. This shoe shows the heel and type of sole that has been approved for the autumn of '98, just as the flat soled pump of patent leather has received official cachet, as the most all-around sensible dancing shoe. For women who must dance on a higher heel and lighter sole, the pretty Archduchess slipper is suggested. It is made of any suede, face kid or satin preferred, opens clear down to the toe point, to show a gay stocking, and draws four straps over the instep through brilliant buckles fastened on the outside.

MARY DEAN.

MY FIRST AT HOME.

KATE'S INQUISITIVE NEIGHBORS AND THEIR SURPRISE PARTY.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

We had worked hard all day moving. The carpets were down and most of the furniture arranged. "We must get through today," we said that morning; but night was coming on, and there was still one more small load to get.

"Tell you what," said Frank, as we sat around the kitchen finishing our picked-up supper, "it's only 6 o'clock; suppose we start right off and get that other load. We wouldn't have to unpack it tonight, you know; just drive it into the barn and leave it till morning."

"All right," said Nat, starting up energetically. "I'm ready. But say, what shall we do about Kate?"

"Oh, I hadn't thought of her," and they looked at me dubiously.

"I will stay here and rest," I said. "I am not afraid to be left alone."

In a few minutes they had harnessed the horse and rattled away. I cleared up our few supper dishes, and then went into the front room, which was all in order, and settled myself in the most comfortable chair.

It was something of an experiment, our moving into this old farmhouse, and I sat in the deepening dusk, laying plans for the future. By the time I had made all our fortunes in several different ways, I began to wonder why the boys did not return.

I was not a bit afraid, but I thought I would draw the curtains and light a lamp, so as to see what time it was. Just as I came to this decision I saw the light of a lantern coming down the road. It came rapidly along, and to my surprise turned into our yard.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, "if they knock I shall have to go to the door."

I sat there waiting and listening for the knock, but it did not come. I had just given a sigh of relief, thinking that after all they had gone on, when I heard a sound that made my heart give a sudden jump.

A window in the kitchen was being softly opened. I had almost closed the door when I came in, but through the crack I could see that the kitchen was flooded with light. I heard heavy breathing, then some one came down on the floor with a solid thud.

"Land!" a loud voice said. "I ain't so light as I used to be, and that window is kind of a close fit. Can't I help you in, Miss Nell? Here, give me your hand—there you be. Now, we'll peek round and have a real good time."

"You don't s'pose there's anybody here, do you, Lolly?"

"No," came the answer promptly. "I see the boys goin' home just a little while ago. I guess the girl didn't come today; I didn't happen to see 'em when they went by this morning. Well, they have got things fixed up real handy, and I should think they'd got most of their things here by the looks, shouldn't



AUTUMN COATS AND CAPES.

tall, stiff fringed collar, and reaching the waist line, flow about the hips in an excessively ugly ruffled tail, overhung with fringe. Big steel or pearl buttons and fringed revers stolidly ornament the front, and there you have a travesty on the golf cape of noble memory. By making the body of the wrap with the plain side of the blanket turned out, and cutting the hip ruffle, collar and revers from the plaid side, an insult in color is added to this injury in cut; therefore, if the cape is not dead to usefulness, it surely is dead to all sense of beauty.

A far more optimistic tone can be taken about the melton and beaver cloth capes, elaborately stitched and strapped, that are striving for the grace of recognition alongside the bold, bad blanket wraps. These, like the new skirts, are cut to do away with all fullness, and they take the shoulder without a wrinkle, just as the good skirts enclose a wearer's hips. In beautiful radiant shades of red, carbon brown and biscuit color, most of these capes come, and they sweep down from ten to twenty-five inches below the waist line. They show a conspicuous seam through the center of the back, another on either shoulder, for by straps and puckered stitchings these junction lines are turned into broad ornamentation. A collar, fairly gothic in proportions, turns up about the neck, and down the front run two double-box-pleated ruffles of silk, satin or velvet. Any of these three materials is employed for the lining, within which a most gratifying array of pockets is placed by the considerate tailor.

Later along in the season capes such as these will be put forth with linings of cat, squirrel, coon and rabbit skin;

place we have adopted the most conspicuous rever, or series of revers. Over the bust of a black, brown, or gray cloth coat two wide leaf-shaped pieces turn, faced with satin of a gay tone, overspread with ruched chiffon, or glowing with oriental revelations in bead work on velvet. Some coats turn back a series of square detached revers, wide under the chin, with a couple of smaller ones below. The revers may or may not extend from a vest, and stiff women will enjoy the small multiplied revers, as many as five, folding one over the other at either side.

An odd feature of the dress coat, as differentiating from the severely simple street jacket, is its sleeve. It fills a little on the shoulder and is cut long over the hand. Often enough its collar is a close crushed band of satin, with a rear ruff of ostrich tips, and most becoming is this last conceit. Dress coats also are allowed great latitude in the matter of buttons. A few fine ornamental fellows are considered in good taste for bringing out the points in such wraps, and the belts for such coats, when they are used, are folds of satin joining in a small compact rosette to the left-hand side.

Street morning coats depend for their chaste beauty on straps and stitches. A handsome Chesterfield falls nearly to the knees, or a Kaiserin is lopped off close about the hips. Either choice is permitted. A few long coats have fitted fronts, but square, full backs, caught in under a broad strap that reaches just to the under arm seam, at either side. Fly fronts, strapped seams and the pockets applied to the outside, turn-over cuffs and flat collars, are all distinguishing marks of the smart morning coat.

Melton, heavy Vienna, Viennese and rough Scotch moor cloth are the materials of which the walking coats are

blouse of pleated lilac chiffon, cut out square over the shoulders and trimmed with bands of ivory white lace sparkling with colored beads. It was a simple, charming confection whipped up by an amateur hand.

All the blouses are made to fit over the skirt belt, and a good deal of ingenuity is exercised therefore in the making of novel girdles. Slender women wear pretty pointed boned waist bands that lace up on either hip, and the method is to fold a broad liberty satin ribbon in close folds about the waist and knot it a little to one side in an open rosette with wired edge. Sometimes one large and two small rosettes are set at the fastening point, and, when a bright satin is used, the effect is that of wearing a knot of quaint flowers.

Strange are the manifestations of the smart woman. Her taste threatening to leave the little gold neck chain in the lurch has tacked about, and now she puts her watch on a gold chain of small, closely woven flat gold link. It may or may not be punctuated with jewel beads, but the glory of it is a jeweled slide that catches the two sides of the chain together. The slide is often a small shield of rich green enamel bearing, in diamonds, the lady's initials; but whatever it is it glows with gems, making a bright spot of light and color on the wearer's breast. The watch is thrust into the dress belt and the chain hangs from the neck to far below the waist line.

No longer does one see the possessors of good wardrobes wearing metal leather, or narrow-ribbon belts. They gird the waist with a wide taffeta or satin ribbon. A ribbon six inches in width is approved and this is pulled so close about the middle that it falls into close folds. In front, one end is

you? That's a real handsome-looking stove; most new, I guess."

There came the rattling of stove lids just here, and I crept to the door and peeped through the crack. Lolzy was holding the lantern and was peering into the oven, while Mis' Snell stood by, looking sharply around the room.

"Kind of a small oven, ain't it? Now I want one that will hold four good, big pie plates. Say, let's go upstairs first, and see how they've got it fixed up there."

"All right," assented Mis' Snell. "The stairs are awful steep. Here, I'll let you go ahead and carry the lantern."

I could hear the stairs creaking as they went up. They shut the door behind them, so I could not hear their voices.

"Now, what shall I do?" I reflected. "It seems a little mean to hear everything they say, but it is lots of fun, and if I make any noise to let them know I am here it will scare them out of their wits."

They were gone upstairs a long time, and I began to get nervous. What if the boys should come back? That would be interesting. At last I heard the two women clumping down.

"I don't see what they want to fur-

such a good time. This is the room Mis' Jacob Emmons used to have for a spare room, but I guess by the looks they are going to use it common. This carpet wa'n't big enough, was it? Well, I think them painted edges look neat, but kind of skimpy. My! and they're going to use the open fireplace. Now I should have wanted that bricked up and papered over and fixed up kind of neat. Well, there ain't much to see here; let's go into the other front room."

I started up, and as I saw the light under the door, I slipped quietly into a little bedroom next to the kitchen. I was none too quick, either, for immediately I heard them in the room I had just left.

"Well, now, this looks kind of home-like. Guess they like to read, by the looks of that table, and just see the books in that case. And I declare! There's an old-fashioned desk just like the one Mis' Jacob used to have, and if it ain't in just the same place, she had hers! Now I call that curious."

"That's a real handsome chair, ain't it?" put in Mis' Snell.

"Yes, it is; and it's comfortable, too. I've seen 'em something like it that was the most uncomfortable things I ever set in.

comes again!" and they broke into a run-once more.

I escorted them almost to their door, then went home, getting there a few minutes before the boys.

The next morning I returned Lolzy's lantern. She gave a little gasp when she saw it, but quickly recovered herself. As she took it from my hand our eyes met.

"Wouldn't you like some of my butter?" she said. "I've just worked it over, and was going to carry some to you."

She urged it upon me, and I accepted the bribe.

As I went out of the door she asked: "Do you think there is any chance of its being a fair day?"

"No," I answered, viewing the sky, which had become overcast since sunrise. "I don't think there's the ghost of a chance."

SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

THREE CUCUMBER RECIPES.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

The season of flagging appetites, so trying to home caterers, is here again, and some recipes for this very contingency, provided by a housekeeper

moved with an apple corer. Make a stuffing of cold meat, chicken or veal is preferable, but any finely chopped meat will answer; mix with half the quantity of stale bread crumbs and small lumps of butter; allow a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley to each pint, season with onion juice and pepper and salt; stir into a ball with an egg, which need not be beaten; stuff the cucumbers with this mixture, put the halves together again, pack them ends up in a saucepan small enough to hold them together and simmer gently for half an hour or more in a stock made the day before from the bones and odds and ends of meat that would not answer to chop, the fat first being removed from the top. When tender place the cucumbers neatly on a flat dish, keep warm while thickening the remainder of the stock with a tablespoonful of sifted flour stirred smooth in the same amount of boiling butter; pepper and salt to taste, when cooked pour over the cucumbers and serve.

Tourist "Shoots."

The latest development in African big game hunting scarcely augurs well for the future of the wild fauna of the Dark Continent. During the last sixty or seventy years, Europeans have been busily engaged in slaying rare and dangerous game in the remotest parts of Africa. These men were mostly adventurous wanderers, who took their lives in their hands, and either for the sheer love of sport or for the collection of trophies and natural history specimens, penetrated alone or in pairs into the distant and dangerous wilderness. But now all this is to be changed. A well-known organizer of tours is advertising a "lion and rhinoceros hunting party" to Somaliland, where all kinds of rare game animals are to be shot by the members of the expedition. The party is to be limited to eight guns, and is to be led by a gentleman already familiar with big game shooting in this and other parts of the world. The cost for each "gun" is to be 600 guineas, and every comfort is to be insured. Frankly, this sort of thing ought not to be encouraged. The various civilized states and governments of Africa are now trying to preserve the game left to the country, but if these tourist "shoots" are to come into vogue, preservation is entirely at an end, and complete extermination will be the order of the day.



THEN THEY WERE A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD OF ME.

nish so many rooms for," Lolzy was saying. "There ain't but three of them. I don't see what they expect to do with this old farm, anyway."

"Perhaps they'll take summer boarders," suggested Mis' Snell.

"May be, but that girl don't appear very tough—a little dried-up looking thing."

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," I thought.

"Now, let's look in the but'ry. I always like to see folks' but'ries. Well, that's a 'maxin' pretty set of dishes. It looks like one the Devens girls got selling tea. And ain't that a handsome glass dish. They've got dishes enough, but there don't seem to be anything much to eat. Here's some crackers, but the bread far is empty. I guess they hain't brought their victuals yet."

There was some further talk and rattling of dishes, and then they came out. "Now, we'll go and have a look at the north front room."

I made a rapid mental calculation about the points of the compass and breathed easier when I decided that I was in the south front room.

"My!" went on Lolzy. "Ain't you glad we came? I don't know when I've had

"Why!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I'd clean forgot there was a bedroom there. It ain't a very big one, but anyway let's look in."

And now I was in a predicament. There was no time to plan escape. I could only step behind the door as they came in. They set the lantern on the bureau and then, with their backs toward me, began to inspect the window draperies.

I was flustered and I did not reflect on the consequences, or I never should have turned out that lantern. I only thought, "If it was dark I could escape." The light stood temptingly near me. I very softly stepped toward it, my fingers clutched the screw, and the deed was done.

I never was so scared in my life as I was an instant later, when two blood-curdling shrieks rent the air. The moon was just rising and shone dimly into the room. I could see Lolzy and Mis' Snell standing there howling at me.

I tried to tell them who I was, but couldn't make myself heard. They kept on screaming, and with a sudden rush bolted past me.

The old faded wrapper I had on looked white in the moonlight, and as I suddenly realized that they had taken me for a ghost, I was seized with an irresistible impulse to pursue, and forgot all about not wanting to frighten them.

I ran swiftly into the kitchen, out of the back door, into the road. There they were, a short distance ahead of me. I got near enough so that I could hear what they were saying.

"What was that thing, Lolzy?" gasped Mis' Snell.

"Well, if I ever saw a—O, there it

notable for seasonable menus are welcome. In the first place, she says that the average housewife does not half utilize the good things ready at hand. For instance, what is so easily grown or so cheaply bought as cucumbers? Yet how seldom one finds them served otherwise than raw. This is the greater pity, because when these are totally unfit for slicing in the usual manner, they are in prime condition for cooking.

Cucumber fritters are very delicate, and yet quickly and easily made. For these peel and grate two small or one large cucumber, press the pulp in a bit of cheese cloth to extract moisture, measure, and to a pint add a tablespoonful of melted butter, three of cream, two well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste and a scant half cup of flour in which has been sifted half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix thoroughly and drop from the spoon into deep boiling fat. If cream is not at hand use milk and double the butter.

A delicious sauce for fried chicken or eels or for veal cutlet is also made with cucumbers. Grate a small cupful and add to it a large tablespoonful of butter, which has been browning slowly with a small onion thinly sliced stirred with it, the latter to be strained out before beating in the cucumber and a tablespoonful of sifted flour; when smooth and a cup of hot milk and pepper and salt to taste; simmer for three minutes.

Stuffed cucumbers make not only a savory dish but a very ornamental and novel addition to luncheon or high tea. Choose large ones, cut them in half roundwise, when the seeds may be re-

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Congregation BNAI 'BRITH

Ninth and Hope Sts.

Notice is hereby given that this Congregation is now prepared to rent seats for the coming holidays. The Committee will be at the Temple for that purpose Sunday morning, August 28, and September 4 and 11, from 10:30 to 12 o'clock, where plans can be seen. Seats are also for rent during week days at the office of Samuel Stein, 100 N. Main street, near First.

THE COMMITTEE.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"TOMMIE'S BURGLAR."

THAT DREADFUL MAN WHO WAS
HIDDEN IN THE CLOSET.
[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"H EIGHO, here's a pretty pass, and Mrs. Downs looked up from the note in her hand with a troubled frown.

"What's the trouble, Mumsie? That last sigh almost blew me out of the window." This, with a merry smile, came from Tommie Downs, aged 12, blue-eyed and bonnie.

"Well it's trouble with a big T, Tommie boy. But small boys often have large heads, so I'll tell you all about it. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Ruth are called to California by uncle's business, as you know, and they had intended to start next Monday. This note says that they must start tomorrow morning and begs papa and me to come over this evening, and say good-by. But what in the world can I do with you and Jack and May while we're gone? I fear that uncle and auntie will have to go away without seeing us, won't they Tommie?"

"We might stay alone," he answered presently, in a doubtful tone, as if he rather hoped she would say "no." "We could lock all the doors and windows, and sit in the library, and— and— Then suddenly a bright thought struck him and he exclaimed, joyfully, "Oh, I have it! I can get Charley Lee to come over and stay with me. It won't be for long, and we won't be afraid. Why, we could kill all the old burglars in town! Oh, do let us, Mumsie dear."

"What, kill the burglars?" answered Mrs. Downs, smiling. "But I do hate to leave you children alone, even for that long. We'll ask papa when he gets home."

So Tommie waited till Mr. Downs came home to dinner, and his arguments must have been very effective, for he was seen, not long after, using his best speed toward his chum's home.

Mrs. Lee, also, was won over by his pleadings, and Charley arrived in time to receive a share of the good-by kisses and injunctions that Mrs. Downs was giving her little brood. In spite of Tommie's boast that "they could kill all the old burglars in town," he and Charley went about carefully looking all the doors and windows, and then settled themselves in the library. They were contented, for a time, at checkers, and then Tommie's appetite asserted itself.

"Say, aren't you kind of hungry, Charley?" he asked, as he laid down the checker board.

"Yes, I am," answered Charley.

"Where's there anything to eat?"

"Oh, in the pantry I guess. Let's get something. I'm not afraid. Are you? I'll take the cane and the candle, and you bring Jack and May." And suiting the action to the word, Tommie led the way to the pantry.

He had not proceeded far when he came to a stand still.

"What, you stopping for Tommie? Go ahead!" shouted Charley who had pleasant anticipations of the coming feast.

"Hush!" responded Tommie, in a stage whisper. "There's somebody in the pantry, eating. Don't you hear 'em?"

"Sure enough, there is. Ain't he eating awful loud though, and sounds like he was dragging things around the shelf."

"It must be a tramp, I guess. He was making such a noise himself, maybe he didn't hear us come in. You stay here, Jack and May, and I'll go peep in the door and see what 'tis. If it's a tramp, we'll sneak back and run."

Charley nodded assent, and Tommie tiptoed cautiously along toward the pantry. He reached it safely, but as he turned the knob and softly opened the door a draught caught the candle, it flickered and went out. Tommie gave a frightened gasp, then turned and fled.

But the noise of his exit had startled the intruder at his stoken meal. There was a sudden scurry on the shelves above his head, and something bounded against him as he raced through the door. Tommie struck out blindly with both hands, and his fingers closed upon the soft fur of Mouser, his big gray cat.

Charley, awaiting anxiously the result of the explorations, was presently surprised by a ringing laugh.

"Oh," came in Tommie's voice, "just come and see my tramp! He wears a gray coat and has whiskers. Ha! Ha! If he didn't sell us, though, and he ate all the meat for our breakfast."

The boys had a good laugh over their scare, and after eating all that was available and indigestible, with confidence restored, they returned to the library with a plate of candy Mrs. Downs had left in the pantry for them.

"Say, isn't this just all right?" ex-

claimed Charley, as he munched a big piece of taffy.

"Tip-top," responded Tommie; "Mumsie is a daisy, I tell you!"

"Yeth," said little May, "but I'll lenthum. Tell me a story, Tommie."

"Oh, bother!" Tom responded.

"Well, all right, May. Come, get on my lap, and I'll see what I can do for you. I'm afraid, though, if my life depended on story-telling, my head would have ornamented the gate-post long ago. Well, what shall it be about, sissy?"

"Oh, 'bout a man an' a dog an' a fairy an' a witch an' a little girl," she responded, promptly.

"Whew!" said Tommie. "Haven't you forgotten something? You could put in an elephant and a Fiji Islander just as well as not? Well, here goes."

"Once on a time there was a man, and he had a little boy." "Girl," corrected May. "Girl, was it? Well, then they had a little girl, and one day when," then he stopped, his jaw dropped and his eyes got bigger and bigger.

"What's the mat—" began Charley; then he also stopped, for, following the direction of Tommie's eyes, he had looked through the open door of the adjoining closet, and had beheld a figure that filled his youthful heart with terror.

In one corner, against a background of cloaks and wraps, stood an unmistakable and gigantic man. The face was hidden in the folds of the garments against which he leaned, as were also the hands and feet. But the dark trousers, white shirt and shabby straw hat could belong to none but a man, and that man could be none but a burglar.

"What shall we do?" whispered Charley through chattering teeth.

"Oh," whispered back Tommie, his eyes riveted to the object of his terror. "Do you see him, too? We can't do anything with them here," and he glanced down at May, already asleep in his lap, and at Jack's nodding head.

"We must," then he gave a lurch which nearly landed May on the floor, for clearly through the oppressive stillness could be heard a "scrape," "scrape," as if the dread figure in the closet were slowly, slowly moving his heavy feet from out the shelter of the encircling garments.

"Charley," he whispered, "did you hear it? Hes moving." Then, as Charley nodded assent, again came the "scrape," "scrape," louder and more suggestive.

This was too much for Tommie's terrified nerves. With one bound he seized the sleeping May, calling behind him for Charley to bring Jack, threw open the outer door and ran out into the yard—and into his mother's arms.

In that haven of rest he sobbed out his poor little tale; and, after he had heard it, Mr. Downs, in spite of Tommie's entreaties to "please get a gun," went straight for that closet.

A few energetic pulls disclosed an ironing board, covered with a white sheet, over the base of which was suspended a pair of trousers, for stretching purposes, and a discarded straw hat hung on a nail above it.

"But what made the noise?" cried Charley and Tommie, after they had been convinced that the burglar existed only in their imagination.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Downs, and emerged, presently, from the closet bearing a small pasteboard box, which he placed in Tommie's hands.

Tommie opened it and gave one sickly little smile.

"Oh," he said, "it is my Zoology beetle. I took him out of my pocket yesterday, in a hurry, and have been looking for him ever since."

JOSEPHINE M. SEGER.

ERNEST'S BICYCLE.

HOW THE MONEY EARNED FOR IT
SAVED HIS HOME.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir, I want to pay for my father's insurance."

At these words, the agent, Mr. Standish, looked up from his paper with some curiosity. He saw before him a neatly-dressed lad of about 14 years, with a look of determination on his handsome boyish face.

"What is your name?" asked the agent.

"Ernest Rutherford."

"O, you are Rutherford's son! Yes," he added, after referring to a big book at his elbow, "his premium is due today. It is just \$25."

"Here it is, sir," said Ernest, handing him the sum mentioned.

"What! Does your father trust you with so much money? You are quite a man of business," and the agent smiled kindly at Ernest, who blushed a little, but said nothing.

He folded the receipt which Mr. Standish handed him and placed it carefully in the inside pocket of his coat. As he turned to leave the room, he paused, hesitated a little, then said with some embarrassment: "If you please, sir, don't say anything to my

father about this. It's to be a surprise."

"A surprise!" echoed the agent.

"Didn't your father send you?"

"No, sir; he doesn't know I'm here."

"Then where did you get the money?" asked the agent rather sharply.

The boy colored, for he felt the tone and knew what it meant. He drew himself up proudly and said, "I earned it myself, every penny of it."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the agent. "You are the kind of a boy I like to see. Any father would be lucky to have such a surprise as this. Good-luck to you, my lad. You'll make the right kind of a record."

About a year and a half previous to this time, Ernest had asked his father for a bicycle, but Mr. Rutherford, though, as foreman in one of the great machine shops of the town, he was earning a large salary, did not feel that he could spare the money just then, for he had just built a handsome new house for his family and was paying for it in annual installments, which took the greater part of his savings.

Ernest was greatly disappointed, but, after a little, he made up his mind that he would earn the money himself by doing odd jobs out of school hours. He was one of those boys that, when he determined to do a thing, did it; so now he went to work in earnest. He did not stop to think whether he would like it or not, but did any job that came in his way. He went on errands, carried papers, distributed hand bills, made himself useful in gardens and stables, and, all through the long cold winter months, he earned half a dollar a week by sweeping out a young lawyer's office, and building his fires for him. It was not easy. He had to give up many an hour's play for his work. But when, just the day before, he had earned the last quarter needed to complete the sum, and \$35 in shining gold and silver coin, lay spread out on the table before him, every penny of it earned by himself, he was a very proud and happy boy. The next day, for it was now evening, he would go down town and fetch home the wheel he had long ago selected.

As he sat thinking of its beauty and its many good qualities, a sound reached him from the room adjoining which made him hold his breath and listen. It sounded like someone crying softly. "Poor mother!" said Ernest to himself, sorrowfully. "She is crying about baby's death." The sweet little baby sister had died about three months ago, and since then his mother had not seemed like herself. She was always kind and gentle, but so sad; and she seemed to grow paler and thinner every day. Perhaps, too, she was worried about the strike, which had lasted four months already. All that time the shops had been closed, his father thrown out of employment. Ernest, the eldest of the four remaining children, had felt these misfortunes and had tried in his boyish way to comfort his parents; but perhaps he was too young to realize fully the depth of their suffering.

But now, as he heard his mother's sobs, he felt small and mean sitting there thinking only of his own pleasure. What had he ever done to help his parents, who were always so kind and loving to him? He put the money back in the box that had held it and stole softly out of the room. Somehow the thought of his bicycle had no more pleasure for him. He went out on the street, walked soberly along for several blocks, then came back, looking very much troubled. It was getting dark but the lamps were not yet lighted. There was no one in the sitting-room, so he threw himself down on the couch, and, being very tired, soon fell into a doze. Presently he heard voices, and opening his eyes sleepily, he saw his father and mother sitting in the fading light, and talking in low tones. They did not seem to notice him, and he was too sleepy to move, so he lay still.

"Yes," Mr. Rutherford was saying, "this strike is a miserable business, and the loss of my salary is not the only injury it inflicted on me. The men think I am holding aloof from them in order to make interest with the 'bosses,' as they call them, and I get nothing but black looks, and, of late, even open taunts from them."

"But are you not in danger, dear?" interposed his wife, anxiously.

"Oh, no! they know me too well and I have always been on good terms with them. But unless this strike ends soon, there is going to be great destitution among the families of the men. Indeed, I don't know how we ourselves, with all our economy, are going to weather the storm."

Ernest, from his corner saw his father lean his head dejectedly on his hand, and noticed how pale his mother looked.

"I had made my annual payment on the house shortly after the strike began; that took most of my savings. Then came baby's sickness and death. I've paid the funeral expenses and the doctor's bill, but it has taken almost my last dollar. And as if that were not enough, I recollect today—I don't like to worry you with all this, dear, but I think it best that you should know—that tomorrow the premium on my fire insurance policy will fall due. Twenty-five dollars is not a large sum when I am drawing my regular salary, but just now it is a small fortune. Why, I have not much more than that on hand for our living expenses, and heaven only knows where I shall get more. And next week when school opens, it will mean \$10 in books, new shoes, and other necessities. I shall have to let the insurance go and take

out a new policy when I get at work again."

"But if the house should burn down in the mean time?" inquired Mrs. Rutherford.

"Then it would be a dead loss; but we shall have to risk it; I see no other way."

By this time Ernest was wide awake, but he lay perfectly still until his parents had left the room. Then he sprang up and ran quickly to his own room. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed, with sparkling eyes. "Won't the dear old dad be surprised? How lucky I hadn't spent it!"

The rest of the week Ernest went about the house with an air of suppressed excitement; he seemed to be so happy he could hardly contain himself. His mother watched him a little sadly; did he realize nothing of his parents' cares? Once he almost let the cat out of the bag. "Mamma," he cried, "isn't next Sunday papa's birthday?"

"Yes, dear," answered his mother.

"What are you going to give him for a birthday present?" asked Ernest.

"I am afraid I cannot give him anything this time," she signed.

"O, but I'm going to give him something!" he cried. Then, remembering his secret, he added in some confusion, "That is, I'd like to."

But alas! That day was destined to open sadly for Mr. Rutherford and his family. On Sunday morning when the moon had set, and before the first ray of light streaked the eastern sky, a dark form crept stealthily up to the house. Crouching down in the shadow he placed a bundle on which he had poured something from a can in his hand under the steps of the back porch. There was a flash and a sharp crackle, then the man ran away and hid in a clump of bushes. Then a cry arose, that terrible cry that makes the cheek blanch and the heart stand still with horror. The door bell rang violently and some one called out: "Mr. Rutherford, wake up. Your house is on fire!"

Ah! what an awakening from peaceful sleep in the midst of his loved ones. In a few minutes they were all outside, half-dressed and shivering with excitement and cold. Neighbors and firemen worked with a will, but it was of no use. The fire had gained too great a headway; and when the sun rose it shone upon the blackened ruins of the once comfortable home.

"Was it insured?" asked some inquisitive person of his neighbor.

"Rutherford had insured it for its full value," was the reply, "but he failed to pay the last premium, so it's a dead loss."

A murmur of sympathy ran through the crowd. "And he had not finished paying for the house, either," said another.

"I'll bet the strikers set it afire!" said a third. And with such comments the crowd gradually dispersed.

The family were housed with a sympathizing neighbor, who had persuaded Mrs. Rutherford to lie down until breakfast was ready. Mr. Rutherford sat beside her, trying, for the sake of his wife and children, to keep up his courage. "Well, Martha," said he, "we've got to begin the world over again, and we have a debt to start with this time. Rather a poor outfit, isn't it?" and he tried to smile, but his voice broke and he hid his face in his hands.

"I say, papa," cried Ernest suddenly coming up to his father's side and resting a hand on his shoulder, "did you know this was your birthday?"

"Will you wish me many happy returns of this day?" asked his father bitterly.

Without heeding the question, Ernest said, fumbling in his pocket as he spoke: "I have a birthday present for you; won't you look at it?"

Mr. Rutherford raised his head wearily and took the offered gift. It was a folded piece of paper. "A letter for me?" he said, trying to smile. He opened it, glanced at the contents, started, flushed, then turned pale. "Where did you get this Ernest?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

"Mr. Standish, the agent, gave it to me as a receipt for the money I paid him."

"The money you paid him? A receipt?" murmured his father, in utter bewilderment. "It is Standish's signature, sure enough. What does this mean?"

Then Ernest told his story in a few words, ending with: "And, papa, you need not worry about school next week, for I'm going to buy the books and things for the kids," and he drew himself up with the air of a capitalist. "Mamma, mamma, please don't cry."

"I am crying for joy," she said, clasping him to her heart.

"Oh, God," said his father reverently, "I thank thee for my son."

A year passed away. The house was rebuilt, and was handsomer than ever. The strike had ended soon after the fire, which raised such a storm of public indignation that the strikers had to yield. And last, but not least, Ernest had a new bicycle, the finest in the market.

"How lucky," he exclaimed, passing his hand lovingly over its shining mechanism, "that I didn't get my wheel a year ago. I couldn't have had a Columbia then!"

"But you could make your father a present of a \$2500 house," said Mr. Rutherford, looking fondly at his son.

"Any fellow would have done what I did," replied Ernest, but he was a very happy boy. AGNES RULEMAN.

WORLD'S GREATEST SUGAR FACTORY AT OXNARD, VENTURA COUNTY.

TO ONE who has been familiar with the industrial situation upon the Hueneme Peninsula for a long time the transition wrought there within the past few months amounts to little short of the miraculous. Where last year were only waving fields of barley or beans today there is an ideal factory town, the largest sugar-making plant in the world, railway facilities and all the accessories requisite for the prosecution of the greatest enterprise upon the Pacific Coast. More than \$2,000,000 has been expended for labor and machinery, 3,000,000 bricks have been used, 2,000,000 pounds of structural steel, with an equal weight of cement, have been put into enormous buildings. Artesian wells capable of furnishing 10,000,000 gallons of water daily have been completed, four miles of outfall sewer of enormous capacity, connecting the plant with the ocean, have been constructed; wide areas have been planted and planted with trees, shrubs and flowering plants; lawns surfaced and sown to grass; wide cement sidewalks, curbs and gutters laid, streets graded, electric lights provided and all the instrumentalities of municipal activity installed. From many different sources in the East have been gathered mammoth engines, the capacity and magnitude of which can only be indicated by immense figures and the aggregation of which fairly overwhelms the beholder by the force of ponderous proportions. Nothing short of the great Machinery Hall of the Columbian Exposition can be likened to the great main building of the plant.

In describing in detail the various processes of this vast mass of machinery perhaps it were better first to recall the fact that the purpose of it all is to extract the saccharine matter from the sugar-beet, and to convert it into granulated sugar. In ordinary terms this means simply washing the beet, next slicing it into thin shavings, then

great pans for the centrifugals, in which the ungrained syrup and all other fluids are flung from the pearly grains, the sugar thoroughly washed and delivered to the dryers to be perfected.

In the process of making sugar from beets a large quantity of lime water is used as a means of facilitating the quick and economical extraction of all the saccharine matter. To supply this necessary agency at Oxnard the largest vertical lime kiln in the world has been provided, with horizontal reburning kilns of equivalent capacity. One hundred tons of lime rock are handled by this enormous steel kiln every day, and more than 100,000 specially designed fire brick were used in its production.

From the time the beet leaves the storage bin until the finished sugar reaches the dryers the product is carried through the many devices and processes of manufacture through a flood of water. In all 10,000,000 gallons of water are used every twenty-four hours, nearly as much as the entire city of Los Angeles uses for all purposes in a like period. This enormous quantity of water is derived from five artesian wells driven upon the factory site, at depths varying from 121 to 540 feet.

A large part of the energy of the plant is used in operating enormous pumps which are erected in batteries. Six powerful pumps, 15x18x30 inches, with 7-inch ball valves, supply the hydraulic energy for the 32-filter presses. Twelve 8x8x20 thick-juice pumps handle the syrup. Another battery of pumps supplies the boilers, another forces the fuel oil from the storage tanks, 600 feet away, to the furnace arches. One great pump, 25x36x60, with a piston weighing over five tons, draws the carbonic acid gas from the top of the vertical kiln, eighty feet above the ground, and delivers it where it is needed in the main building.

In all not less than 100 pumps, of various

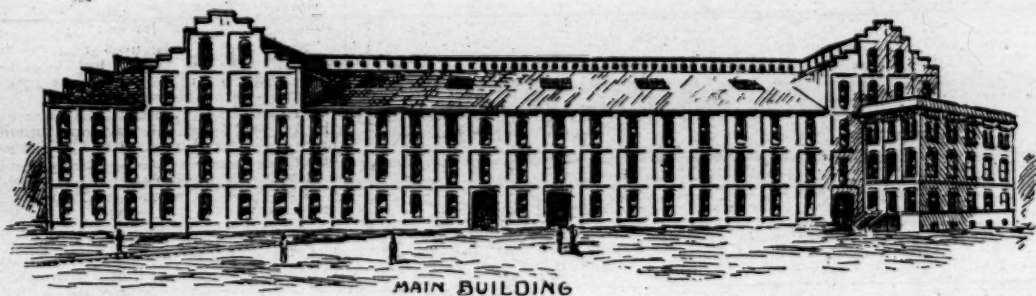
itself an enormous proposition. Many miles of brass, wrought and cast iron and steel pipe, in diameters ranging up to seventy-two inches is used. The great pipes leading to the jet condensers, at the highest point in the main building, are of the largest size, while the latter, varying from nine to eighteen feet high, are about ten feet in diameter. The pipes of the drainage system of the plant all discharge into a main flume, which traverses the main building and discharges into the outfall sewer, which drains the factory area to the ocean, four miles away.

The main building is 401 feet long, 121 feet wide and 90 feet high. It is absolutely fire-proof throughout, containing only steel, iron, brick, cement and glass in its make-up. All floors are built of cement upon expanded metal, and all wall openings, window sash and doors are metal armored. Not even so much as a wooden stair tread can be found in the entire structure. The roof trusses are the widest in span of any used upon an industrial building upon the Pacific Coast. It contains, in addition to some of the great general departments already mentioned, the complicated and expensive equipment of mechanical appliances which supply the Steffen process. This latter illustrates conspicuously the imperative demand for and faithful practice of the strictest economy in the sugar-making industry. This system alone costs upwards of \$100,000, and yet its field of usefulness is confined to the saving of the last 3 per cent. of sugar which escapes the regular processes.

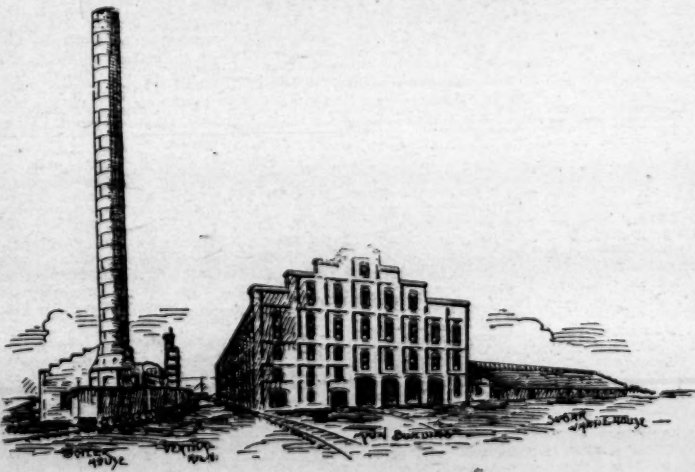
The Administration Building is a substantial fire-proof building, adjoining the main structure and connected therewith at the third floor level by a steel truss bridge fifty feet in length.

The factory site is limited by a 10-wire barbed fence, and occupies the center of a 340-acre tract. Aside from the buildings mentioned it contains a sugar warehouse, 220x70 feet in ground dimensions, together with a clubhouse for the officers of the plant, residence for the superintendent, stables and various stations. The tract is traversed by the Southern Pacific Railway, which connects the general system of the road by a five-mile spur from Montalvo.

This great factory is the largest plant in the world which manufactures sugar ready for the market from the raw material. Its capacity is 1000 tons of beets per



MAIN BUILDING



extracting its juices by steeping, next boiling the juices to a syrup and granulating the syrup, and finally separating the grained sugar from the small quantity of accompanying molasses which is not yet ready to granulate. The factory puts 1000 tons of beets through the various processes every twenty-four hours.

Beets are delivered at this factory into what is called the beet shed, a structure 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, which has three bins running the entire length and which have a combined capacity of 50,000 tons. The bins are V-shaped and under each a powerful flood of water flows through an open cement flume at ground level into the main building, carrying in its current beets released through the removal of traps in the bin bottoms. Inside they are lifted to the washer by a 48-inch oblique scroll. Two rollers do all the work of shredding and deliver the cut product direct to a conveyor which traverses a level above the valves of the diffusion cells. These latter have a capacity of eleven tons each and discharge from below through hydraulic traps weighing five tons into the pulp basin. From the cells the juice goes on its way through the evaporators, saturation tanks, crystallizers and vacuum pans, all enormous in their proportions and capacities, while the wet pulp goes to the roof of the building by an immense conveyor and is squeezed dry. Finally the granulated syrup leaves the

sizes and characters, are employed in the general circulating system of the factory. In this connection more than two hundred tons of ice are manufactured and consumed every twenty-four hours.

The boiler plant occupies a brick and steel structure, 200 feet long and filled to its utmost capacity with a battery of Babcock and Wilson boilers. Its strength is rated at 3500-horse power. Oil is exclusively used for fuel and draught secured by a 12-foot steel stack 156 feet high. Two enormous tanks, set in basins, each holding 20,000 barrels and standing 600 feet from the plant, supply the reserve storage for fuel. In either one of these great steel shells, which are eighty-five feet in diameter, a first-class circus could easily be held to a large audience.

The electric plant is continuous-running, and is used by day for power as well as for lights. Over 1200 15-candle power incandescents, with twenty-five arcs, are on the circuit. The hoists for the wagon dumps on the beet shed deck are operated by this power.

The main driving shaft of the factory is divided into two units, each operated by a 600-horse power engine. The load carried is made up in part by the elevators, conveyors, scrolls, cutters and washers, and by the mechanism of the machine shop, which occupies a half-story level.

The piping of this great institution is of

day. It will employ 500 hands. From the fact that it can easily handle the product of 100 acres of beets each 24 hours, it may be readily conceived how far-reaching is the range of its influence and how significant the policy of its management. Fully 20,000 acres of land are required to produce raw material for a single campaign of medium length for it, while thousands of dollars in land, implements, stock and labor values are required to make possible its operation. Yet, notwithstanding its present magnitude, the plant is built with reference to being doubled in capacity in the near future. The main building contains spaces already allotted sufficient to accomplish this purpose without adding to its size.

Adjacent to the factory site a magnificent town site has been laid off in broad avenues, with parked intermediate areas, a handsomely groomed plaza in its center, with cement sidewalks, curbs and gutters. The environment is in every way ideal for a great factory town. Pullman, Ill., never possessed natural advantages at all comparable to it. The air drainage is perfect, the soil porous, the surface free from malarial or miasmatic matter, the climate perfect and the water—all artesian—crystal pure. The location is advantageous for both commercial and healthful living. Investments are sure of profitable returns as income holdings and give promise of rapid advance in values.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

A souvenir portfolio of the Seventh Regiment, California Volunteers, containing thirty-two half-tones of the officers and men of the different companies comprising the regiment, can be obtained at this office at 25 cents per copy, or will be given free to each person who pays for The Times for three months in advance.

This publication is a home production, and is intended for circulation throughout Southern California. The size of each page is 8x11 inches, printed on a fine paper and bound in a substantial manner, making it a valuable souvenir of the Southern California Boys in Blue.

MINING NEWS.

Mr. James Irving, formerly of the firm of Smith & Irving, wishes to respectfully announce that he has purchased the major portion of the plant and will continue the business as heretofore at the same location, No. 128 N. Main street. Office, room 11.

G.A.R. ENCAMPMENT

Long Beach, September 6 to 16. Southern Pacific is official line. Trains leave Arcade Depot daily 9 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 5:03 p.m. Twelve minutes earlier from River Station. Special Sunday service.



I have just had ten badly ulcerated teeth drawn out by Dr. Schiffman's method. I must confess it was done without pain.
WILLIAM LONG,
Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica.

Another dentist broke it. Dr. Schiffman pulled it without pain.
J. C. VIGNES, Long Beach.

I want to say that it is a delight and a pleasure to have teeth extracted by the Schiffman method. I will recommend it everywhere I go.

MRS. C. M. MELICK,
231 Well St., East Los Angeles.

Dr. Schiffman took out fifteen (15) large teeth for me, and I can truthfully say it did not hurt a bit. I had dreaded it very much.
S. G. TYLER,
88 East Twenty-eighth street,
Los Angeles.

This is to certify that I have had thirteen teeth extracted by Dr. Schiffman's method and did not experience any pain. It is unquestionably the best work I ever had done.
C. W. BLANCHARD,
2502 Michigan avenue, Los Angeles.

I take pleasure in saying that Dr. Schiffman pulled my teeth without pain, and they were corks, too.
N. W. IRISH,
229 1/2 N. Spring St., Los Angeles.

I had a rotten teeth pulled by the Schiffman Painless method, and am tickled to death. It did not hurt one bit.
D. BAKER, Orange, Cal.

Flexible Rubber Dental Plates.

Our New Process OF FLEXIBLE DENTAL PLATES is yet but little understood by the public and less understood by dentists in general. It has many advantages over the ordinary rubber plate—even gold plates—being lighter and thinner. This plate being flexible—only a trifle thicker than heavy writing paper—fits closer to the mouth, will last longer and is tougher than any other rubber. Once tried, no other plate will be desirable. Brought to the notice of the public through Dr. Schiffman only.

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216-220 Commercial Street.

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

MISS EMMA LUELLA FILBERT, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Filbert, and Leon Lothair Carey were married at the Filbert residence, corner of Palm avenue and West Adams street. The decorations were potted plants, asparagus ferns and white roses. Eloise Filbert, Barbara Bell, Georgia Duffet, Cecil Jackson and Alice Niemers, dressed in dainty gowns of white organdie, finished with sashes of bright ribbon, preceded the bridal couple and scattered flowers. Rev. B. W. R. Taylor, rector of St. Johns, officiated. The wedding march was played by J. H. Brenner. The bride was gowned in heliotrope silk, garnished with white. After the ceremony refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Carey took the afternoon train for Coronado. When they return they will make their home on West Sixteenth street. Among the guests were: Mmes. Amick, Charles Lee, Naftzger, R. M. Weed, F. A. Walton, Byron Hardenbeck, A. P. Hayes, William Currier, Le Grand, William McBride of Pasadena, G. Parker, P. C. Backus, Frank Read, F. W. Wood, Samuel Connor, G. E. Wallace, B. H. Heineman, Charles Jones, J. G. Parker, F. L. Baker, J. de Garmo, Oscar Cozard, George Duffet, Frank Bryson, C. C. Allen, J. B. Alexander, J. H. Brenner, J. Brown, Leslie, E. R. Neville, Reeves, Kimball, E. L. Cosby, Keeley, O. J. Mutchmore, L. J. Rose, Martha Bell, L. Dawson, Sarah Gee of Pasadena, Thomas Evans, E. L. Granville, C. W. James, Emma Moore, Harriet Baker, Paul Martin, Addie Knight, A. H. Smith, R. B. Harris, Helen Whitaker, Bessie Jackson, C. Hill, H. Hill, Addie Phelps, Minnie Gruber, Misses Katherine Johnson, Jessie Hartwell, Ladye Douglas, Viola Backus, Grace Kenney, Mabel Wallace, Nellie Parker, Bell Baker, Mary Killian, Ethel Todd, Allie Todd, Genevieve Borne, Leone Timmons, Justine Neuhart, Lennis Alexander, Annie Sibley, Opal McLarey, Daisy Moreland, Marguerite McLean, Bessie Buck, Zella Fay, Emma Dryden, Delia Butterworth, Florence Ritchie, Messrs. Hollis Backus, C. Lewis, Laurence, Curtis de Garmo, Ellwood de Garmo, C. Douglas, Augustus Knecht, C. Smith, V. Lindenberg, Robert Hartwell, O. Cozard, R. M. Allen, H. B. Cline, E. Eggleston, Clifford Fox, Roy Arnold, Theodore Alexander, F. McGinnis and P. M. Allen of Pasadena, Amick, Charles Lee, Naftzger, F. A. Walton, Byron Hardenbeck, Bell, A. P. Hayes, William Currier, William McBride of Pasadena, G. Parker, P. C. Backus, Frank Read, F. W. Wood, Samuel Connor, G. E. Wallace, B. H. Heineman, Charles Jones, J. G. Parker, F. L. Baker, J. de Garmo, Oscar Cozard, George Duffet, Frank Bryson, C. C. Allen, J. H. Brenner, J. Brown and Dr. Bell.

Four generations were present at a dinner given Wednesday in celebration of the birthdays and wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Caldwell. The tables were set for twenty. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Caldwell of Pomona, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lent, Mmes. F. Caldwell, T. E. Nealey of Monrovia, C. Floyd, H. E. Williams; Misses Cullie Fryer of Spadra, Kate Halslip of Long Beach, Mattie Caldwell, Ethel Downs, Gillie Omspach; Messrs. Fred Caldwell and Joseph A. Caldwell; Masters Floyd and Joe Lent.

C. C. Cupp was given a farewell party by a number of his friends Saturday evening, prior to his departure for a visit to his old home in the East. Cards, music and dancing were enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Collins of No. 2009 Sacramento street were surprised by a number of friends Tuesday evening. Music and games were enjoyed. Ray Shirley contributed some selections on the gramophone. Those present were Mmes. J. L. Tucker, Sam Andrews, H. Stratton, W. W. Riner, H. Stauch, George Ryerson, Moody, H. L. McLellan, Charles Flory, A. Hosburg, Homer Shirley, Plough, Stauch; Misses Carrie Hicks, Josie Collins, Ethel Moody, Edna Moody, Grace and Alma River, Carrie Stancliff; Messrs. Ray Shirley, Tom Collins, Allan Stauch, J. C. Tucker, Sam Andrews, H. Stratton, W. W. Riner, H. Stauch, George Ryerson, Moody, H. L. McLellan, Charles Flory, A. Hosburg, Homer Shirley.

Master Marcy J. Bicknell was surprised Tuesday evening at the home of his grandparents, No. 154 Avenue 24, East Side, by his teacher, Clyde M. Mellick, and his classmates. There were fifteen present, and games and jokes were enjoyed.

A cake walk was given at the Hotel Clarendon by the guests and their friends last week. About fifteen couples participated, and the cake was

awarded to a pair of pickaninnies. After the walk general dancing was enjoyed. Charles Stauter sang several songs, and there were mandolin, piano and vocal selections. Among those present were Mmes. Burgess, Stauter, Smith, Worth Longyear, Duffin, Parks, St. George, Maiden, F. Maiden, French; Misses St. George, Ross Isabel Robson, Josie Grant, Nora La Cross, May Robson, Lily Robson, Hadlock, Clara French, Nolan, Parks, Wilson, Messrs. Bronson, Dale, Burgess Charles Stauter, Will Kinsey, A. L. Moffit, Cornwall, Frank Maiden, Dr. Maiden, Parks, Dr. Smith, Harry Smith, H. A. McCraney, Slaten, Harrington, Duffin, Maj. Loring, Neal De Villio.

Miss Carrie E. Field, daughter of W. A. Field, and John S. Thayer of the firm of Stoll & Thayer, were married Thursday evening at the home of the bride's parents on West Thirty-first street. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served. After a visit of some weeks at Castle Crag, and San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer will be at home to their friends after October 1, at No. 147 West Twenty-fifth street.

Miss Emma Helman entertained a number of young ladies with a guessing contest at her home Friday afternoon. The prizes were won by Mrs. N. Moore and Miss Ethel Graham. Among the guests were Mmes. Tuttle, Helman and Moore; Misses Pearson, Scudder, Fay, Moore, Newell, Bosbyshell, North, Wallace, Agnes Wallace, Jennie Graham and Emma Helman.

Paul A. Crippen entertained about twenty friends at his home on Lincoln street Wednesday night. After music, hearts was played, the prizes falling to Miss Brodbeck and Mr. Walsh. A watermelon feast was enjoyed in the yard. Those present were Misses Elma French, Ruth French, Josephine Lewis, Lina Johnson, Della Brodbeck, Maude Herbert, Bessie Pendleton, Ethel Luitweller, Adelaide Luitweller, Bessie Paul, Messrs. Walsh, Bixby, Penetor, Shinn, McCartney, Harris, Meltzer, Okey, Golding, Galeilan.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wright gave a dancing party in Ryan's Hall on Jefferson street in honor of the birthday of Jack Hutchison. Mrs. Wright was assisted by Mrs. W. E. Stevens and Mrs. Frank Harbert. Those present were Mmes. W. E. Stevens, R. A. Chapman, Will Eaton, Frank Harbert, J. S. Crawford, W. Davis, Harry Barnhart, A. C. Chapman, Burrill, George Howe, Buehler, Castera; Misses May Chapman, Stella Blanchard, Young, A. Young, Lola Delosa, Gomez, Wait, Louise Alken, Pansy Williams; Messrs. Jack Hutchison, H. E. Halsey, P. Young, John Young, Bert Allen, Mert Ryan, Charlie Ryan, Will Barber, W. E. Stevens, R. A. Chapman, Will Eaton, Frank Harbut, J. S. Crawford, W. Davis, Harry Barnhart, A. Chapman, Burrill, George Howe.

Albert W. Wright, cashier of the State Bank of San Jacinto, and Miss Jessie B. Crew, daughter of J. H. Crew, of this city, were married at 8 o'clock Wednesday night at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 2424 South Hope street, the Rev. Mr. Ryder officiating. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Mr. and Mrs. Wright left at once for a trip through the south. They will reside at San Jacinto.

Miss Lizzie Schneider entertained a number of her friends at the residence of her parents on San Julian street last Tuesday night in honor of Will Butler field. Dancing, games and cards were enjoyed. Among those present were Misses Julia Hammersmith, Clara Cammert, Mary Vanderkuhlen, Birdie Hoffman, Frances Cammert, Lizzie Schneider, Mae Ralston, Violet McGowan, Leona Knoller; Messrs. Will Butterfield, Henry Vanderkuhlen, John Lincoln, H. Cammert, Herman Weaver, Fred Bickering, Fred Forbes, John Lewis.

A pleasant farewell party was given to Reginald S. Petter at his residence, No. 1324 Baldwin street, East Los Angeles, Friday evening, prior to his leaving for St. Louis, to study medicine. Miss Addie Perry presided at the piano. Songs and various games were enjoyed. Among those present were Mmes. A. W. McFadden, Charles E. Petter, Elizabeth Perry; Misses Effie Gordon, Etta Gordon, Emily Penning, Ethel Ellsworth, Addie Perry, Carmeletha Hare, Wild, Ethel Later, Bertha Petter, Eve Petter; Messrs. E. Vanderkuhlen, W. Reed, D. Ferguson, W. Jones, N. Herzog, C. McFadden, Carl L. Petter, Sidney Graves, Reginald Petter, Charles E. Petter.

The Los Angeles Knox Club gathered last Monday evening in the Westminster parlors, in honor of Prof. and Mrs. George Churchill, of Galesburg, Ill. Prof. Churchill has been connected for fifty years, as student and professor,

with Knox College. A banquet at 8 o'clock was preceded by an informal reception. Rev. Nicholas T. Edwards of Escondido presided as toastmaster. Responses were made by Charles S. McKelvey of Santa Ana, Robert I. Adcock of Los Angeles, James S. Edwards of Redlands, and Mrs. Emma W. Edwards of Los Angeles. Prof. Churchill's remarks were reminiscent of college history and were especially interesting. A song of Eugene Field's, a former student of Knox College, was sung by Mrs. I. S. Edwards of Redlands. Those present, in addition to those already mentioned, were Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hamilton, Mmes. McKelvey, Adcock, Harpham, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. Annie W. Nixon, Messrs. A. F. Messenger of Phoenix, and M. C. Wesner.

Mrs. Frank McGrath of No. 1025 South Hope street entertained Monday in honor of the birthday of her niece, Miss McPartlin. Among the guests were Miss Helen Chambers, Germain Fusenot, Pearl Vollmer, Helen Taggart, May McNamara, Jean McGee and Sarah Holcomb. Refreshments were served on the lawn, and games enjoyed.

At the home of Mrs. Van Law, No. 140 East Twenty-seventh street, Thursday evening at 8:30 o'clock, Charles Hall and Miss Lucile Helfinstine were married, the Rev. Will A. Knighton officiating. The bridal party stood beneath a beautiful arch of roses and pepper boughs, with the American flag draped gracefully in the background. The bride was gowned in white organdie over silk, and carried a bouquet of white carnations and maidenhair ferns. After congratulations had been given and received, a wedding supper was served. Among those present were William Hall, the father of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hall, Mmes. Barnett, Haven, Van Law, Ellis, Wedener, Kistler; Misses Knighton, Hull, Creasinger, Hull, Elmendorf; Messrs. W. W. Knighton, W. M. Sullivan, Earl Kestler, O. Knighton, William Hunter, E. L. Sullivan, Van Law.

Mr. and Mrs. McLellan entertained a number of friends at East Lake Park in honor of the seventh birthday of their son Hugh. After games had been enjoyed, a luncheon was served on tables under the trees. Those present were Mmes. Bullas, McDonald, Freeman, Graves, Collins, Andrews, Anders, McLeod; Misses Mabel and Edith Jones, Clara Bullas, Jessie and Agnes Blech, Stella Andrews, Mae and Jessie Fraser, Miss Lescher, Nina McLellan; Messrs. Ashton, Otho and Eddie Rall, Willie, George and Ed Rampage, Eddie McLeod, Kenneth and Hugh McLellan, Henry Freeman, Willie Losch, Tom Fanel.

A moonlight party was given at East Side Park Tuesday evening by Mrs. Jaques. Supper was served on the lawn and games and boating were enjoyed. Among those present were Mmes. A. J. Jaques, Holchcock, Kohlmeier; Misses C. L. Read, E. Read, E. Moll, A. McGrath, C. Hathaway, J. Hogan, G. Hogan, Hogan, Wilson, P. Williams, E. Clark, Laux, Cline, Alexander, Goodhart, Holmes, J. Holmes, N. Brown, Kingham, S. Kohlmeier; Messrs. Williams, Jacques, Hough, E. Thorne, Cline, Alexander, Border, W. Hogan, C. Hogan, W. Hutchinson, H. Jones, R. Cole, C. Sisson, G. King, Dr. Tucker.

Miss Marjorie Wyatt entertained some little friends with a birthday party Friday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Wyatt, No. 2118 Oak street. Brownies of all sizes and complexion formed an important feature in the decorations. The table centerpiece was a mirror embedded in scenery, and tiny brownies were placed about numerous crystal vases of sweet peas. The little people were Jessie Booth, Dorothy Edmunds, Isabel Heinz, Carrie Merryweather, Barbara Taylor and Allan Tomlin.

The members of the Phi Delta Fraternity and a few friends were entertained at the residence of Sam Moulton on South Hope street Wednesday evening. Among those present were Misses Leona Reed, Zaldie Harewell, Harriet Nettleton, Aviola Winters, Margaret Eastman, Carmelia Troconiz; Messrs. Will Wilgus, Jack Tebbetts, Sam Moulton, Doc Tebbetts, Fred Gillette.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Sanborn of No. 930 Pasadena avenue, entertained informally Monday evening in honor of Judge and Mrs. Carry and their daughter of Topeka, Kan. Music and dancing were enjoyed. Miss Carry accompanied by her mother left for the East Tuesday morning, where Miss Carry will resume her studies. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Brizius, Mr. and Mrs. Burchill, Mr. and Mrs. Falvaller, Mr. and Mrs. Poland, Mrs. P. S. Williams; Misses Mamie Carry, Nelva Burchill, Nancyella Falvaller, Grace Brizius, Nina Sanborn, A. Sanborn; Messrs. Willie Brizius, Clarence Sanborn, Leon Sanborn, James Poland.

Mrs. Will Egelhoff entertained a number of children and their mamas at East Lake Park last Tuesday, in honor of the second birthday of her little daughter, Dorothy. An al fresco luncheon was served; after which various games were enjoyed by the children;

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ending with a hunt through trees and bushes, in which each child was rewarded by finding a favor of some kind.

At the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. M. McPherson, No. 439 Temple street, Rev. Theodore F. Burnham of Vallejo and Miss Lucia Evelyn Adams of San Francisco were married on Wednesday evening, Rev. Guy W. Wadsworth officiating.

A reception was given at the home of Miss Helga Mae Schmidt Thursday afternoon. Miss Schmidt was assisted by the Misses May and Lily Robson and Miss Agnes and Bessie Littleboy. Refreshments were served out of doors, after which a musical programme was enjoyed by about fifty guests.

Mrs. George S. Jones was agreeably surprised Monday evening at her home, No. 543 Towne avenue, by her husband and some Michigan friends in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Card games were enjoyed, after which refreshments were served. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. R. McGarvin, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Messmore, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Gill, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Messmore, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Messmore, Mmes. H. B. Huston, A. F. Davidson.

The Young Woman's Christian Association gave a delightful boating fete at Westlake Park Monday evening. The boat-house and boats were made brilliant by the light of gaily-decorated Japanese lanterns; the Venetian Lady Mandolin Orchestra furnished the music; members of the Young Men's Christian Association manned the oars, and a very large attendance enjoyed the evening. The fete was in charge of an Entertainment Committee composed of Mmes. H. W. Brodbeck, Byron Tilden, A. T. Stewart, Misses Clara Bosbyshell, Minnie North and Clara Ferris. Ice cream and lemonade were served in pretty booths, provided over by the Misses Lillian Herderson, Florence Tilden, Nellie Green, Bertha Green, Birdie Ritchie, Florence Michael, Fairchild, Frazier, Clara Ferris, Mabel Brobst, Georgia Holman, Helen Merryman, Marie Turner, Florence Tilden, Verda Gass, Mary Tomlinson and Mollie Wilson.

Miss Maria Siljekren and W. Ankarstrand were married August 27 at the residence of Mr. Jacobson, East Sixth street. Mr. and Mrs. Ankarstrand left immediately for Catalina, and will be at home after September 15, at San Diego.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco, and little Miss Yvette Francisco returned Thursday from La Jolla to their Albany-street home and studio.

Mrs. H. J. Whitley of South Flower street left Thursday for a few weeks at Hotel Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Mattus returned Friday from an extended tour of the principal eastern cities and watering places.

The marriage of Miss Genevieve Cooke and J. Abrams of Clifton, Ariz., will take place Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. F. A. Heim, Angeleño Heights.

Mrs. L. McClintock and her son George, and Mrs. Lee Nelson have returned from Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Splitsoesser have returned from a month's outing at Catalina.

Mrs. L. Stanton and two daughters of Thirty-first street have returned from the northern part of the State.

Mrs. M. Burton Williamson and her daughters have returned to their home on West Jefferson street from Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cardell entertained with a watermelon party last evening.

Coly and Mrs. Wever, Mrs. W. S. Bender, Miss Alice J. Gastren and Miss Harrison leave this week for the San Jacinto Mountains and Bear Valley.

Mrs. Garden-MacLeod is in the San Jacinto Mountains, making Idylwild her headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Winters leave today on the Santa Rosa for Santa Barbara, for a two weeks' vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Tucker have

gone to San Diego and Coronado for a few days.

Mrs. A. L. Huestis and Miss Elizabeth R. Marto have returned from a two weeks' outing at the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert E. Barnes have removed from Grand avenue to No. 1962 Bonsall avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Parker of No. 1954 South Grand avenue are entertaining Mrs. V. E. Shaw of San Diego.

Mrs. W. G. Cowan and Miss Cowan left Wednesday for a three weeks' outing at Long Beach. Rev. Mr. Cowan will join them for a few days.

Mrs. O. P. Posey and family have returned after a month's stay at Coronado.

William Bayly and family have returned from Coronado.

Miss Nellie Houghton is at home after a visit at Coronado.

Mrs. E. O. Lyons and her daughter Cosette returned from Terminal Island and are at Gray Gables.

E. Woodland Gates, private secretary to Senator White, accompanied by Mrs. Gates, arrived in the city yesterday.

Mrs. W. W. Fariss has returned from San Francisco.

Miss Rose Dietrich has returned from a ten-days' outing at Avalon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wallace and family, who have been spending the summer at Santa Monica, have returned to their home in Alhambra.

Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker have returned from a four-weeks' stay at Catalina.

Miss C. Newton and her nieces, Lena, Grace and Mabel Newton, have returned from Catalina.

Mrs. A. D. Hunter has returned to her home in Pomona.

The Rev. and Mrs. A. G. L. Trew returned Wednesday from Squirrel Inn, where they were the guests for three weeks of William Stanton and Miss Stanton of Pasadena.

Mrs. F. F. Fairbanks left yesterday for San Francisco, and Miss Fairbanks went the same day to San Diego, where she will spend several months with Miss Bess Gilbert.

B. F. Sanborn and his nephew, J. Frank Danforth, entertained a number of friends at the home of the former, No. 1515 Ingraham street, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Tyler and her friend, Miss Bessie Tonner, have returned from a ten-days' stay at Catalina.

Miss Elizabeth Borer left Wednesday evening for a two-year's stay in Paris, where she will join her aunt and cousins, Mrs. Abascal and daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas Hughes have returned from a 35,000-mile trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrien Loeb and Miss Hilder Steiner have returned from Catalina.

Mrs. H. J. Whitley of No. 839 South Flower street left Thursday for Hotel Coronado for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Josef Rubo have gone to Coronado Beach and La Jolla for a short stay.

Mr. E. Sullivan and Mrs. E. W. Kinney and her little daughter are at Hotel del Coronado for a fortnight.

Mrs. D. C. Morrison and Miss Duke have moved to No. 23 North Hancock street, where they will be at home first and fourth Tuesdays each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius W. Krauss left Friday for San Diego to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. William Jones.

Mrs. Frances A. Ludlow of South Hope street left Wednesday with the Misses Ethel and Fannie and Charles A. Ludlow, for New York City to join her two eldest sons.

OUT-OF-TOWN SOCIETY.

Pasadena.

REV. J. W. HANSON and wife will leave Tuesday for an extended eastern trip.

Bishop and Mrs. J. H. Johnson have returned from Coronado.

Hon. C. J. Willett has returned from Santa Barbara.

Harry Polley is at Catalina.

Miss Beatty, who has been visiting her niece, Miss Bessie Wilson, returned to her home in Ohio Monday.

Mrs. W. A. McCaldin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. T. McCartney. She will remain about two months.

Mrs. John M. Sargent has returned to her home in Kansas City.

Mrs. Ernest Miller and family have returned from San Francisco.

Rev. Herbert W. Lathe and wife will return next week from Lake Tahoe.

Duncan Reynolds left Wednesday to attend school in the East.

Mrs. Frank Crane and daughter of Chicago recently arrived in Pasadena to remain several months.

Mrs. C. G. Breed, Miss Florence Breed and C. E. Lapp are at Coronado.

Mrs. I. B. Winston is at Long Beach.

Mrs. Mary D. Howe left Tuesday for an extended eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Lukens start tomorrow for a trip to Bear Valley.

Rev. E. M. Merwin left on Thursday for the East.

E. W. Lincoln returned Monday from Boston and other New England cities.

Miss Maud Murphy and E. E. Lazony were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, Hotel Wooster, corner of Fair Oaks avenue and Green street. The decorations consisted of potted plants, carnations, smilax and ferns. E. W. Lester officiated as best man, and Miss Mabel

Murphy, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. The flower girl was Miss Blanche Gettings, and the bride was given away by J. H. Murphy. The presents were numerous and costly. The service was performed by Rev. Clark Crawford. A large number of guests were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lazony will spend a couple of weeks at Hotel Coronado, after which they will be at home to friends, at No. 71 Mary street.

Charles F. Canfield and Miss Maud A. Toms were quietly married Thursday morning in the Methodist parsonage by Rev. Clark Crawford.

Mrs. George W. Wilson of South Pasadena entertained with a luncheon Wednesday at her home, on Monterey road.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Fenyes and Miss Muse have returned to their home on Orange Grove avenue.

Mrs. Bass, Miss Marion Bass and Miss Flora Packard are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Wilde at Santa Monica for a couple of weeks.

Rev. William MacCormack and H. G. Reynolds left Thursday for Old Baldy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pierce left Thursday for Cincinnati, where Mr. Pierce will attend the G. A. R. convention as a delegate.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Walker left Friday for a week's stay at San Diego.

Mrs. Mary D. Howe of South Chester avenue left Tuesday for Iowa City, Iowa.

Mrs. M. A. Pierce of South Madison avenue, accompanied by Miss Richards, left Thursday for Boston.

Miss Zola Pinney entertained a number of friends with a moonlight bicycle ride Tuesday evening. The party met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pinney and then rode as far as the Country Club, returning by way of Lamanda Park. Lunch was served at McCamments, and was presided over by Mrs. Pinney.

John B. Miller, Jr., arrived in Pasadena Wednesday evening, from the East.

A number of young people assembled at the home of Master Wilbur Luxton on Concord Court last Tuesday afternoon to assist him in celebrating the tenth anniversary of his birth. Games were played upon the lawn.

A small party of bicyclists enjoyed a ride Tuesday evening to Baldwin's ranch, where supper was served on the lawn under the big trees. The start was made from the home of Mr. Ives on West Colorado street.

Miss Estep entertained informally Wednesday evening at her home on Grand avenue.

C. O. Scharr left this morning for the East.

Miss Anna Bartlett, president of the local Red Cross Society, returned from San Francisco Thursday.

Mrs. C. P. Church and the Misses Church have returned from Redondo.

Mrs. F. C. Sandilands, Miss Kate Sandilands, and Miss Nellie Martin have gone to Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Putnam and children left this morning for San Diego.

The parishioners of Rev. and J. W. Ingram surprised him on Wednesday evening and presented their pastor with a fine Bible.

Prof. and Mrs. F. A. Bacon entertained a few friends at their home on Washington street and North Los Robles avenue Thursday evening.

Mrs. Charles Montfort entertained Friday evening in honor of Miss Rollins of Northern California.

Redondo.

SATURDAY evening last, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff gave a smart dinner at the Redondo Hotel. The table was effectively decorated with oleanders and carnations, and an elaborate menu was served. Covers were laid for sixteen. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kellam, Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Foster, Miss Elizabeth Hubbard, Miss Reid of Pasadena, Miss Lulu Holterhoff, J. E. Sartori, J. E. Cook, E. Conde Jones, R. H. Shopmacker and Jack Kelsey.

Sunday evening a sacred concert was held in the ball-room of the hotel, and an enjoyable programme was presented by Mrs. John T. Jones, Mrs. John H. Norton, Mrs. Orr Haralson and Will E. Dunn and others.

A successful fishing party composed of John F. Francis, W. G. Kerckhoff, R. H. Winston and Dr. Fleming left the hotel Sunday morning and in a few hours caught about thirty fine sheephead.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hallett gave a farewell dinner to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Reed. Mr. and Mrs. Hallett left for Pasadena Tuesday morning.

Last evening a big domino party was held in the ball-room in place of the usual Saturday evening hop.

The very Rev. J. Adam has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis at the hotel this week.

George S. Patton and son and Miss Shorb of San Gabriel were down for a few days this week, the guests of Mrs. and Miss Wilson.

Riverside.

MRS. C. W. M'LEOD has returned from Long Beach.

J. H. Noble has returned from Chicago and other eastern points.

Miss Isabelle Seger has returned to Stanford, where she will complete her education this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gardner, S. D.

Pelton, Miss Johnson and Miss Judge of Riverside and Miss Boland of San Bernardino, have returned from Strawberry Valley.

Capt. and Mrs. M. J. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Twogood and Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Castleman are back from Long Beach.

Mrs. Frank Hathaway, the Misses Hathaway and Ida Strahorn have arrived from Chicago, and will spend the winter here.

The families of S. C. Evans, Jr., W. L. Peters and W. A. Purlington have returned.

J. C. Stanley and family have returned from Newport.

Mrs. James Boyd and daughter, Miss Bessie Boyd, are back from Santa Monica.

Chief Wight of the fire department has returned with his family from Strawberry Valley.

Mrs. L. Jackson and children and Mrs. J. F. Ashcroft and children are home from Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thresher, E. Thresher and S. T. Hall returned on Wednesday from Newport.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Way and Miss Way returned Wednesday from Catalina.

Mrs. W. Scofield and children, and Mrs. C. H. Jacques and children went to Newport Wednesday.

Mrs. C. W. Finch and children are at Long Beach.

W. G. Polcane and family returned Wednesday from Santa Monica.

Miss Millie Baldrige is a guest at the home of the Misses Steinbach.

John A. Fleck is back from Catalina.

A. W. Miller is at Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Elkins left Thursday for Laguna.

Frank Yeake and family have returned home from Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Skinner and Mrs. F. T. Morrison left for Long Beach Thursday.

The Misses Margery and Dorothy Ocheltree returned Wednesday from Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Chase are home from Santa Monica.

Mrs. D. G. Mitchell and daughter, Miss Alice Mitchell, are home from Redondo.

H. P. Zimmerman and family and Miss Myrtle Meldron left Thursday for Newport.

Mrs. S. C. Bordwell left Thursday for St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Morse, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Ruby, Miss Ruby, Mrs. Frank Gilliland, Miss Valeria Cominore and Elliott Beamer returned Thursday from Newport.

Ontario.

MRS. LILLIAN E. HILL and Ira Stevenson were married at the home of the brides' father on West A street Thursday evening. Between fifty and sixty friends were present. Rev. Dr. Wright officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson have gone to Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Waite entertained a few friends with cards Wednesday evening. The guests were Maj. and Mrs. Braden, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Miss May Benson, Miss Schoeffel and C. W. Barton.

Mrs. Fred W. Armitage and children returned this week from Los Angeles.

Miss Grace Leach returned on Tuesday to her home in Chicago.

Miss Judith Jesson is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

The Rev. Dr. Wright and family have returned from Long Beach.

A. S. King and family have returned from Catalina.

Miss Chapin of Los Angeles has been the guest of Mrs. Helen Dyar this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Sykes, Messrs. Woodruff, Bucknell, Longwell and Robb have gone to Long Beach.

Santa Barbara.

MRS. AND MRS. H. G. Parish entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Ladd of Paso Robles Friday evening at the Plaza del Mar. The upper corridor of the bath-house was illuminated with Japanese lanterns, where an elaborate menu was served.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor gave a beach tea Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Thurmond of Carpinteria received Thursday afternoon Refreshments were served on the lawn at 5 o'clock.

The yacht Petrell sailed the channel Saturday afternoon with a pleasure party consisting of Misses Hoover, White and Jennings, Messrs. Bowen, Hedgland, Short and several eastern guests.

The Country Club at El Montecito was serenaded by the Spanish Band Tuesday evening.

The Christian Endeavor Society gave a fine beach supper at the Plaza del Mar Tuesday evening. About fifty of the members were present.

Miss Edna Owen has returned to the State University to complete her studies.

Mrs. Philip Stewart and children left for San Francisco Wednesday, to reside permanently.

Miss Helen Cook of Los Angeles is visiting her cousin, Miss Helen Franklin at Carpinteria.

Miss Jeanette Ott gave a dancing party at Channel City Hall Monday evening. About fifty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Calahan are in the Ojai Valley.

Mrs. H. Elbery and daughter of Car-

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Ladies' Tailor.

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pinteria has returned from British Columbia.

Miss Katie Hall left Thursday for St. Helena.

San Bernardino.

MRS. THOMAS J. STARKE left Monday for Kansas City.

Miss Olive Lape has returned from San Francisco and other northern points.

Miss Nora Boland has returned from Strawberry Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flagg and daughter are back from San Francisco.

W. A. Porter left Tuesday for Hot Springs, Ark.

Mrs. Frank Volk and children are home from Redlands.

Miss Clara Keller has returned from Catalina.

J. C. Littlepage is back from Avalon.

J. Marchant and family have returned from the mountains.

Mrs. John Anderson and Miss Frances Anderson are at Santa Monica.

Miss Ruby Migel has returned from Santa Monica.

Miss Nellie Hamilton of Tulare is visiting her sisters, Mrs. A. E. Ade and Mrs. E. M. Pugh.

Mrs. R. V. Hadden has returned from Redondo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Foster and daughter, Miss Margaret Foster, have returned from Long Beach.

Mrs. D. T. Brummett and children are back from Santa Monica.

H. A. Reed and family, Miss Lulu Bahr and Miss Zilpha Axiex have returned from the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Whitlock, Miss Mae Brazelton and Holman C. Curtis returned Thursday from a camping trip up the Lytle Creek Cañon.

Santa Ana.

MRS. AND MRS. W. A. HUFF entertained Thursday evening in honor of Roscoe Whitted, who leaves in a few days for Cincinnati to enter school. Cards, dancing and music were enjoyed during the evening and refreshments were served. Those present were Misses Parsons, Lena Parsons, Howe, Ethel Howe, Maude Roper, Viola Sanborn, Dr. Ralph Roper, Messrs. J. W. Alexander, William McClain, Charles Ballard, Charles Huff and Roscoe Whitted.

Mrs. George W. Ford entertained a number of friends at cards at her home on North Ross street Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. H. Heywood of Worcester, Mass., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Shapin of Santa Ana.

A. H. Gross and family have moved from Garden Grove to Santa Ana to reside.

Mrs. J. A. Turner, Mrs. Madden and Misses Elora Madden and Lizzie Turner have returned from Laguna Beach.

Miss Grace Congdon of Santa Ana is visiting at San Juan Capistrano.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bevans have returned from the Santiago Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Parke S. Roper, Miss Maude Roper and Dr. Ralph Roper have returned from Newport Beach.

Mrs. P. R. Reynolds is at Glen Ivy, near Corona.

Mrs. O. R. Smith has gone to Prescott, Ariz.

Mrs. Chris McNeil and children have returned from Newport Beach.

Misses Adrienne Dowell and Ruth Prescott of Santa Ana have gone to Los Angeles to enter the Normal School.

F. D. Corwin and wife have gone to Crushing, Neb., to reside.

Mrs. Frank Ey and family have gone to Newport Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Harris have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. Herbert Crooks and her little daughter are visiting Mrs. Crooks's mother in Perris.

Mrs. R. M. Baker has returned from the East.

Mrs. M. D. Katz and children or San Bernardino are guests of S. Goldsmith and family.

Mrs. A. M. Coffin and children left

this week to reside in the East. Mrs. M. A. Menges accompanied them for a visit.

Mrs. Ed Music and family have returned from Newport Beach.
H. Enderle and family have returned from the Trabuco Cañon.
Miss Alice McCarty of Orange has returned from Carlsbad.
Miss Lockhart of Los Angeles is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Parker, of Orange.
Mrs. Garford and her daughter, Mrs. Carpenter of Orange, have gone to Catalina.
J. Willis Rice of Tustin has gone to Chicago to complete his studies on the violin.

Redlands.

MRS. AND MISS AMOS have returned from Aker's.
J. E. Payton has returned from Oregon, and is spending a fortnight at Long Beach.
Miss Martha Witter has returned from San Francisco.
The Misses Alma and Agnes Park left Wednesday for San Francisco and San Rafael.
Mrs. Harry Steward has gone to Santa Monica.
S. C. Haver and family have returned from Squirrel Inn.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nason are back from San Diego.
Mrs. W. T. Gore left Tuesday for San Dimas.
Miss Mabel Meek has returned from her outing at Santa Monica.
Miss Bessie Johnson is home from Long Beach.
A. B. Ruggles and Miss Ruggles have returned from San Diego.
Mrs. J. Stanley Brown and son are home from Long Beach.
Mrs. S. E. Files and two daughters left Tuesday for Denver.
Miss J. L. Terry left Tuesday for St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Margaret Mogeau has returned from the mountains.
Harold P. Hill left Tuesday to resume his medical course at the University of California.
Miss Humphrey has returned from the coast.
The family of Dr. Allan has returned from San Francisco.
Mrs. J. A. Stewart has returned from Sacramento.
Mrs. S. Williams is home from Catalina.
W. F. Majors and wife left Monday for Newport Beach.
The Misses Sues have returned from Ventura.
Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Warren and Miss Mae McGlave left Sunday for Newport.
Prof. Gunther and wife have returned from the coast.
Mrs. R. M. Reid left Wednesday for Decatur, Tex.
Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Barker have returned from Santa Monica.
Leland Lyon left Thursday for Long Beach.
Miss Minnie Fauber has returned from Banning.
Mrs. H. S. Ashby is at Newport.
Prof. Strang left Thursday for Wisconsin.
Miss Agnes Simpson left Friday for her home in San Francisco.
Charles Melvin has returned from Pennsylvania.
A. Osburn has returned from the Yukon.
William Wissel has gone to Santa Barbara.
Miss Ethel Johnson is back from Long Beach.
Paul Moore left Saturday for Colorado Springs and Denver.

Terminal Island.

MRS. JUDGE YORK gave a picnic at Dead Man's Island Wednesday. Mrs. Prager, Mrs. Beckensal, Judge York and a number of young people were of the party.
C. B. Boothe and family have returned to Los Angeles.
Mrs. C. A. Summer gave a party on the launch Hornet Wednesday evening.
Gen. and Mrs. C. J. Butler are quartered at Terminal Tavern.
Mrs. Evans and her daughter have returned to Los Angeles.
Mmes. M. Kramer and C. Lazarus returned Tuesday to Los Angeles.
Dr. Stepper and family have gone to Los Angeles.
W. J. Hunsaker and family have a cottage on the beach for a month.
A. J. Waterhouse and family have returned to Pasadena.
Councilman and Mrs. E. L. Baker, with the Misses Todd, have returned to Los Angeles.
Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Sale returned Friday to Los Angeles.
Miss Mary B. Elliott left Thursday for Catalina.
Misses Rose Samm and Ida Rossbach are at Terminal Tavern.

Santa Monica.

A PLEASANT party at the Arcadia for luncheon Wednesday consisted of Mrs. Worsham of Henderson, Ky., Miss Walker of San Diego, Mrs. Meyers of Dallas, Tex., Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Macguire, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Miss Johnson, Mrs. W. G. Worsham, Mrs. Hendrick, Miss Hendrick, Miss Works, Miss Franc Smith, Miss Gertrude Johnson, Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., Miss Anna Chapman, Miss Mary Chapman, Miss Hattie Chapman, Mrs. W. H. Perry, Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Mrs. J. D. Bicknell, Mrs. Cates and Mrs. Wright.
Miss Georgia Polhamus of Yuma is a guest of Mrs. F. H. Oswald.
Mrs. Benjamin Weller of Redlands

and her children are guests of Mrs. R. C. Wuestenberg.

Anaheim.

MR. AND MRS. J. DE LA GUERRA of Yorba, and their guest, Miss Lolita Behn of Ventura, were tendered a reception and dinner at Brookhurst Wednesday evening by Mrs. Harrison.
Dr. Houch is at San Diego attending the annual convention of the Southern California Dental Association.
Mrs. F. Christ is quite seriously ill at Long Beach.
The musicale to have been given Wednesday evening at Buena Park for the benefit of the Methodist Church has been indefinitely postponed because of the illness of Dr. Johnson.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Miller have returned home from Long Beach.
Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Rowell have returned to their home at Coates, Kan.
Mrs. S. Peralta of Yorba is at Chino on a visit to her parents.
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mercereau are home from Catalina and Long Beach.
Mrs. N. Schuman has returned from Santa Monica.
Morris Rea of Fullerton left for Cincinnati Thursday.
Prof. Rheloids is at Long Beach.
Alvin Roller, Walter Rowen and Will and Charles White have returned from Catalina.
Mrs. C. F. Bixby and family are home from Long Beach.

Soldiers' Home.

TUESDAY a coaching party consisting of the Misses Maude Smith and Newman, Mmes. H. E. Hasse, H. G. Burton, and Mrs. Burton and Parker, made an excursion over the new Calabassas road, and after enjoying a luncheon in one of the charming passes, drove home by moonlight.
Congressman C. A. Barlow and J. W. Hellman visited the home on Tuesday, and were entertained at luncheon by Maj. and Mrs. F. K. Upham.
Mrs. H. E. Hasse chaperoned a party to Barton's Peak Sunday afternoon. After a luncheon there a moonlight return drive was enjoyed. There were in the party Miss Newman of Kansas City, the Misses Maude Smith, Jessie Hasse, Merkle, Mac Lauren, Nyles and Dr. Parker.
Mrs. Upham, assisted by the Misses Ethel and Edith Upham and John S. Upham, entertained the young people of the home on Tuesday evening. Among those present were Misses Gwendoline Overton, Ruth Rising, Messrs. Fritz Overton and Harry Rising from Santa Monica.
Miss Frances Elser of Los Angeles is visiting her grandparents, Prof. and Mrs. F. Elser.

That "Legacy."

John Evans was an old soldier, a member of the G.A.R., and for a long time an inmate of the Home at Santa Monica; but on account of an asthmatic trouble, he resided at San Bernardino the last few years of his life and during the period of my ministry in that city. He was a devout Christian, and a member of the church whose minister I was. He was an Englishman by birth, had resided in this country fifty years, and was not aware that he had a living relative anywhere. He was over 80 years of age, in very precarious health, and realized that he might be called hence at any moment. Out of his pension he had saved about \$80, and deposited this money in a local bank to provide for a decent burial and such other expenses as would be incident to his sickness and death. In order that his mind might be at rest touching these matters, he made a will, appointing me as his executor, and enjoining upon me the sacred duty of seeing that his wishes should be respected. After paying the expenses incurred in the discharge of this trust, the public can judge of the amount of the "handsome legacy" that will be left me out of an estate of \$80.
As this report is working injuriously to my missionary enterprises, I respectfully request those papers which have made reference to the incident to publish this correction.

DAVID WALK.

Los Angeles, Sept. 3, 1898.

Park Band Concert.

Following is the programme of the concert by the Mexican Philharmonic Band at Westlake Park at 2 o'clock p.m. today:
March "Agua Calientes" (Villalpando).
Wals "Do Not Forget Me" (N. N.)
Schottisch "Alma en Primavera" (N. N.)
Danza "Manzanilla" (Robyn).
Fantasia "Concert" (Beyer).
March "The Bride Elect" (Souza).
Grand Fantasia "Les Gloires de la France" (Bleger).
Schottisch "El Sueno de las Flores" (Rosas).
Wals "Jolly Fellows" (R. Vollstedt).
March "El Capitán" (Souza).
Patriotic Hymns, (Beyer).

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

INDICATIONS point to a busy season here musically. Local artists are returning from seashore and mountains refreshed and invigorated for the winter's work, and report crowded pupil lists and numerous concert engagements already. In addition there is a certainty that some of the great foreign artists will include Los Angeles in their American tournees this season, and there are strong hopes of others who will be announced later on. Emil Sauer, the "sovereign European master of the keys," is among the certainties, under management of J. T. Fitzgerald. The Kneisel Quartette is now booking its Coast dates for next spring; Ysaye and Gerardy are among the possibilities, and Sousa's band is sure to come.

Such musicians and musical laymen as have bowed, reverently or otherwise, to the glamor of old Omar's "Rubaiyat" will rejoice that a song cycle for four solo voices, and called "In a Persian Garden," has been conceived and executed by Liza Lehmann, who has written the music around Edward Fitzgerald's rendering of Vrayyam's verses. In the song-cycle there are four selections for quartette; five solos for tenor voice; five solos for the bass; four for contralto; four for soprano, and one duet for soprano and tenor. The music for all these solos is very interesting, and the song cycle in its entirety has attracted widespread attention from musicians.

The following music programme will be rendered at the Third Presbyterian Church, corner of Hill and Sixteenth streets, today:

Morning:
Prelude, "Andante Con Moto" (J. Baptiste Calkin).
"Gloria" (Holden).
Response.
Offertory, Song without words, No. 4, (Mendelssohn).
Anthem, "Our Soul on God with Patience Waits."
Contralto solo, selected.
Postlude, "Postlude in G," (Mendelssohn).
Evening:
Prelude, "Meditation."
Offertory, "Offertory in E" (Hofman).
Anthem, "Lead Kindly Light" (Buck).
Soprano solo, "The Good Shepherd" (Barrie).
Postlude, "Grand March" (M. Costa).

At the First Methodist Episcopal Church the following musical selections will be given at the regular services today, James Chick, musical director:
Organ, "Andante Con Moto" (J. B. Calkin)—W. W. Ellis.
Anthem, "Sweet is Thy Mercy Lord" (Barney)—Mrs. Chick and Church Choir.

Offertory, baritone solo, "The Prodigal Son" (Parker)—Mr. Chick.
Postlude, "Allegretto Moderato" (Julius Andre).
Evening:
Organ, "Capriccio" (Edmond Lemaigre)—Mr. Ellis.
Anthem, "Send Out Thy Light" (Gounod)—Church Choir.
Offertory, baritone solo and quartette, "God is Love" (Shelley)—Mrs. Chick, Mrs. Bender, Mr. Gribble and Mr. Chick.
Postlude, "Marche Nuptial" (Frederic Wachs).

The music at Immanuel Presbyterian Church today will include:

Morning:
"Sing Alleluia Forth" (Buck).
"Gloria Patri" (Shuey).
Response (Shelley).
Offertory solo, Aria from "Gallia" (Gounod)—J. P. Dupuy.
Evening:
"O Come Let Us Sing" (Bruche).
Offertory solo, "The Lord Will Come" (Perkins)—Revel France.
Anthem, "Savior O'er Life's Troubled Sea" (Bendel).

At Unity Church the music today will be: Organ prelude—Selected; Venite, choir.
Anthem "When Evening Shadows Fall"—C. W. Coombs.
Offertory; anthem, "Weary of Earth"—Camp.
Postlude, selected.

The music today at the Central Presbyterian Church will be: Opening anthem, "Oh, Be Joyful in the Lord" (Fairlamb).
Offertory "Art Thou Weary" (Schnecker).

MUSICAL NOTES.

"Ulysses" is the title of a new opera for the Bostonians, to be written by Nirdlinger and Phillips.
The Kneisel Quartette expects to start for the Pacific Coast immediately after the regular season given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Marcella Sembrich has changed her plans so as to come to this country

in November, and is under contract with Maurice Grau for sixty appearances.

Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven will soon have a common monument in Berlin. The committee in charge has just accepted a design by Dr. Rudolph Siemering.

The Musical Courier says editorially: "Tolstol's son has written a novel attacking cellibacy. He calls it 'A Chopin Prelude.' 'The Kreutzer Sonata' is at last avenged."

Mme. Scalchi, the famous contralto, will make a tour of the principal cities of the United States next season, beginning October 1. Helene Noldi of this city is to be with her as prima donna soprano.

Karl Klindworth, who prepared the well-known edition of Chopin's works, which Von Bulow generously praised, and who was also editor of Beethoven's pianoforte compositions, has for some time past been engaged upon a new edition of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," which will probably be issued in London.

Otto Hoershelm writes to the New York Musical Courier from Berlin: "I am in a position to report the probable engagement of Rosenthal, and among the violinists Willy Burmester, the greatest Paganini player, virtuoso on the violin, and an excellent musician as well as a fine fellow, for a concert tour through the United States under the management of Miss Millar."

Richard Kihl, who played the bassoon in Victor Herbert's Orchestra, has recently invented a new instrument which he has named the contra-bass clarinet, and Richter, Mottl, Weingartner and Mancinelli, as well as Gericke and Nikisch, praise the new instrument, which fills a want, and which each has added to the orchestra under his direction. The quality of the new instrument is beautiful. It supplies a color most necessary in much of the new music, and one which the bassoon and the saxophone have never been able to furnish satisfactorily, says the New York Times.

Mascagni's new symphony, in memory of Leopardi, composed for the celebrations in Recanati, is, according to the critics, a work of real intrinsic merit of a high order. In its symphony Mascagni has embodied Leopardi's feelings, so far as they were known to him. The symphony is in four movements, of which the first depicts the carelessness of youth and its many pleasures; the second, love and its disappointments; the third, Leopardi's glowing patriotism; the fourth is the apotheosis of Leopardi. The music has been performed by ninety-five pupils of the Rossini Conservatorium at Pesaro, and the audience demanded the repetition of the whole symphony.

The Paris Exposition in 1900 will contain the largest theater in the world. It is to seat 12,000 to 15,000 people, and the auditorium will consist of five circular tiers, rising one above the other, and sloping backward till the topmost reaches the roof of the gallery, while the circles at the rear will present the appearance of enormous arcades supported by colossal columns. Each of the five balconies will be approached by six gigantic doors, all having double staircases leading to and from them, and spacious enough to empty in five minutes the section with which they are connected. The stage, which is to be circular and capable in parts of being moved around on a turntable, will measure 300 feet in diameter.



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Notice of Assessment.

RAYMOND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Location of principal place of business room 10, Santa Paula Hardware Company Building, Santa Paula, Ventura county, Cal.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the board of directors held on Tuesday, the 24 day of August, 1898, an assessment, "No. 12," of two and 50-100 dollars (\$2.50) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately to the secretary at the office of the company, room 10, Santa Paula Hardware Company Building, Santa Paula, Ventura county, Cal.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Tuesday September 6th, 1898, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Tuesday, September 21st, 1898, at 3 o'clock p. m. to pay delinquent assessment tax, with cost of advertisement and expense of sale.
By order of the board of directors,
C. C. TRAGUM
Secretary Raymond Improvement Co.

Notice.

TAKE NOTICE THAT ALL PERSONS ARE forbidden to hunt, shoot, discharge firearms or camp on the "Tejon," "Liebre," "Castae," and "Los Alamos" grants, or any other lands belonging to me, and are also forbidden to cut or haul off any wood, or drive any stock upon or through my lands. Any and all persons violating the above will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
MAY E. REALE
Per R. M. Pogson, her attorney in fact.

Notice to Stockholders.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE LOS ANGELES BREWING COMPANY: Please take notice that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los Angeles Brewing Company will be held at the office of the company, 600 to 622 East Main st., in the city of Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 6th day of September, 1898, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing five directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.
Los Angeles, Cal., August 20th, 1898.
F. LINDENFELD, Secretary.

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Another source of gratification is the almost universal indorsement now coming to them from physicians of all schools, many of whom had refused at first to believe in the power of any remedy to cure consumption. Still more satisfactory is the fact that they have been able to place this treatment within the reach of all, even the very poor, at the minimum rate of \$10.00 per month.

Herewith are appended extracts from the testimonials of a few who have been cured. It is desired that all who are interested will carefully investigate the claims made by these people, and thereby satisfy themselves as to their absolute correctness.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) June 13, 1898.
DR. C. H. WHITMAN, Koch Medical Institute, City—Dear Doctor: It gives me great pleasure to certify to the complete restoration of my health, and I take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to my physicians, who were the medium through which this miraculous cure was effected. Consumption carried away my brother and two brothers, and being familiar with the early symptoms of this dread disease, I readily recognized its inception in my own case, and lost no time in consulting my family physician, Dr. W. H. Smith of this city. After a careful examination he diagnosed my case lung and bronchial consumption; frankly admitted his inability to cure me, but referred me to you with the assurance that to his personal knowledge you had cured as bad cases as mine. At my request he accompanied me to your office, where I was reexamined by you, and a microscopic examination of my sputum was made in the presence of Dr. W. H. Smith and Dr. P. M. Reesner. The tubercular bacilli were found to be present, and the examination of my chest revealed the presence of tubercular deposit in the upper portion of both lungs.
I began at once taking your combined treatment, Improved Tuberculin and Ozomoru. I took no other medicine whatsoever, and in less than four months was a well man, absolutely free from any sign or symptom of my former trouble. It is said that "seeing is believing," and I herewith extend an invitation to everybody who may be interested in knowing the truth to see me. Such grand and glorious victories as YOU are winning in the saving of human life have never been equaled in the realm of science, and my most ardent wish is, that I may be permitted to do my share in this work by encouraging others who are afflicted as I was to accept the opportunity offered by you and get cured.
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I have been a sufferer from tuberculosis. Boston physicians gave me no hope. You cured me in four months. My health was never better than now.

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It was not believed that I could reach Los Angeles alive. My home physicians in Canada gave me no hope. I was almost helpless when I began your treatment. You cured me in three months.
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